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AS I REMEMBER ✓
WASHINGTON COURT HOUSE
AND
MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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PUBLISHED BY
THE WILMINGTON PUBLISHING COMPANY
WILMINGTON, OHIO

AS I REMEMBER

WASHINGTON COURT HOUSE

AND

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

First Edition

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By the Author

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THE WASHINGTON PUBLISHING COMPANY
WASHINGTON, D.C.

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**A story of the city . . .
places, events, and people
. . . from early days to the
present time . . .**

By

MAY M. DUFFEE

Washington C. H., Ohio

Ohio Bk. Store #4, no 11-15-66 Phoned



Set your affections on things above.

Colossians 3:2.

A memorial to my father, mother,
and sister, Grace, with whom I
spent a long, happy life, and
with whom, some day, I hope to
be again in the Great Beyond.

•

Foreword

You have perhaps watched a great conductor bring every member of his orchestra into action in the presentation of beautiful music, have seen him, as the music climbs higher and higher, signalling to one player after another, and always at the signal another instrument responding to the summons and adding its voice to the music, until every player and every instrument are in glorious unison with the conductor and the majestic notes of music.

In this fascinating book, Miss Duffee has signalled to one person after another, to one event after another, and to one scene after another, until in masterly unison the story is beautifully presented. Foremost in the scale of fine qualities I find here, in the original pages of the manuscript, is the prevading quality of Christian character. I doubt if Miss Duffee was aware of the fact that, as she wrote day after day, she unconsciously signalled to a noble heritage, to a Christian home, to the inspiration of a peaceful and happy childhood, to education and experiences, to Christian faith and love, to ties that bind one to heaven and earth, and to other fine qualities of character, which are woven into the fabrics of her outstanding Christian life. That is what makes Autobiography the most fascinating of all literature.

HAROLD J. BRADON, Minister
First Presbyterian Church,
Washington C. H., Ohio.

BOOKS PUBLISHED

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Patriotic Poems (1917).

A Few Poems (1917).

Poems That You Feel (1917).

"Whispering Leaves (1924).

"Memoriam" (1928).

"A Trek Through Florida."
(1940).

"God's Gift to Me" (1940).

Patriotic Poems (1942).

"Thou Shalt Not Covet (1945).

"As I Remember" (1953).

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SONGS

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"Ohio"

"The Soldier's Trinity"

"Our Sammie Boys"

"The Soldier's Farewell"

"Smile"

"The Irish Blarney"

"Love Days"

"My Rosebud Girl"

"General Pershing and His Men"

Biographical Sketch

Miss May Margaretta Duffee, daughter of James William and Frances Wendel Duffee, was born and reared in Washington Court House, Ohio, and has lived all but the first two years of her life at the present home at 217 East St. Since the death of her parents she and her sister Grace continued to live together until her sister's death March 20th, 1952. This ended a relationship of love and devotion of a long life time, a privilege that is granted to but few.

She assisted her father in business thus receiving a good business education, which was of great benefit in later years.

Although she was always very fond of reading and especially fond of poetry she had no thought of ever writing until shortly before war was declared in 1917, when Gov. James Cox offered a prize of \$1,000 for a state song. She decided to try her hand at writing and submitted "Ohio" in the contest. It was later set to music and was used extensively when Gov. Cox was candidate for President.

Since that beginning, Miss Duffee has written more than 1200 poems and has had published a number of books and songs with music. She considers her ability to write as a—gift from God—which title she has given to one of her books.

Miss Duffee has been represented in many nationally known anthologies, was represented in the poetry exhibit at the New York World's Fair, and at the Poetry Center at Radio City, N. Y. Her poems have appeared in many newspapers and magazines and have been nationally broadcast. This is her first prose.

She is a member of "The Verse Writer's Guild" of Columbus; the National Amateur Press Association; Browning Club of this city; Past Worthy Matron of the Order of the Eastern Star; Past Noble Grand of the Rebekah Lodge; for sixteen years secretary of the Missionary Society of the First Presbyterian Church of Washington C. H.

Miss Duffee hopes that this book will bring pleasant memories to present and former inhabitants of this city. It has given her pleasure to recall the happy times when her loved ones were here and this book is written in memory of her father, mother, and sister and other loved ones who have long since gone on.

History

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State—Ohio

The first white men to set foot upon the Northwest Territory were French traders and missionaries about 1670. The Indians still claimed possession of the territory. The greatest battle ever fought in The United States against the Indians, occurred in Ohio. It was the battle of Fallen Timbers.

Ohio was the first state created out of the Old Northwest Territory. It was admitted to the Union as a state in 1803, being the 17th state admitted.

Marietta, founded in 1788, is the oldest permanent settlement in the state and the Capital until 1800, when the Capital was moved to Chillicothe. In 1809 it was moved to Zanesville. Due to the approaching war of 1812 it was moved back to Chillicothe where there was less danger of attack by Indians. The Capital was permanently located at Columbus in 1812 by legislative act. At that time there was a solitary log cabin on the site and the whole tract was covered by a dense forest. The Capital, however remained at Chillicothe during the war of 1812 and until the buildings were ready in Columbus in 1816. The first Governor was Edward Tiffin.

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County—Fayette

Fayette County was created from the counties of Ross and Highland on Jan. 19th, 1810. The county was named for Marquis de Lafayette, the French soldier of fortune, who so nobly assisted The American Colonies in their struggle for Independence.

The natural wealth of the farms of Fayette County was industriously developed over the years, until this section became—and still is—one of the richest regions of the nation.

Industry is also beginning to be an important factor and it is famous also for its pure-bred horses, cattle, swine and sheep.

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City—Washington Court House

Many strangers wonder about the C. H. attached to the name of our city. This is the explanation—Back in 1842 there were five Washingtons in the state. As this Washington was the only county seat of that name the post office name was changed to Washington Court House. The suffix C. H. often used in the early days, as Appomattox Court House in Virginia and many others.

It is believed that the village was named for George Washington although some believe it was named for the nation's capital.

A regiment of veterans fighting under Col. Benjamin Temple, was given some 600 land grants in this vicinity. Col. Temple sent his agent, Thomas

Hinde, to lay out this city. The site was an almost impenetrable swamp. After much hardship, Hinde succeeded in his mission and in 1807 the first log cabin was built by a man by the name of Cruseur.

The small community grew into importance quickly. The first court house and first school were built in 1813. The first church service was held in the court house in 1817. The village was incorporated as City of Washington in 1831. Temple and Hinde Sts. named for the pioneers and also Fayette St. are still prominent streets of the city.

Washington C. H. is now a thriving city of more than 12,000 population and growing rapidly. It is 40 miles from Columbus, 70 miles from Cincinnati and 50 miles from Dayton. It is well served by three railroads, five passenger bus lines and fleets of trucks. Three federal and five state highways converge in this city.

It is a fine place in which to live.



Home

Home, dear home, I love you so well,
You're more to me than words can tell;
When far away I think of you,
I'm always glad to get back, too;
With open arms to me you call—
I love you home, the best of all.

Home, dear home—don't you feel the spell
That's cast about the place you dwell?
Hut or palace, it matters not,
Rich or poor, whatever your lot—
Home, sweet home, it calls to us all,
We love it, be it great or small.

In distant lands we oft' may roam,
Far from scenes of dear old home;
Still in our mind it's always sweet—
With home there's nothing can compete,
And when it's filled with loved ones dear,
It's Heaven then transplanted here.

May M. Duffee.

Song—"Ohio"

(Set to Music)

Ohio is the state for me—
The land of the good old buckeye tree;
The men are brave, the women fair,
The Buckeyes are known everywhere;
They fill the offices of state,
In everything they are up-to date;
The world is better for this state—
Long live Ohio.

Chorus—

Ohio, Ohio, I love her rocks and rills;
Ohio, Ohio with beautiful vales and hills;
To her we owe allegiance true,
Because we know what she can do;
When ever she's put to the test,
She will always do her best;
God bless dear old Ohio.

Ohio's men are brave and free,
They show the world what then can be;
They're not afraid to do and dare;
You'll find the Buckeyes everywhere;
For themselves they will create
Names that are found among the great;
Long live Ohio.

Among her sons you will find the name
Of men who appear in the temple of fame;
There are warriors bold and statesmen great
Who all come from the Buckeye state;
If the call to arms to her is made
You will find that her men will not be afraid—
Long live Ohio.

M. M. D.

State of Ohio, Executive Department
Columbus, Ohio

Miss May M. Duffee,
Washington C. H. Ohio

March 15th, 1917.

My dear Miss Duffee:

Thanks for submitting verses for a suggested Ohio song. I appreciate the interest which prompts your sending this, and also the fine, patriotic spirit of the accompanying letter.

Very truly yours,

James M. Cox
Governor of Ohio

As I Remember Washington Court House

CHAPTER 1.

Having reached the age now that I think more of the past than of the future and in looking over some old diaries written in my youth about places that my father, mother and sister, Grace, and myself—the “Big Four” as Mr. Frank Johnson, passenger representative of the C. H. & D. Railroad, and father of our very efficient librarian, Miss Elizabeth Johnson, used to call us—I felt that I would like to write my autobiography and a story about Washington Court House, my birth-place, as I knew our city when it was quite different from what it is now and have, through the years, known many of the “characters”—some famous, others queer and others downright no-good.

Assisting my father in business for many years brought me in contact with many people of all classes. It gave me a good business education that, after my father's death, was of great benefit to me. It broadened my mind and made me more able to understand people and their problems.

I will begin my story by giving a short outline of the family tree of both of my parents.

My father's people were Scotch, English and Irish. They were Campbells, Tumbelsons and Duffy or Duffey, and our branch later spelled it Duffee. I have never looked up the record of when they came to this country, but feel sure they were here before or during the Revolutionary War. It is said they came from the north of Ireland, and on an old map I found a little town by the name of Duffy. Our first record of the family is that they came from near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and settled in Meigs County, Ohio. There is a story that they left valuable land that is now the heart of Lancaster. They left hurriedly and in great fear. The story is that the family lived on a farm, and one day an officer high in the English army came riding that way. A young girl and her brother were standing by the side of the road. The officer dismounted and commanded the boy to hold his horse. The boy was high-strung and did not take kindly to the command. The officer struck him with his whip. The sister, equally high-strung, picked up a stone, tied it in her apron and hit the officer on the head. He fell to the ground and they thought he was dead. The two children rushed to their home and told their parents of the occurrence. They were all frightened, not knowing in those early days what might happen to them. They hurriedly got what they could into covered wagons and left at once for Ohio. They settled in Meigs County. There is a little town by the name of Duffy still there which I presume was founded by this family. They learned later the officer did not die.

I have recently learned that my great-grandfather, Daniel Duffey, came from there to Union Furnace in Hocking County. He and his wife are buried there. He had seven sons and two daughters. My grandfather, Charles, was the oldest of the children. It is thought they came to work at the brick furnace or on the canal near there.

My grandfather was married there to Lucinda Tumbelson. They had two children, George Washington and James William. The mother died

when James William, my father, was four years old. We still have the baby dress that was given to my father for being named after a friend. It is a short dress of green, blue and tan gingham, large plaid, and I think the material is hand-woven. The three moved to McArthur when the boys were still small. They went to school there. I have heard my father say that grandfather told them they must not fight. As they were newcomers, larger boys at the school picked on them and made their lives miserable so grandfather told them he would whip them if they got into a fight. One day he found out what the boys were doing to them so he told them if they did not lick those boys, he would lick them. That was all they wanted. The next time they gave them a good drubbing. After that the boys gave them apples and candy to keep them in good humor with them.

Later they moved to Washington Court House. I do not know for what reason. Grandfather married again—a Mrs. Gibson, a widow with two children. Things were not so pleasant at home so daddy went to live with Mr. Joe Browning and family on their farm on the Jeffersonville Pike. He assisted with the chores on the farm and attended country school in the Parrott community. In later years many of those old schoolmates came to his place of business. Among them Mr. Hankins, Mrs. Kessler, Mrs. Welton, the Brownings and many others. They called him “Billie.”

Later daddy came back here to live and attend school at the old Central Building. Mr. Morehouse was superintendent at that time. He was very strict and daddy was mischievous and was often sent up to him. Most of the pupils were afraid of Mr. Morehouse. I guess he must have liked daddy for, instead of punishing him, he would talk to him and that was all that was needed. Daddy had a great liking for him and no longer had to be sent to his office.

For a time Daddy stayed at night as watchman in one of the county offices. It was some place on Court Street. It was at the time of the hanging in the Court House yard of William G. W. Smith, the only execution ever held in Fayette County, and occurred on Friday, December 14, 1866, in the jail yard near the Court House. Smith was convicted of the murder of his brother-in-law, John Gray. The cause was an old feud which had existed when the two families lived in Virginia, also a sum of money which Gray had in his pocket. John Adams was also implicated in the murder. Although the execution was conducted privately, crowds assembled early in the morning anxious to see whatever there was to be seen. Guards under a Captain Henkle were called out to preserve order during the day. At twelve o'clock the last meal was brought to the prisoner, which he scarcely touched. At ten minutes after one he entered the inclosure that had been erected around the gallows, accompanied by his spiritual adviser and several others, and seated himself upon the drop. Asked if he had anything to say, he said “The confession I have given is true. I do not fear death, but it is the manner in which it comes and the disgrace it leaves upon my family. For fifty years I have lived in rebellion against God, but now, thank God, I have hope in Him.” The noose was adjusted and the black cap pulled down over his face. The drop fell and the prisoner was landed into eternity. In twenty-five minutes the body was taken down, placed in a common unvarnished coffin and given into the care of his family.

Daddy could have attended the execution, but did not. This was the only execution ever held here, and was when the old Court House stood on the corner of Court and Main Streets where the Morris Sharp Memorial Fountain is now standing.

Dr. Skinner, later a veterinarian, was the hangman. Years later he hung himself. Mr. B. E. Kelley, reporter for the Record-Herald and a collector of antiques, is now in possession of the black cap that Smith wore when he was hung.

Daddy also for a time lived at the home of Dr. H. C. Coffman, who had a drug store on Court Street. He was the father of Miss Rilla Coffman, well known in Eastern Star circles, also of Harry Coffman and several other children. They later lived on East Street in the lovely old home bought and remodeled by Mr. Fred Enslen a few years ago.

Daddy studied medicine under Dr. Coffman. At that time the Coffman family lived on South Fayette Street in the old brick house that abuts the street, the second house from East Street. He would perhaps have become a very good doctor as he had a natural aptitude along that line. The Civil War put an end to this worthwhile desire. Although my father was only sixteen years of age he enlisted in November, 1861, due a great deal to the fact that his father and brother had enlisted. He was in Co. C, 60th O.V.I. I am always quite proud of the fact that the three names are enrolled on the tablets on the walls of the auditorium of the Memorial Hall Building on Court Street. My father was one of the trustees when the building was erected in 1906.

Grandfather's six brothers were also in the Civil War. Quite a record for our family. Their parents were Daniel and Margaret (Donahoe) Duffee, natives of Pennsylvania. In the war grandfather was in Co. A, 1st Ohio Cavalry, and served about seventeen months. It was he who, as an orderly for General Smith, carried the orders to General Porter to move his troops from the second battle-field of Bull Run. I remember, as a young girl, grandfather being summoned to Washington, D. C., to testify about carrying the message as, after the war, there was some trouble about the matter. He learned the trade of shoemaker while in Vinton County, and in this city engaged in the manufacture of shoes until going into the grocery business. He was marshal of the city for three terms. He was a charter member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. I can remember grandfather always wore very fine hand-made boots, and we still have the old boot-jack that he used.

My uncle, George W. Duffee, also enlisted in Co. C, 60th O.V.I., and was mustered out after one year of service. In 1863 he again enlisted, this time in Co. A, 1st Ohio Cavalry, and received his discharge in 1865. He returned to this city and engaged in the shoe business and later in the grocery business. He was murdered in his grocery store in 1913.

Father was among those captured at Harper's Ferry. Thirty years after that event father, mother, Grace and I, returning from a trip east, stopped off for a couple of days at this beautiful place. I will tell of it later on.

I have heard father tell of the hardships they often underwent in the army. Sometimes they would be so hungry they would pick crackers from the mud where they had fallen when supplies were being unloaded. They would wash the crackers and eat them. At one time father had yellow jaundice. He was very ill. His captain wanted to put him in the hospital, but he refused to go so he was left behind when his company moved on. One soldier stayed with him. I think his name was Billy Steward. All the money they had between them was fifty cents. The soldier said he would go and try to get daddy something to eat. He came back with some oysters

and a piece of pound cake, a combination that would upset the stomach of a well person, but Daddy ate of it and began to improve right away.

When the three Duffees were discharged from service, they returned to Washington Court House. For a time my father was a clerk in the Irons and King Shoe Store which was located on the southeast corner of Court and Fayette Streets. Grandfather and Uncle George were also engaged in the shoe business.

CHAPTER 2.

Mother's parents both came from Bavaria, Germany, when they were small. His name was Daniel Wendel. Her name was Margaret Rupprecht. I have often wondered if the Rupprecht family was connected with the reigning house of Bavaria as when I was a young girl I saw a picture of Count Rupprecht of Bavaria that was almost an exact likeness of my mother's brother, Peter Wendel.

The sailing vessel that brought the two families to America was three months in crossing the ocean. They landed in New York in 1806. For a while the father, Daniel Wendel, worked for John Jacob Astor in the fur business. I do not know for what reason they came west and located in Columbus, Ohio. The Rupprecht family also came to Columbus. Daniel Wendel became a merchant tailor with his shop on Front Street. He was a man of prominence in the growing city, and a member of the fire department. We still have his certificate of membership. He also helped to establish the First Lutheran Church in that city.

In this family were four girls and one boy. Young Daniel Wendel and Margaret Rupprecht were married. They lived for a while in Columbus. Three children were born there—Louise, who died in infancy, my mother, Frances and Peter. When mother was quite young the family moved to the village of Midway, now known as Sedalia. Here her father had a general store and they also kept the toll gate. I have heard mother tell of seeing cranberries then for the first time. Some of the children had them spread on the bread they brought in their lunch baskets.

Three brothers were born there, William, Theodore and Daniel. Mother often spoke of her girlhood there and of her girlhood friends. She lived there during the first years of the Civil War and saw many of her friends leave for the war, some never to return. We have some of the letters written to her by these soldiers.

From Sedalia the family moved to Washington Court House, and grandfather had a dry goods store on Court Street in the place that has been occupied by the Craig Brothers' Department Store for 85 years.

Grandfather would go to New York to buy for his store. He always brought mother and grandmother many beautiful things. We still have a handsome black lace shawl, cameo brooch and earrings, inlaid gold stone and garnet sets, gold linked bracelets and many other things.

Mr. George Gossard was a clerk in grandfather's store, I think both in Midway and in this city. Later grandfather moved to a place across the street about where the Palace Theater is located, and opened a Gents' Furnishing Store. Two children were born in this city—Alice Wendel and Clara Wendel, now Mrs. Bruce Carpenter. Mr. Carpenter died in 1936

and is buried in our family lot in the Washington Cemetery. The two sisters are still living.

When the Wendell family came here they lived on East Court Street on the site of the present home of Mr. George Steen. Here Frances Wendel, my mother, was married to James William Duffee. Soon after mother was married I think the Wendel family moved to Missouri. They did not stay there very long. They returned to this city, and I think it was then that grandfather opened the Gents' Furnishing Store.

He bought property on South Fayette Street. It embraced a half square, extending from Fayette Street to Main Street. He built a very fine home on the part facing Fayette Street. It is still standing and at present is occupied by J. W. Southard. This land was at one time a part of Ross County and in the deed, which we still possess, it is so stated.

CHAPTER 3.

In 1876, J. W. Duffee and Frances Wendel were married. I do not know just how they met, never having thought to ask. They were married at her parents' home on East Court Street by Mr. Mills Gardner, then Justice of the Peace, the regular minister being out of town at that time. Their attendants were Mr. George Gossard and Miss Barbara Hay. Miss Rilla Coffman was among the guests. Mr. Gossard's first wife was a daughter of Mr. D. Furtwangler, a jeweler. Mr. Gossard was superintendent of the Washington Cemetery for many years and kept it in such fine condition that it became noted for its beauty, and was visited by people from faraway places.

Miss Rilla Coffman was the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Coffman. Mrs. Coffman was a sister of Dr. C. A. Harlow who, for many years, conducted a drug store on Court Street where the Haver Drug Store is now located. Dr. Coffman later moved across the street to the room later occupied by Blackmer & Tanquary and which is now occupied by a pool room.

Miss Coffman taught music on the piano in her younger days. I took lessons from her in my youth. Later she became a very efficient dressmaker and was high in Eastern Star circles, filling most of the offices, including that of Worthy Matron.

Miss Barbara Hay was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Hay. They lived on the corner of Fayette and Temple Streets where Mr. Simons of the Fayette Theater built a very beautiful home in 1849. Nicholas Hay was a tailor. His sister was Mrs. Peter Wendel. The Wendels lived in a small frame house on the corner of Fayette and Market Streets. The grounds embraced a half acre. The yard contained many beautiful flowers. Where the house stood is now occupied by a filling station.

The Hays had three children, Miss Barbara, Mrs. Katherine Williams, wife of Dr. Joe Williams, and Mr. Sam Hay, father of Mr. Will Hay, well known in this city, who was in the plumbing business here and in later years connected with the Associated Plumbers. Mr. Will Hay was prominent in Masonic circles. His death occurred recently. Miss Barbara for years was engaged in reblocking hats and in taking care of her father who lived to a very old age.

Mr. Gossard, Miss Hay and Miss Coffman continued close friends with our family down through the years.

Daddy was twenty-one, mother eighteen when they were married on May 16, 1867. Mother was a very beautiful young girl with a peaches and cream complexion, father used to say, and deep blue eyes. She was not very tall, coming only to father's shoulder. He was handsome, too, having black curly hair, brown eyes and a good complexion. He wore a mustache, as was the style then, which made him look very distinguished. They were both good dressers. At that time the women wore hoop skirts and the men silk vests, Prince Albert coats and top hats for dress occasions.

They went to housekeeping in a small house connected with the old Bereman home, which is still standing. It sat far back in the yard and faced Court Street near the intersection of Columbus and Washington Avenues. It now faces Market Street and, I think, once belonged to Mr. Bob Hartman, now to Miss Marian Moore.

In the little house, torn down many years ago, my sister, Grace, was born. Two or three years later father bought a small home with a large yard located on South Fayette Street about opposite the present Sunnyside School Building. Grandpa Duffee and Uncle George also bought homes adjoining and mother's people, returning from the west, built a large house across the street up in the next block.

Daddy and mother had a cow, chickens, pigs and a vegetable garden and also raised beautiful flowers. With their little daughter they were very happy there.

Daddy said when the time came to butcher the pigs that he had raised and watched grow, he would leave home as he could not bear to see them killed. Mother was alone often at night with the baby as at this time father was a member of the Volunteer Fire Department and would have to go when there was a fire. The equipment was hand-drawn then and very crude. We have a framed certificate by Currier & Ives in color and depicting firemen at work, which states that James William Duffee is an honorary member of the Volunteer Fire Department of this city from 1872 to 1877. Being a Currier & Ives, it is quite valuable as well as being a prized memento of our father's early days. Members of the fire department at that time were Hi Miser, Tom Bannon, Sam Adams, Ed Updegrove, Dave Thurston, C. Shoop, Barse Collyer and Adam Wendel. At this time daddy also had joined the "Blue Lodge" of the Masonic order.

Mother said there were queer noises about the house, especially at night. Sometimes it would sound as if some one came to the door, then the sound would cease. Once a ring was dropped on the floor. They searched everywhere for it. There seemed to be no hole into which it could roll. They never found the ring. Other queer things happened for which there seemed to be no explanation.

When Grace was about four years old she had a very serious illness that almost ended her life. She had spinal meningitis. For days her life hung by a thread. There were a number of cases of the disease in town at that time, and several died from its effects. It was thought Grace's case might have been caused by a fall, as she fell or was pushed off the porch steps and hit the back of her head a short time before she was taken ill. After days of anxiety and careful nursing she began to recover. She had to learn to walk and talk again and her nerves were shattered. She felt the effects of

that illness all through her life. It kept her from taking part in many activities and she suffered frequently with severe headaches.

Another incident happened that might have put an end to the lives of mother and Grace in those early days. There were two railroads to be crossed between town and Sunnyside, the Pennsylvania and the C. H. & D. Often freight trains held up traffic quite a bit on the crossings. One day mother and Grace had waited quite a while at one of the crossings. Mother became impatient and pushed Grace through under the train, then started to crawl through herself and the train started to move. It started slowly and she managed to get through. Some one who saw them told daddy about it and he gave mother a good scolding, which she well deserved, and told her never to do such a thing again. It was a lesson to her.

Some of the families who lived on that side of the creek, besides our relatives, and also on Fayette Street were the Loves, Daddy Robinson, as he was called, Hadleys, Judge Priddy, the Boardmans, Skinners, Finleys, Fristoos, Wyatts, Clines and the Buckmasters. Later on were the Frank Whites, Edwardses and Mrs. Harris.

On Circle Avenue, west, lived the Silcotts, Haglers, Lights and the Mills Gardners. On North Street lived the Melvins, Brownells, Swartzes, Fogles, Dorens, Reicherts, Millers, Cheneys, Highlands and Davie Dorens. On Cherry Street lived the Herberts, Coffmans, Cherrys and Scogginses.

On Fayette Street a high board walk reached from Circle Avenue across the two railroads to Elys Elevator, later known as Stuckey's, then the Gwinn Elevator and the Washington Milling Company. The location is now occupied by the Farm Bureau filling station. The ground was very low under much of this board walk. The part between the two railroads was occupied for many years by the Pursell Lumber Company and they stacked lumber there. Years later the board walk was removed, the low ground filled in and the site was occupied by several small buildings near the improved walk. The site was occupied by the Slagle Lumber Company for many years also. Now the grounds are occupied by the two handsome and commodious buildings of the Fayette County Farm Bureau—one erected in 1947, the other in 1949. Sister and I attended a formal opening of these buildings in August, 1949. We were especially interested in the occasion as the Farm Bureau occupied two rooms over the Victory Confectionery in a building that we own. This was in 1922, a short time after the Farm Bureau was organized. They moved from our place to the Wilson building on West Court Street, then to Market Street and now to South Fayette Street. This has grown to be one of the largest business concerns in our city.

The Sunnyside school was not in existence in those early days so Grace went to school on the other side of town in the old Central Building which was torn down about 1912. For a little girl of seven it was a long, cold walk during the winter. There were few houses across the creek and walking along the long board walk, especially over Paint Creek, the wind had full play and chilled one to the bone. Children and grown-ups, too, wore thick veils over their hoods and arctic overshoes over high calfskin shoes and long underwear that came down below the shoe tops, so they were better protected to withstand the severe weather than the children of today who go bare-legged, bare-headed, bare-handed, and I might almost say bare-clothing. They scarcely know the meaning of underwear, winter

or summer. Often, when the weather was especially bad, Grace would take her lunch and eat with daddy at the shoe store where he was a clerk.

As Aunt Clara was born just a few months after Grace, and Aunt Allie a few years before, the three of them grew up together and Grace spent much time at grandma's with the two girls and four boys. The boys were great hunters and interested in fishing, swimming, baseball and sports of all kinds. Daddy, too, loved to fish, hunt and swim, and often went out with the boys. Uncle Theodore was also interested in art, and at a very early age showed talent in painting. Sometimes he would have the three girls act as models. When he was seventeen, he went to Cincinnati to study art with Duvenick, a famous teacher whose paintings are still art treasures. Those who have visited the museum at Eden Park in Cincinnati will remember the beautiful reclining statue of Duvenick's wife, sculptured in marble, which he made shortly after her death many years ago.

The citizens of this city gave a benefit concert, the proceeds to go toward sending Uncle Theo to art school.

During the time Uncle Theo was studying he did in crayon a portrait of Mr. Mills Gardner which Miss Edith Gardner, his daughter, still possesses. He also did a picture of "Eve" which was in the possession of the Elks Club for many years and was destroyed in the first Masonic Temple fire. We have a few of his early paintings. He studied with Duvenick in Cincinnati and Boston for some time then went with Duvenick and a group of students to Munich to study under him. This group was known as "the Duvenick boys," and most of them became well-known artists. Among them was Joseph DeCamp, another Ohio boy who gained much fame as an artist. The group also went to France and Italy. Uncle Theo spent some time in Venice and we have a lovely picture that was painted there. It was there that he became friends with Robert Browning, Thomas Carlisle and James A. Whistler. His daughter told me that he held the light when Whistler painted many of his night scenes.

While in Boston Uncle Theo married Miss Lena Stone, member of one of the representative families of that city. While they lived in Venice, Uncle Theo taught as well as studied. One of his students was a princess. Uncle Theo's daughter, Mary, was born there, and soon after her birth they returned to Boston where their son, Dan, was born. Uncle Theo opened a studio in Boston and gave many exhibits there, his own and in art galleries. He won many prizes on his work and at the San Francisco World's Fair he was awarded a gold medal on his paintings. He was professor of art at Wellesley College for many years. They moved to Ipswich, an artists' colony near Boston, and lived on a very beautiful estate a few miles out of Ipswich. Here he died in 1926.

CHAPTER 4.

Of course, Grace spent much time at grandma's with the two girls and sometimes they got into mischief. One time at the Christmas season they had torpedoes, and as the weather was such that they could not go out to play they threw the torpedoes against the bedroom walls and had a wonderful time, but the walls were ruined and I guess they paid for their fun.

Another time, Grace and Aunt Clara, then good-sized girls, took a walk on Sunday afternoon as they often did. They were cautioned not to go near

the "gas house" which was near the creek and railroad east of Sycamore Street and where artificial gas for the city was manufactured for many years. Tramps often camped in the vicinity. Wild flowers grew there, and it was a pleasant place for children then to go. Of course, they went there. Aunt Clara first spied daddy coming and she said to Grace, "Here comes your father and he is holding a stick behind his back." Grace was very indignant and said, "He is not. He is just coming to meet us." But he did have a stick, but did not use it until he got them home. Don't think the switching hurt much but their feelings. Grandma told daddy to punish Aunt Clara, too. She thought what he said or did was all right. She thought a great deal of him and he of her as she was the only mother he ever knew.

Daddy did not make much as a clerk in the shoe store so sometimes it was difficult for him to make expenses. They had plenty to eat as mother canned fruits and vegetables from the place, and they had hogs which they butchered in the fall, and they had a cow but money was scarce. One Christmas Eve daddy was very blue as he had no money to buy anything for his wife and child for Christmas. He was standing at a window inside of a grocery store looking longingly at the display of candies, nuts and fruits. Suddenly in the midst of the display he saw a two-dollar bill. It looked as if it had been placed there for him. With a happy heart he spent the money for Christmas cheer for his family.

After a few happy years they had to give up their little home on South Fayette Street and move to North Fayette Street to a small house connected with the large brick house on the northwest corner of Fayette and Market Streets then occupied by Fred and "Aunt Dutch" Backenstoe, the parents of "Billie" Backenstoe. "Billie" was clerk at the Cherry Hotel, and for many years traveled with different circuses. He has since passed away—in 1953.

The Martin Barry family lived next door. A little farther down the street lived William Millikan, editor. He started to publish the Fayette County Herald in 1858, and in 1868 his son, W. W. Millikan, was admitted to partnership. The Washington Daily Herald was established in 1885 by William Millikan & Son. This was published by the Millikan family until 1910 when it was purchased by the Herald Publishing Company—president, W. W. Millikan, vice-president, Joseph H. Harper. Mr. Millikan's daughter, Emma, was a music teacher. A few years later Grace took piano lessons from her even before we possessed a piano.

CHAPTER 5.

Grandpa Duffee for a while was a cigar salesman. About two years after daddy moved to North Fayette Street he and grandpa went into the grocery business on East Court Street. This was in 1876. My father remained in this business and in the same location for forty-five years and became known as "The Old Reliable," a name he well deserved.

The building then belonged to Mr. George Dahl. In 1842 it was sold to Chancy Brooks. In 1884 it was sold to George Richey and in 1844 he sold it to William Latham. In 1856 he sold it to S. B. Yeoman, and in that same year he sold it to William Bush. It was then sold to Oliver Grubbs and by him to Albert Stimpson in 1869. He sold it to Peter Wendel

in 1873 and he sold it to George Dahl in 1877. Father bought the property from Mr. Dahl in 1888 and we have owned the property ever since. It is said to have been a part of the old Benny Bryant Tavern that in the early days extended from the corner of Fayette Street to the present site of the Memorial Hall building. Our building was a two-story frame, nineteen feet wide and about fifty feet long at that time. The frame-work was made of walnut timber. There was a small front basement that could be reached from outside as well as inside. The lot was one hundred and fifteen feet deep. I do not know what was in the building before daddy had the grocery, but have heard that at one time the upper part was used as a school, also as a lodge hall, and I think there was a fruit store or grocery below. Mrs. Lanum was said to have been a teacher in the school.

I have heard father tell that when they opened the store, they had only \$150.00 to buy stock. He said they filled the shelves with empty boxes to make it look as if they had a full line of groceries. My father was energetic, not afraid to work, and had many original ideas. Grandfather took things rather easy. In the winter he liked to sit by the big old coal stove in the rear of the grocery around which customers would collect and tell stories, many of them being about the war, especially when some old soldier friends would be there. They always kept a good hot fire and the country people appreciated that.

In the summer, in the evenings, grandfather would sit in a chair at the edge of the pavement with a companion or two and watch the people pass. Stores remained open then until nine o'clock, and on Saturday nights until twelve and often nearer one o'clock.

In connection with the grocery business, father bought hides and quail and shipped them to New York. He candled eggs and also shipped them east. Later he sold eggs and butter to Brownell Packing Company, a big market here for many years. He bought oysters in the shell. They were kept in the basement or cellar and fed ever so often with water. Oysters were sold only in bulk then and at about twenty-five cents a quart. He also sold dressed poultry. Back of the store was built a room with a brick furnace with two iron kettles in the top. Hot water in these was used to scald the poultry so the feathers could be removed. We still have one of the kettles in our yard and use it for growing flowers.

Grandfather used to go to the country in the winter to buy turkeys. Sometimes he would even help the women to catch them and tie them and put them in the spring wagon in which he would make the trip. The weather would usually be down around zero and a deep snow on the ground. Some would bring the turkeys to us in their farm wagons or on a sled. Winter was winter in those days.

At holiday time it was not unusual to sell two hundred or more turkeys and many chickens. They were all well-dressed, too. I have seen turkeys and geese being driven in the streets to the Brownell Packing Company on Sycamore Street.

Mr. Abner Boss, an old friend of daddy's, came to work at the store and was a faithful employee for forty years or more. He was retired a few years before his death and lived with his daughter, Mrs. George Bennett, and her family on East Broadway. He would still come to the store to visit with us and would often come to spend a day at our home. As a child I looked upon him as a relative as he was with our family when I came. I think he looked upon me as a relative, too, as I was his confidante about many

things in later years, and he was my friend and helper in many ways. He was a small man and badly crippled with arthritis from young manhood, but his general health was exceptionally good all through the years. He was our delivery man for many years and handy man at all times.

He was married to Myra Allen, a sister of Lizzie Allen who lived on N. North Street in a small frame house about half-way between Market and Temple Streets. Late in life she married Richard Millikan, a prominent Mason, who conducted a news-stand for many years on the southwest corner of Court and Main Streets. I can remember when there would be a Masonic funeral, the Masons would march to the cemetery led by Mr. Millikan, who was chaplain, carrying an open Bible suspended from a cord around his neck. The members wore blue aprons and white gloves. We still have daddy's apron and gloves.

Mr. Millikan was the father of Mrs. Henry Crozier. The Croziers owned the Arlington Hotel for many years. They had two daughters, Ethel and Sarah. Mrs. Joseph Wilson and Mrs. Alice Card, who lived on East Market Street, were also daughters of Mr. Millikan. There were two other daughters, Mrs. Sweeney and Mrs. Cook. Bertha Nichols, who often visited here, was the daughter of Mrs. Cook.

Getting back to our property—it extended back to a livery barn which is now a garage facing on Fayette Street. A right-of-way was given to us back of the three properties to the west of us. To the east, on an adjoining property, was a stable which we rented for our delivery horses. We kept chickens and turkeys in our yard and always a dog or two. The store room was extended several times during the years so that eventually it was about one hundred feet long. Father bought the property from Mr. George Dahl in 1888, and the adjoining property in 1913.

A short time after opening the grocery, daddy moved his family, consisting of mother and Grace, to the second story of the building. There was a very large front room and a good sized back room. There was a large room down stairs back of the store that was used for a kitchen and dining room. There were two stairways—an open one on the outside between our building and the one on the east side and one on the inside leading up from the store. There was a wooden covering over the store front extending out over the pavement above the first floor. There was a large single front door, and the rather large windows on either side had small panes of glass. The frames opened in the center and the windows swung outward. I think there were brick pavements then, but the streets were just dirt roads and when it rained they were very muddy.

Two years after the move to Court Street a son was born to J. W. and Frances Duffee, but he lingered here only one day. They say he was a beautiful infant. All of our lives might have been different had he lived, but it was the will of the Lord that he should not. No doubt it was all for the best, but it was a grievous disappointment to father and grandfather as they would have liked to have had him live to carry on the family line.

Two years later I came. Grandfather, especially at first, was disappointed that I was a girl and would not have much to do with me, but as I grew older he became my devoted slave and I loved him dearly. He was the only grandparent I ever knew.

Mother's father, Daniel Wendel, died a few months after I was born, and her mother when I was a little over two years old. They say I can not remember back to the time grandmother was here, but I am sure I do re-

member being taken to her home on South Main Street one afternoon when my parents were going fishing. The Wendel family had moved to this house from the big house on Fayette Street after grandfather died. I remember grandmother putting me in my buggy in the front room, to go to sleep. There was a grandfather's clock, a Seth Thomas, on the wall. It is still one of our prized possessions. I even seem to remember living above the store.

When I was two years old, father built our present home on East Street. He bought the ground, forty feet by sixty-five feet, from Dr. Joe Williams who lived on the corner of Fayette and East Streets. It was part of his yard. "Doc. Joe," as we called him, brought Grace, our infant brother who died, and me into this world. There was a large stable on the rear of the lot and some fruit trees, also some large maple trees in front.

In their early married life daddy and mother had often admired the little house across the street, then occupied by William Smith and family. He was then sheriff of the county. They hoped some day they might have such a house. That house is now occupied by the Episcopal minister. The house originally on the corner was moved east and remodeled into a church by Episcopalians in after years.

Instead of building a small house as our parents dream about, daddy had built an eight-room house. The rooms were large with two long halls with ten-foot ceilings below and eleven-foot ceilings above. The kitchen was about eighteen feet long. The house was built by Andy Watson and Charles "Daddy" Weston, both very good carpenters. "Daddy" Weston was quite a fisherman. I can remember seeing Mr. Weston and Mr. Rye Parvin, a very small man, starting on a fishing trip with hip boots on and carrying various kinds of fishing equipment.

The Stairway was built by T. A. Tansey, noted stair builder. The polished banister went up the stairway and around the stairwell in the upper hall. T. A. was a brother of Wm. Tansey, an attorney, who with his family lived on W. Court St. His wife was a noted artist and teacher of painting.

The very fine wood graining was done by a Mr. Lindsey and Mr. Hixson. The interior painting was done by Mr. Joel Barrett. Mr. Barrett's wife was a sister of Mrs. Johnnie Reif. The Reif family was very well known here in the early days. The Reif and Barrett families built the small twin houses on East Street near Washington Avenue. Mrs. Reif in her younger days rode horseback, side-saddle, and wore a long riding-habit. Her horse was a beauty and she was a good rider. Many women rode horseback in those days. Another one who rode was Kate Jones, daughter of Captain Noah Jones, and who, rather late in life, married Andy Kellofer.

Johnnie Reif, as every one called him, was in the grocery business with his father, Frank Reif, on the northwest corner of Court and North Streets. He had a brother, Will, and a sister, Mrs. Os McClellan. The McClellans later had a grocery and feed store on North Fayette Street just north of where the present fire department is located. Mr. McClellan was also fire chief for a number of years. They had one daughter, May, who married Oscar Dehart. Mrs. McClellan was secretary-treasurer of the Presbyterian Church for many years.

Our house was built more substantially and of better materials than the houses of these days. Many improvements have been added through the years. The house when built was piped for gas, only artificial gas being used here then. Many years later a well for natural gas was put down a short distance this side of the railroad on Sycamore Street, but it proved to

be a dry hole. However, a pipe was left standing and if a lighted match was applied to it, it would light and burn for quite a while.

We did not use gas until many years later, but used coal oil lamps and had a coal cooking stove and, of course, used the grates for heating, and had a base-burner in one of the rooms upstairs. We had three grates downstairs and two upstairs and they gave wonderful heat.

There was no water system and no inside toilets or bathrooms then, so "Chick Sales" or outside toilets were used. The family moved into the new home in September, and in December Grandmother Wendel passed away. She thought a great deal of my father as he was always very good to her, and he loved her also. After grandmother's death her home was broken up. Aunt Allie came to live with us and Aunt Clara went to live in Chillicothe with a cousin, Mrs. William Dessum, and family. Mrs. Dessum was a niece of grandma's. Later, Aunt Maggie, as we called her, went with her family to Alaska. I think it was in 1898. She was on the same boat as Rex Beach, the author who wrote such fascinating tales about Alaska.

Aunt Maggie lived in Nome. They washed for gold in their back yard. They were among the pioneers of the country and had many wonderful experiences. They had a dog sled with several "huskies." They raised beautiful flowers and she did beautiful fancy work and taught the natives how to do many things. The family consisted of husband, wife, two sons and a daughter. Later a young lady from Chillicothe went out and was married to one of the boys. After several years they returned to the States and lived in California, but the call of Alaska was still great and they returned there. Later they returned to Oakland, California, where they all died and are buried there. I have her book of pictures, a book of pressed ferns and many other things, including a pin made from a walrus tooth. I also have several pictures, winter scenes of the family with their dog team.

After Aunt Clara was at Aunt Maggie's a short time she became very homesick. The girls were both young and had never been separated. Aunt Clara and Grace were about the same age and Aunt Allie several years older. Daddy, always very tender-hearted and good, told Aunt Clara to come back and live with us also. Uncle Pete, a few years before, had married Mary Blackmore, a sister of John and Jess Blackmore. They had one child, Jessie Wendel, now Mrs. Will Nye of Columbus. Uncle Theo or Theodore was studying art in Cincinnati. Uncle Bill was a carriage maker here, and Uncle Dan was studying engineering. Later he worked with Mr. Rufus Hunt on several projects, among them the building of the Great Northern Railroad.

Mr. Hunt was married to Lyda Saxton. She had several sisters and brothers: Mrs. George Severs (Rilla), Mrs. Cay Green (Hattie), Miss Anne Saxton, Miss Nora Saxton, Lycurgus Saxton and Dr. Oliver Saxton. Decorsey Saxton and Lelia Saxton were children of Dr. and Mrs. Saxton. Later Lelia married George Melvin who owned and operated the Imperial Hotel which burned to the ground in 1911. There was always a rivalry between the Imperial Hotel and the Cherry Hotel, and wonderful meals from soup to nuts were served for thirty-five cents. Oh, for those good old times!

The Severs family and our family were very good friends. They had a large family of girls and boys. The children all grew up here. One of the boys was named Frank after my mother who was sometimes called Frank by her friends. Her name was Frances.

Going back to my advent—I was large from the start as I weighed eleven pounds when I was born and have continued good size all my life.

I was raised on the bottle and the milk or food did not agree with me for some time. At last they tried "Mellon's Food," and it was just right.

Mother was not very strong so father, being near at all times while we lived above the store during my first two years, prepared most of my food. When I was six months old, mother went to Columbus on a short visit. Daddy and Grace took care of me. Grace was always a second mother to me. One would think my coming when she was a good-sized girl she would have been jealous of me, but she was not and was my devoted slave and put up with my many tantrums. It is a wonder I ever amounted to anything for my family and near relatives were almost too good to me. They spoiled me in a way, I guess, but with all of that I do not believe I was a really bad child.

Mother was a small, rather plump woman and did not have much lap so once when she was bathing me, while we still lived above the store, I rolled off of her lap and hit my head on the stove. It made quite a dent in my head, they say. Mother screamed for daddy and said she had killed the baby. She hadn't, as I am here to testify.

My milk bottle had a long tube with a nipple on the end. Daddy usually attended to seeing these were in sanitary condition. As I grew older and could walk I carried the bottle under my arm with the long tube reaching to my mouth, and I carried the bottle until I was three years old. As I got older and got a little ashamed of the bottle I made Grace carry it until I wanted it. Guess I looked rather cute. I was fat, had brown eyes, golden hair and rosy cheeks and was a picture of health.

After we moved into the new home they say I would often cry to go back to the "dirty" house. I guess mother missed the up-town home some, too. There she could see all that was going on down-town. When a circus would come to town, and many of the big ones come here in those days, from the front windows was a grand place to see the parade. The parades were something to see, sometimes being almost a mile long with several bands, all kinds of animals in cages, many elephants, beautiful horses ridden by men and women in gay costumes, and beautiful horses drawing the ornate animal cages and chariots, also wildmen and dancing girls and ending with a calliope on which gay tunes were played. I almost forgot about the many clowns, both riding and walking, who added to the gaiety. They would wave and throw kisses to those standing at the windows and on the street.

Country people would flock to town, many coming early in the morning to see the circus unload. Usually the circus would come by train and it was quite a sight to see it being unloaded and then set up. What was the old Fair Grounds on Columbus Avenue was usually the site used.

People would collect on the streets and in the stores to wait for the parade which would make its appearance between eleven and twelve o'clock. Women would often over-run our down-stairs kitchen to eat their lunch and would often come upstairs to watch the parade pass.

In the winter the snows were usually very deep. Sometimes it would snow in late October, and the snow would stay on almost all winter and up into March. Sleighing was good then and there was the cheery sound of sleigh bells and many a sled party to give cheer to the winter months.

Grace often used to take me out in a home-made sled and she said I never wanted to go home. Once she upset me in a big drift and she was scared, but said I did not mind that just so she did not take me home. Later

I had a nice red sled, but I think the little old box home-made sled was the nicest.

The next incident I seem to remember was the cyclone at Jamestown, Ohio, which was a year before the destructive one here. It caused great damage and loss of life. An excursion was run the following Sunday over the C. & M. V. Railroad to view the damage. My father took me, but I do not remember anything about it only that we sat on the steps of a church to eat ham sandwiches. I was "shy" in my young days, strange to say, and at noon that day daddy could not get me to go to a restaurant to eat so we ate sandwiches on the steps of the church that had been badly damaged. Many, many years later I talked with a man, Mr. McQuade, of New Holland, who sat on the steps with us, and he remembered the incident. That seemed very strange.

The next year, on September 8, 1885, occurred our destructive cyclone that caused the injury and death of several persons. Property damage amounted to almost a half-million dollars. It occurred about eight o'clock in the evening. I remember earlier that evening being at the store with my father, as I usually was. We had many electrical storms in those days. That night the sky was lurid, the lightning and thunder terrifying. Grandfather told father he had better take me and go home as it looked as if we were going to have a very bad storm.

After we moved to the "new" house, grandfather occupied the back bedroom upstairs over the store. Before that he occupied a small one-room house on South Fayette Street that stood flush with the street and on part of the ground south of the present residence of Mr. William Campbell, then occupied by Dr. Joe Williams.

Father took me on his back and hurried down the alley close to the store to our house on East Street, on the southwest corner of the alley. Aunt Allie, Aunt Clara and Grace had planned to attend a meeting of the Salvation Army, which was very popular here at that time. Meetings were held in the old Music Hall on South Main Street. More about it later. Daddy told them they could not go as it was going to storm. Aunt Allie and Aunt Clara were much put out and went upstairs to their room in somewhat of a pout.

Soon the wind began to blow and the rain came down in torrents. At this the girls came downstairs and daddy gathered us all into the back sitting-room. Poor mother was always frightened when it stormed. When we heard the chimneys falling, she wanted to get out and rushed to the back door. Daddy held her and bathed her forehead with camphor. Aunt Allie held me on her lap, and Grace and Aunt Clara held the door shut that led into the hall. We learned later why they had to hold the door. The front of the upstairs hall was caved in and the wind had full sweep.

Our new home was pretty badly damaged. The front bedroom on the alley was a shambles. The glass was broken out of the windows. Pictures on the walls were blown away and never found. Slips blown off the pillows and fragments found a square away. Two heavy window weights were lying in the middle of one of the beds. In the opposite front room a wide board was blown through the wall under the west window and penetrated the foot of the bed.

After the storm was over, grandfather and Uncle Pete made their way through the fallen trees and debris that filled the streets and alleys to

see if we were safe. We thanked God that we all escaped without personal injury. Immediately the men began to shovel the plaster and broken glass from the bedroom and put up blankets to the broken windows. A Mrs. Backenstow came along while daddy was working on the windows and asked him why he hadn't locked the windows. He was too disgusted to answer.

Fortunately our store was not damaged. The Catholic and Baptist Churches just below us were destroyed. Later we went to the woods in the northern part of town and found branches with straws driven through them. The following Sunday excursions were run from many points, bringing hundreds of people to view the destruction. Many of our relatives came from Columbus.

The next year a meteor or lightning bolt struck on Temple Street near the southeast corner of Temple and Main Streets. It occurred about eight o'clock in the evening also. I do not remember the date, but think it was in the summer. There were many very bad storms for several years, beginning with the Jamestown cyclone.

Whenever it looked as if there was going to be a storm, daddy came home as mother was always so frightened. The night the bolt fell, the wind blew and the lightning was vivid. The crash of whatever it was rattled windows squares away and broke many—one on our front porch. Before the crash daddy gathered us all under the hall stairs as he thought they would protect us if the roof or walls should fall. Much damage was done over town, but there was no loss of life or as much damage as during the cyclone. There was a large, deep hole where whatever it was fell but no sign of any object.

The next incident I remember was a flash flood that came down Paint Creek a few years later. It came one afternoon and soon covered the bottom-lands and the floors of the bridges. Many families had to move very hurriedly. It came up as far as Broadway, the street back of us. It began around Xenia and several lives were lost, but none here.

Even as a small child I went regularly to the store with daddy. Came home with him to meals and back to the store even after supper. In those days grocery stores remained open until nine o'clock and on Saturdays sometimes until twelve o'clock and even later. When I would get tired and sleepy when at the store, daddy would make me a bed on the flour sacks piled in the rear of the store. He was kind and patient, but if I was disobedient he would punish me. Sometimes I would run off to play with some of the children who lived in the neighborhood of the store. One was a little colored girl and others were the children of a saloon keeper, so I had sort of a cosmopolitan bringing-up.

Daddy would punish me by making me sit on a box quietly for some time and I must confess he sometimes had to use the rod. I was pretty self-willed, but I do not believe the whippings did much good. I had tantrums, I guess, but sometimes they were misunderstood. My family did not read my inner feelings just right at times. I was timid, sensitive, obstinate and affectionate but never very demonstrative of my affections. Kind, understanding words would have done more than any whipping could do when I had one of these spells. Mother rarely ever whipped me. In fact I do not remember that she ever did, although sometimes she would get very

provoked. She never interfered with daddy either as she felt what he did was right.

CHAPTER 6.

I think it would be well at this time to tell of some of the old places and people. Many I know of only by hearsay.

I will begin on West Court Street, this side of the bridge over Paint Creek. In my early memory there was a large old factory building there. I think it had had several occupants—at one time a woolen mill, also a distillery and a wood-work factory and several other industries, but as I remember it it was vacant. It had very large imposing doors. In part of it lived an old man by the name of Andy Hays. He was one of the characters of those days. I do not know just what he did. The site of the old building is now occupied by flats. Later on, across the railroad tracks was the Cissna Elevator, later operated by Virgil Vincent. It burned down when he was the owner. There is a filling station there now.

Next was the Hartman Carriage Shop. Old grandfather Hartman and his son, John, and his family lived in the two next houses. Grandmother Hartman was a sister of Mrs. Jacob Dahl who was the mother of V. J. Dahl, at one time mayor of our city. His wife was Julia Hukill, sister of Elmer Hukill and Mrs. W. A. Tysor. Tom Hartman, the son of John, became one of the leading grocers of the city. He began as a clerk in the Barnett Grocery on Court Street when a young boy. He retired in 1950. His grocery was located on Clinton Avenue. The old Hartman shop was occupied for many years by the Bonham Implement Store, and after the death of Mr. Bonham by the Moots & Moots Radio and Auto Repair Company. In 1950 the old landmark was torn down and the site is now occupied by a very modern Kroger Store. Three members of the Hartman family are still living—Leta, Mary and Tom.

I do not remember just what was on the corner of Court and Hinde Streets before Johnnie Wilson had a tin shop there. Herbert Wilson, a son of John's, conducts a Furnace Service Company there now.

One the northeast corner of Court and Hinde Streets was a low, frame house that stood flush with the street and was occupied by a Mrs. Buckner. Her daughter, Kate, was married to Barse Collier, at one time chief of police here. They had a daughter, Mattie Collier. Next to the Buckner house and sitting back in a yard was the office and home of Dr. Rush. Later the home was occupied by his daughter, Grace, who married Johnnie Sutherland. They had two children, a daughter, Mabel, who married Lee Rodgers, and a son, Dave, who also married and died rather young. Johnnie Sutherland was a teller in the Commercial Bank for many years and was also later connected with the Hagerty Shoe Factory. He was killed by a train at the crossing near the factory.

After the death of Mrs. Buckner a long one-story frame building was erected on the site of her home and used as a skating rink. Called the Empire Rink, later it was used as an opera house when the old Opera House on Market Street was torn down. That location is now occupied by a filling station.

The first Opera House was "Music Hall" on the second floor of several buildings on South Main Street. The entrance was between where the Summers Paper Store and the Associated Plumbers are now located. Many good plays were given there as well as patent medicine shows and amateur plays. There were box seats along the stage and it was then quite up-to-date. Strange as it may seem part of that hall is still standing—the stage and the boxes and many of the settings back in the wings. It gives one a strange feeling to stand there in the settings of a past age. The building now belongs to Mrs. Robert Edge. The second floor is not in use.

The Opera House on Market Street, on the south side just off of Main Street, I think was originally built for a skating rink, but I may be mistaken about that. At least it was used at times for that purpose. I have found that the Opera House was built in 1870, shortly after the Civil War, by a stock company in which Baldwin Millikan was chief stockholder. The ground on which it was built was owned by Mr. Burnett, grandfather of Kent Hopkins who died a few years ago. His mother was a Burnett. On the corner still stands the three-story building also owned by the Burnetts. There was a Kent Burnett. In the early days the Burnetts had a furniture store there, and the second and third floors were occupied from 1905 by Joseph Gest, who published "The Advertiser." In 1913 it was sold to Galvin Pub. Co. The building is now occupied by the Main Restaurant, and has been occupied by restaurants for a good many years. Also at one time there was a Chinese laundry in the room where the restaurant is now located.

The Opera House was also used for many years by the members of the Presbyterian Church for their annual bazaar and supper—quite an event in the city's social activities. There were booths all around the sides of the large hall where all kinds of home-made articles were sold and games were played. A delicious supper was served in the center of the hall. Often amateur plays were given on the stage. I remember one in which I took part—a series of tableaux of different nations. I represented Italy. I was dressed in a long red satin dress and had a red shawl over my head and held a zither upon which I was supposed to be playing. I was about fifteen at the time and was thrilled to be taking a part on the stage. The fairs and bazaars lasted several days.

Many plays by renowned actors and actresses were given in this Opera House. Al Field's Minstrels and other good minstrel shows played here. The minstrels always had a good band and they would march down Court Street in their bright uniforms with a drum major leading them.

We were great people to attend shows and rarely ever missed any. Several times during the year there would be what was called ten- twenty- and thirty-cent shows. These would stay for a week with a different show every night. There was always one during "Fair Week." These were usually very good and were well patronized. We usually attended about three nights. Many years after the two Opera Houses were torn down I was talking with Pat Burke, who was an usher in his younger days, and he said we were known as "The Regulars" because we attended so many of the shows.

The Market Street Opera House was torn down several years ago and the site occupied by buildings of the Fayette County Farm Bureau, where poultry was bought and sold. With the erection of the new Farm Bureau buildings on South Fayette Street this branch of the business was moved there. One of the buildings is now occupied by a tire shop.

Going back to Court Street—the place where the Opera House stood on the corner of Court and Hinde Streets is now occupied by a filling sta-

tion. Next to it, on Hinde Street, is the Albers Super Market. After the death of Dr. Rush and the Sutherlands the property on Court Street was bought by Elmer White who erected a large brick building used for a garage, auto repair and sales room for automobiles and accessories. The Sutherland home was moved forward to the sidewalk and made into business rooms. One is occupied by Henry Sparks who sells seeds of all kinds and is a maker of keys. The other part is occupied by a barber shop.

Across the alley where the Will Dale Furniture Store has been located since 1894 I have heard was located the first Frank L. Stutson Dry Goods Store. It was there at the time of the cyclone in 1885. Mr. Charles Drais told me that he worked at Stutson's store at that time and was caught under a brick wall of a small building back of the store. His hand protruding from the debris was the only indication the searchers had that some one was there. He was quite badly hurt. He passed away not long ago. His wife was Inda Harvey.

Mr. Dale opened there in a small way in this location. As a young man he had worked for F. M. Palmer, a one-armed man, in his second-hand store on South Fayette Street in the room now occupied by Ace Flower's dry cleaning establishment, formerly Fenton Dry Cleaning establishment.

Mr. Dale gained excellent advertising in this and surrounding counties by nailing on trees and fences tin pie plates advertising his furniture business. He was known far and wide as "Tin Pan Bill." He also gained some doubtful fame by having one of the first automobiles in this city. Many farmers became angry because their horses became frightened at the machine. Mr. Dale told many amusing stories about how he would have to get out of his car and lead horses past it. He said he asked one man if he could hold his horse and the man said, "I think I can get by all right if you just hold my wife."

Mr. Dale added a third and a fourth floor to the building and also an elevator, and he did a wonderful business. In the early days Johnnie Wilson had his tin shop on the second floor of this building. Mr. Dale's death in 1950 took away one of the few remaining business men of the past century. His son-in-law, Stanley Schneider, now carries on the business.

Charley Gardner had a wall-paper store in the room next to Dale's, and Miss Lulu Theobald had a millinery store later in the same room. John Blackmore had a grocery next to this room. He was also mayor of this city at one time. He had a daughter, Georgia, who now lives in Columbus. Mr. Philip Rothrock later also had a grocery in this room. Mrs. Rothrock for many years was treasurer of Fayette County. Mr. D. H. Barchet had a butcher shop next. This room and three others in that square are now occupied by the Kaufman Bargain Store. In the early days Mr. A. E. Silcott had a shoe store somewhere within that square. He was the father of Charles, James, Mrs. Effie Silcott Wilson and Mrs. Nina Silcott Harper. Mrs. Harper passed away in April, 1953. On the corner was a dry goods store. I have been told it was Melvin & Silcott's and later Clugston's. Then there was a drug store—Robinson & Hainey's. It burned down. Since 1883 the site has been occupied by banks, the first being the Commercial Bank of Morris Sharp, then the Ohio State Bank. The building was completely destroyed by fire again on January 27th, 1934. The First National Bank now occupies the corner with an imposing structure.

On the opposite corner of Court and Main Streets was the old Court House, built about 1829. The site is now occupied by the Sharp Memorial

Fountain which was erected in 1906 by Mrs. Madeline Baker Sharp in memory of her husband.

The present Court House was completed in 1884 at a cost of about \$86,000. The first Court House, which was of brick, was located about twenty feet west of the alley and twenty feet back from Court Street. It was the first brick house in the county. The clock in the present Court House—a Seth Thomas clock—was put up by Furtwangler & Hudson in 1884, according to an inscription on the bell. Bert Ellis and then Heber Roe, jewelers, looked after the clock for many years. It was wound every Friday by the janitor, a real task as it took about thirty minutes with a heavy crank attached to a steel cable. In 1952 it was changed to an electric control. Needed repairs were also made on various parts as they were in bad condition. When the bell is tolled, it always means trouble of some kind and is usually tolled to call members of the militia. I have heard it toll several times. I have also been up in the tower where the bell is, a time or so when I was a young girl. There are steep steps to climb and a ladder to reach it, but it is worth it to get the view from there. On a clear day you can see for many miles and I think it is said that you can see Bray's Hill on the other side of Frankfort.

Through the years there were various businesses within the remainder of that square. Date Merstone had a restaurant on the corner of the alley across from the Court House grounds for many years, then Johnnie Culhan had a restaurant there. The Midland National Bank was also in this location. Connected with this bank were S. W. Cissna, Josiah Hopkins, M. S. Daugherty and Scott Hopkins. In the early days my grandfather Wendel had a Hat and Gent's Furnishing Store about where the Palace Theater is located. Johnnie Worrell had a jewelry store and Mr. Henry Katz, the elder, had a clothing store. The Peoples & Drovers Bank was about the middle of the block. Connected with it were Judge Daniel McLean, grandfather of Mrs. Max G. Dice, Robert (Bob) Robinson, Mike Herbert and Frank Johnson, and in later years Humphrey Jones, Norman McLean, Robert Howat, Mrs. Dice's father, Roy McClure and others. Mr. Johnson was connected with the bank from 1873 to the date of his death.

Later in this square the Fayette County Bank was located. This bank was organized by William Worthington, father of Miss Edith Worthington, Robert Howat, A. R. Creamer, Dr. W. E. Ireland, were officers. Fred O. Cline, was assistant cashier. The first bank established here was in 1858 and was known as the Fayette Co. Bank. James Pursell was its cashier. It occupied the room now occupied by the First Federal Savings and Loan Company. In the remainder of the square at various times were the William Dial insurance office, the Cheney & Gregg Shoe Store and in later years Clara Gross conducted a men's furnishing store. After her sudden death in 1928 the store was operated by her sister, Carrie, who had been a clerk at Stutson's Department Store for many years. This site and a connecting room are now occupied by the Patton Book Store. In the early days Dr. Goldsberry had a drug store on the corner where the Washington Savings Bank is now located. I remember a drug store being there because I used to go there when a very small child to buy ice cream. My daddy would give me a nickel and I would take a small pasteboard bucket in which to get the ice cream. It was not so plentiful then nor so high-priced, and it was quite a treat to have it. I would bring it back to the store and often divide it with some playmate. I also remember one of the town pumps was located on that corner and many would go there for water. On the

side of the old bank building a little stand was built and here a Mr. Lucas sold fruit for many years. Connected with the old Savings Bank were Charles U. Armstrong, George Jackson, Reuben Rankin, Jess F. Cross and Frank A. Chaffin, counsel. The present building was erected in 1918 and in 1953 extensive remodeling has been done.

On the opposite corner of Court and Fayette Streets at various times were Reard's China Store, the post office, Jake and Clara Hassel's dry goods store, and Theodore Brown, and later his son, Orme Brown, had a drug store. It is still occupied by a drug store. Dr. H. C. Coffman had a drug store in the next room. He was very hard of hearing and a story is told that he saw a man coming down the street who owed him. Dr. Coffman stopped him and took him to the edge of the pavement so bystanders would not hear him—as he thought—and, being deaf, said in a very loud voice "You owe me fifty cents." The poor doctor was killed in a peculiar accident. He was leading a cow and had a rope tied around his wrist. The cow ran away and dragged him, causing his death. His wife was a sister of Dr. C. A. Harlow. The children were Tasso, Harry, Janette (who married Charley Bell), Charlie and Rilla, who was a prominent member of the Eastern Star and a dressmaker. Their home was on East Street and is now occupied by Mr. Fred Enslin and family. Later Baldwin & Blackmer occupied the Coffman room with a drug store, then Blackmer & Tanquary. It then became the Sheridan Restaurant and now is occupied by a pool-room. In the next room was the Barnett Brothers' Grocery, Nat and Frank Barnett. Then a Mr. Reeves was there with a grocery for a short time. The mother of Mr. Reeves married Mr. George Robinson, at one time mayor of our city. The son of Mr. Reeves, Roy, married Helen Gest, daughter of J. G. Gest who was an editor of The Advertiser and also postmaster for some time.

Later, N. S. Barnett and his son, Earl, were in the grocery business in that same room. The location is now occupied by the Porter Pastries. As a young man Dr. Fred D. Woollard clerked in the Barnett Grocery for several years. He then studied dentistry, came back here and opened an office in the Masonic Temple and has been one of our most outstanding dentists for many years. He also has taken an active part in church, civic and fraternal organizations. He and Mrs. Woollard have three children—two daughters and a son. The son also lives here.

In the early days the next room was occupied by Mr. Sam Adams who had a grocery store. He was the father of Mr. Gilbert Adams, still well-known here. Mr. Seth Parrett and Mr. Frank Flee later opened a grocery in this location. In a few years the partnership was dissolved and Mr. Parrett carried on the business there for many years. His wife was a Creamer. They had three children: Ben, Helen and Robert. They all attended school here. After leaving the grocery business the family moved to Cleveland, Ohio.

After Mr. Parrett, G. C. Kidner and his brother-in-law, Mr. Stanforth, had a grocery in that location. The brother-in-law stayed only a short time, but the business was continued by Mr. Kidner for a number of years.

This block of two-story buildings was known as the McLean Block, and most of it is still owned by Dan McLean. The Bell Telephone Company for a time occupied the second floor on the corner. Bowman Hess had an undertaking establishment on the second floor also. The entrance is still in the middle of the block. Later on Albert McCoy was connected with Mr. Hess in the business. Mr. Hess had two daughters, Mary Hess Briggs and Ella, and a son, Robert. Dr. E. C. Hamilton had a dental parlor in rooms to

the right of the stairway. I remember going to him to have my teeth filled when I was a child. There were few dentists then. His wife was a vocal teacher in the public schools for many years. Their children were Louise who married Steve Grubbs, Grace who married Hugh Weir, a writer of mystery stories, Stoddard and Carl.

Many different businesses have been in the one-story buildings from the McLean Block to the alley. Eli Flowers had a bakery, Mike Connley a restaurant, Jim Flynn also had a restaurant, O. L. Robbins a butcher shop, and, in earlier days, William Snider had a butcher shop. Also there was Rothrock's Laundry and Larrimer's Laundry and, later, Hettesheimer's Jewelry Store and Clark Gossard, optometrist. Will Hettesheimer was well known for his advertising as "Hetty, the Jeweler." One of the first nickel-odeons was opened in the Gossard room which is now occupied by a men's furnishing store. A lease for several years was taken on the room and everyone wondered about it as no one then thought a picture show could or would stay very long. The pictures were not even moving pictures, just pictures on slides.

The first business I remember being across the alley was Brent Ott's saloon. Brent was quite a character and many stories are told about him. Another one of the characters of the early days, and who hung around the saloons and did odd jobs for many of them, was an old man by the name Bill Jenkins. Brent Ott had one son, Odd, who was quite popular at school. He played the cornet and was quite proficient at it. He married Edna Lawill and they moved to Springfield. In later years this room was remodeled and occupied by Albert McCoy as a funeral parlor after the death of Bowman Hess. It is now occupied as offices by the Bell Telephone Company with the exchange occupying the second floor.

I am a little hazy about the different businesses in the rest of this block through the years. Mr. Charles Passmore was in business in about the center of the block and the family lived above the store. I remember there was a pump also in front of this place and I used to go there sometimes to get water. The Passmore children are: Katherine (Mrs. Fortier), Ann, Charley and Ida (Mrs. Snider) who passed away in 1952.

Charley Murray had a furniture store and he also was a funeral director. His wife was Sina Logan. They had two children, Shep and Logan. They moved to California many years ago. Later George Haines conducted a furniture store in that location. His wife was Daisy Patton, daughter of lawyer Patton. She had a sister, Nell, also a son, Richard Haines. A "Movie" theater has been located on this square for many years. It had several names. At present it is owned by James Chakeres and is called "The State Theater." Very good pictures are shown here.

Mr. Chakeres also owned the "Palace Theater," located in the middle of the square east of the court house. It was run by several well-known people, including B. F. Leland, Robert McLean, and J. E. Smith. The theater has recently been dismantled and will again become a business room.

The "movies" have been greatly hurt by the advent of television but there is hope that new methods in the movie industry will bring new interest to the business. For my part, I do not care too much for television as I have not time to look at it. My days are filled with other things. At night I can read and also listen some to the radio. I think television is wonderful and wish I had time to enjoy it.

For many years Dr. Charles Williams lived in a long, one-story frame house facing Court Street. He had his office there also. His sons were Dr. Joe Williams, who brought Grace and me and our baby brother into the world, Marsh Williams, who was Chief Justice of our state, and Mark who moved west in early days. There were two daughters, Lida and Kate, who, after their father's death, lived in one of two small houses they owned just around the corner on North Street where the Tire & Rubber Shop is now located. There was another sister who lived away from here. I do not remember her name. "Little Duffee," my father's brother, had a grocery in one of the rooms of the old Williams house. He was short and thin and my father was rather tall, rather heavyset and very fine-looking. They were very different in every way. Uncle George had two sons, Tom and Babe. Tom was a very fine shoemaker and Babe a very fine barber. They were left by their mother when they were very young, and my parents looked after them off and on for years until they could take care of themselves. They both married. Tom had a son, Don, who has been very succesful in the shoe business for many years. He has a son, Don, Jr., and a daughter, Corinne.

The old Williams house was torn down in 1911 and Frank Karney erected the present building occupied now by the state liquor store and the Gross Pool-room. At one time one of the rooms was occupied by "One-armed Palmer's" Second-Hand Store. Sadie Christy, one of the good dressmakers during my girlhood, occupied rooms over these stores. She was quite a character, used snuff among other things, but knew how to make nice dresses. She did a lot of work for us and for many prominent families. There were many good dressmakers in those days, but now they have almost become extinct. Frank Reif had a grocery and feed store on the corner for many years. Tom Sites also had a grocery there. The location is now occupied by a shoe repair shop.

Across North Street and facing on Court and North Streets was a two-story frame house occupied by Peele Willett and family. Mr. Willett was a very fine photographer for many years. I remember him as a very handsome white-haired man, quite distinguished looking, who was interested in predicting the future for people. He became quite noted as a palmist. He had two sons and a daughter—Ike, Bill and Puss. When Mr. Willett died, his body was cremated, according to his wish, and the ashes scattered from the suspension bridge over the Ohio River at Cincinnati. I think one son also expressed the same wish and his ashes were also scattered on the river. After the Willetts, the property on the corner was occupied by the Westerfield boarding house. There were many good boarding houses in those days. The Westerfields had two children, Carrie who married Bob Peddicord (who had a dry goods store with a Mr. Dunn on North Fayette Street) and a son, Richard Westerfield, a very good-looking young man. Later the Westerfield property became a hospital. It was the first regular hospital organized and incorporated here in 1907 and named The Fayette County Hospital and was conducted by Dr. L. M. McFadden. It was in existence a number of years. The site is now occupied by a filling station.

I forget many of the old settlers in this square, but the two doctors, W. E. and S. A. Ireland, had their offices in an old dwelling next to Westerfield's. After their deaths Dr. Loring Brock had his office there for many years. There are several occupants of the building now.

A little farther down was the office and home of Dr. C. M. Wilson and family. The children were Winnie, who married Wert Shoop, and Amy, who

married a minister, Mr. Hudson, and lived in the south. The mother, Mrs. Wilson, died when the children were young.

In a long one-story frame house lived James A. McLean and family, and on the corner of the alley lived Grandma McLean. She was the mother of James A., Cinnie, John and Ione. More later about James A. and family. Cinnie was in the same company as my father in the Civil War, the 60th O.V.I. He was married and lived away from here, but came back in his old age. John never married. He and my Uncle Pete were great friends. He had an ice-house. Ice was cut in the winter from the creek and stored in a house with sawdust and then sold in the summer. He had a covered wagon, horse-drawn, from which he delivered ice. The sides of the wagon were canvas and on one, or perhaps on both sides, was painted a picture of George Washington in oil colors. It is a copy of the Stuart picture of Washington and very well done. When the ice-wagon was abandoned, my uncle cut out this picture and it came into our possession. It laid around for years in our outdoor store-room. Then a few years ago I had a frame that I thought would fit it so I cleaned up the painting, put it in the frame and now I am very proud of it as an antique with an interesting history.

Ione McLean married Brentny Bryant. Their children were: Lida Bryant Mayer, Johnnie Bryant, father of Albert Bryant who is now with the First National Bank, and Anna Bryant Irish. Ione Bryant was a fine cateress and was called upon for many special functions. I remember she made the first potato chips I ever tasted or heard of. Father, mother and I were going on an excursion to Niagara Falls. I think I must have been about ten years old. We were to take a lunch and daddy got Mrs. Bryant to make us a pound of potato chips. He furnished the lard and potatoes. It made a dishpan full and she charged seventy-five cents to make them. They were certainly delicious. In our lunch we also had fried chicken and mother's home-made cucumber pickles. I think of it yet; how good they all tasted.

The old Bereman house faced the intersection of Columbus and Washington Avenues and sat far back in the yard. In part of this building my sister, Grace, was born. I do not know who built the two houses in front of it. They are about twelve or fifteen feet from the sidewalk. I think they were built by Mr. Frank L. Stutson. He built one, then later on built the one on the alley in which he lived until he passed away. His family lived there for several years after that. Mrs. Stutson was a Stimpson. They had two children, Louise and Janet. Louise married Dave Potter who died very shortly after their honeymoon. Later she married a Mr. Donnell. Janet married Renick Boggs. More about the F. L. Stutson Dry Goods Store later. The first Stutson house I think was sold to Mrs. Mary Bush who lived there with her daughter, Anna, and son, Zane. Mr. Bush had a harness store on South Main Street for many years. Anna Bush married Elwert Coffman. I was her bridesmaid and Glenn Rodgers was Elwert's best man.

Across the alley from Stutson's lived Judge A. R. Creamer. His children were: a daughter, Alice, who married Will Moorman, and some time after his death married George Renick, a son, Fred Creamer, an attorney, and another daughter, Daisy, who is now Mrs. C. L. Snyder.

Lawyer Patton and his family lived on down the street on the east corner. There were four children: Daisy, Glenn, Nell and Jim. The George Flowers family, consisting of several children, the Karney family and the William Tharp family were old residents on this street.

There were many nice colored families living out farther toward "the point," among them the James O. Jackson family, a large family of very bright children. Mr. Jackson was for many years the janitor of the old Central School Building. I remember him ringing the school bell when I went to school. He also was our delivery man for several years.

There was also Alex Anderson and family. He was a high school professor and a very nice person. He traded at our store and at one time my father did him a favor which he never forgot. They moved away from here. Shortly after my father's death he was in Washington Court House and came to see us to express his sympathy. We appreciated that.

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CHAPTER 7.

I will begin at the Old Fair Grounds on the south side of Columbus Avenue near the point of the avenue and Market Street. Little is known about the Old Fair Grounds as there seem to be no records concerning it. It is believed to have been organized about 1859. There were one hundred and thirty-two stockholders. Fairs were held there until 1885. After that it was used as show grounds, a meeting place for various things and picnics. In 1895 Buffalo Bill's Wild West Circus showed there. Buffalo Bill himself took part in the show which I remember attending. We were circus-goers also and rarely ever missed one. Daddy often sold supplies to the man in charge of buying the food.

In 1886 new grounds were procured where fairs have been held ever since.

On the west end of the Old Fair Ground the Eastside School was erected in 1896. A new addition called Washington Oaks Addition has been opened in the rest of the grounds. It combines business as well as residence properties. Our city is spreading in every direction with new additions which contain many very lovely and very modern small homes.

On up Columbus Avenue lived the Rice family who were prominent in business in the early days, and there were many other families. The Morris Sharp home on the point of Columbus and Washington Avenues was one of prominence and beauty. I think the three-story, turreted, brick house with wrought iron trimming is one of the most artistic and beautiful of the few remaining old homes of our city. Situated on the point between the two streets and sitting back from the point with a wide expanse of lawn on the south side, it was a very outstanding home. Much of the beauty has been taken away, however, by the placing of a filling station on the point.

Back of the Sharp home on Washington Avenue was the Baer home. Mr. Louis Baer was a member of the Dahl & Baer Grocery Company. I remember him as a very fine-looking, portly man. He was very proud of his fine team of horses and in the winter with the team hitched to a sleigh, he would often race them on Market Street which was quite a thoroughfare for racing in the winter when I was a child. The Baers had three children: Carl, Clarence and Louise. Clarence was connected with the Washington Ice Company here for many years. The original family is all gone, but the widows of Clarence and Carl still live here and also a son of Clarence. The Baer family moved

away and the home was sold to A. F. Hopkins who lived here with his wife and son, Edwards. The home burned to the ground on February 4, 1906. A handsome new home was built and is still occupied by members of the Hopkins family.

Across the street on the corner of the alley was the Dr. Goldsberry home. I do not remember him, but I remember his wife, Aunt Cam, as she was called. She was quite a character. The Goldberrys had a very beautiful daughter, Grace. She married a man by the name of Edward Drexel Caselton. There seemed to be quite a mystery about him. No one seemed to know just who he was or where he came from. He was tall, dark and handsome. I think Grace was with a theatrical company for a while and no doubt he was a member of the company. She did not live very long after they were married. He stayed on with Mrs. Goldsberry. Later he created quite a sensation when he married Ocalla Hanna, said to be the daughter of Mark Hanna's brother. She was a large, very beautiful woman. I remember the first Sunday they were here they attended services at the Presbyterian Church. It is said that Mr. Frank Johnson had a pew roped off for them. Of course, the church was filled as every one wanted to see the bride. Even people on the streets watched for them. Coming from Sunday School, I was one of those watching for them to come. I remember she wore a three-tiered, full, black taffeta silk skirt and an emerald green taffeta silk petticoat with ruffles. These were all the style then. I do not remember what else she wore, but the couple made a gorgeous appearance. They did not stay here long and finally I guess she left him and he stayed on with Aunt Cam until she died. She was a sister of Anderson DeWitt.

The old frame house which stood on the alley burned down, and Thomas Marchant, then an attorney here, built the very fine home now standing there and which was later occupied by the Dave Craig family. The Merchants moved to California. They had one son, Harris. Mrs. Marchant was the daughter of George Dahl. Her sisters were Mrs. Baldwin Millikan and Miss Ethel Dahl who married William Campbell of Bainbridge. Their brother was Harry Dahl who married May Maynard, a sister of Nina Craig, who, with her family later occupied the Marchant home.

I failed to mention that next to the Hopkins house on Washington Avenue Harry Dahl built a very beautiful home, one of the finest in the city at that time. The Dahls had four daughters who grew up in this home, Fannie Vilas, Charlotte, Nina and Mary. After the death of Mr. Dahl the property was sold to Elmer Klever for a funeral home. It is now occupied by the Kirkpatrick Funeral Home. The Dahl girls all married and all except Charlotte left Washington Court House. She married Willard Willis who died a few years ago. Mrs. Dahl had a beautiful home built around the corner where she lived for many years. She passed away in 1953.

Across the alley from the Goldsberrys lived William Gordon and family. Their children were Mary and Donald. Mary had a beautiful voice. She was gone from here for a number of years, and when she returned she was married to Ward Clemens who was said to be very wealthy. He was very much older than she and very badly crippled. They traveled a great deal and often came to visit her family, whom he assisted financially. The son, Donald Gordon, also had a fine voice and sang before the public quite a bit. Mary was still comparatively young when she died. The father and mother passed away and Donald went away. I do not know what became of him. After a time

Ward Clemens came back here and had rooms in part of the Cherry Hotel building on the ground floor on Market Street. He died here. He was said to have been very generous to the few intimate friends that he had. He did not have many friends as he was of a cross disposition.

Next to the Gordons lived the Draises. I do not remember Dr. Draise, but Mrs. Draise was a very fine-looking woman with red hair. I think she had been a teacher at one time. She had a very distinctive manner. She kept roomers. She had a daughter, Clara, also a very fine-looking girl but dark-haired and a very fine performer on the piano. There was a son, Leroy, who, in his later years, became deranged.

A short way up the street, the old house in which my grandparents lived, and where my mother and father were married, was torn down and the Slagles, lumber people, built a very modern home there. It is now owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. George Steen. At one time the old house was occupied by Frank Willard. His first wife was a Coffman. The children were: Charlotte, who married Homer Barnes, Emma, who married Ben Barrere, and Helen Hidy.

In the old days Judge Manford Willard and family occupied the next house, now occupied by the Carr Rest Home. The Willards were an aristocratic family and took an active part in the social life of the city. Manford was a brother of Frank Willard. Mrs. Manford Willard was a sister of Mrs. Mike Herbert. Mrs. Herbert's children of a former marriage were Mrs. Fannie Pearce Ballard and Mrs. Lizzie Pearce Logan. Willard Herbert, who married Luella Robinson, was the child of her second marriage.

The Manford Willard children were Jane, Alice and Herbert. My remembrance of them is vague, but I know I thought they were the height of fashion and society. One of the things that I particularly remember about them was that the week of our county fair there was always a big dance, I think given by the Elks or some other organization. I was a very small girl and would often sit on a box in front of our store and watch the people pass. Daddy and grandpa usually sat there also of an evening. I would see the people going by to the ball as most every one walked to such places in those days. I especially remember the Willard girls as they were young, good-looking and wore lovely clothes. I thought, "That is how I would like to be when I grow up." Pet and Charley Harlow also were among the glamorous people to me at that time.

The streets would be thronged with people every night during the fair. There were many gambling places, and out-of-town people who followed the races could be found in these places in the evening. Sometimes there would be a band concert, usually the famed "Kid Band" that had played at the races during the afternoon. There was always a ten-, twenty-, and thirty-cent show during the week, and they often had a band that would parade at noon and in the evening.

Going back to the Willard house, it sat, and still sits, flush with the street and was one of the beautiful homes of the city. The broad hall, high ceiling and winding stairway are still in evidence. It was the scene of many gay social affairs. In later years it was occupied as a funeral home and now as a "Rest Home."

Another house sitting flush with the street was the Melvin home. I remember the old man who lived there had long, white hair. His children were

Zoe Melvin Kimberly and Al Melvin, who was interested in the stove business for many years. His children were George, Charley and Marie. Marie is still living and has occupied several important official positions during the years. The Melvin home has been occupied for several years by Robert Schneider and family. His father, David Schneider, was a well-known plumber and contractor, and Robert has very successfully followed in his father's profession.

Also in that square in the early days lived the McElwains, the Parvins (Ry), Lawheads, Pursells (Harry), in the twin brick houses. In the one-story frame building on the corner lived Dr. J. G. Wilson and his daughter, Mary, who, late in life, married Jared Millikan, a newspaper man and brother of Baldwin Millikan. A filling station now occupies that corner. Mrs. Millikan was a very good friend of ours. She was quite eccentric and quite well-off. Her will was contested, but stood as written.

Across North Street, on the southwest corner of Court and North Streets, was the Lanum property. For a time Miss Dell Lanum conducted a millinery store in the front room. The family lived in the rear and upstairs. There were three children: Miss Dell, who never married, Clayt, who married Ida Patton and, after her death, married Mrs. Ada Jones, now deceased, and Harry, who married Zella Hainey, and lived in Columbus after they were married. Mrs. Lanum was a daughter of Judge Bereman. Her sisters were Mrs. George Dahl and Mrs. Elizabeth Logan, who lived on the corner of North Fayette and Paint Streets. Her children were Sina Logan Murray, Shep Logan and James, who lived in Waverly, Ohio. All were prominent families in the early days. I do not remember just what business Mr. Lanum was in.

Next to Lanum's was a small frame house that sat back in the yard. Gib Paul and family lived here. Mrs. Paul was an Evans, a sister of Mrs. Tom Gardner, Frank Evans, Richard and Billie Evans. The Paul children were Ada (Hun) Jones, Helen (Kitten) Enderlen, and Richard who came late and died early. Hun married Heber Jones, whose mother was killed in the cyclone. Billie was a mail carrier for years. He was active in the First World War. He married Nell Rowan. They had two daughters. Billie died young, but his wife is still active in school work and various organizations, and taught as an exchange teacher in English a few years ago. The daughters are married and live away from here.

Mr. Paul was a small man but powerfully built. He was interested in horses. I remember him most as being a member of the fire department. The equipment was horse-drawn then, and Mr. Paul was in charge of the engine drawn by two powerful horses. It was a terrifying sight to see them going to a fire. The small Mr. Paul had perfect control of the horses. Later the family lived on South North Street, the second house from the Catholic Church.

Millers, I think, had a bakery next. I do not remember that, but my sister, Grace, went with Blanche Miller, the daughter. Mr. George Jenkins had a grocery in that vicinity. His wife was a daughter of Norman McLean. Their children were: Myrta, Dio, Lucy, Harry, Bess and Clara. Harry had a tragic life. As a young boy he was badly hurt. He was on his father's delivery wagon which was hit by a train on the South North Street crossing. His skull was fractured and required a silver plate to be inserted in his skull. He apparently recovered, but suffered at times severely. He studied medicine and in time became a doctor and practiced medicine here. He was well liked and had a good practice. He married and lived in an apartment in the old Lanum building. His office was on the corner of the alley this side of the Methodist

Church in the building that I think had been Dr. Worley's office. A few days after his return from his wedding trip he shot and killed himself in his office, which was just a stone's throw from his home and young wife. It was thought he feared that he might be losing his mind as the head injury had been giving him some trouble and he feared he might do injury to some one else. It was a shock to the entire community.

Mr. Charley Getz also had a grocery, perhaps in the same building, either before or after Mr. Jenkins. I remember him as a small, rather nervous man, German, I think, as he talked rather brokenly. He always called me "Mafe." His children were: Charley, Ida, Clara, Berty and Winnie. Winnie was a very good-looking young man. I can remember that then some of the up-to-date young men wore sashes or gay colored wide bands around their waists and broad-brimmed sailor hats. Winnie Getz was one of these, also Lynn Smithers, Roy Gibson and a number of others. I thought, and they thought, they were the real moguls of fashion.

The Getzes lived on Broadway in the quaint frame house at the top of the long terrace. The place is still much as it was then, and was next to the Sager home on the corner. The Sager home has for many years been occupied by the McDonald family.

In the two-story brick buildings now standing on Court Street, which were erected in 1890 and called the Williams Block, Dave Schneider, plumber, had his place of business, in the one next to the Lanums, for many years. Henry Rice and Sons had a furniture store next and did fine repair work. Mr. Mayer, a French Jew, had a dry goods store in the room now occupied by Robert Sanderson. He had three daughters, Hortense, Lottie and Valerie. They were all musical. I remember they had a piano with mother-of-pearl keys. Hortense and Lottie often played for shows at the Opera House. Local talent was usually used for traveling shows. Their mother was a beautiful, white-haired woman. An aunt of the girls lived with the family. She was said to be quite wealthy. They had lived in Paris, France, before coming to this country. Valerie and I were very close school chums for several years. They moved to Cincinnati where all of the family but Valerie passed away. We still write to each other, but have not seen each other for several years. The second story of the Williams Building was occupied by the Odd Fellows Lodge for some time and by other organizations.

A Mr. Craig and his sons, Frank and Will, had a bakery in the room now occupied by the Murray pool-room. Bell & Hostetter also had a bakery there. Bill Hooker had a pool-room and George Flowers and sons, Roy, Ace and Albert, had a bakery. Pete Wolford had a tailor shop next. Later in that room, Emilie Thornton had a beauty shop. Next, Robert Sanderson had a harness shop. Mr. C. A. Cave owned the two end buildings in that half-block and had his insurance office on the second floor which was reached from the alley entrance. On the corner of the alley Dr. Teeters had his office. Later Dr. Roy Brown was there until his death.

Across the alley was the Gross building. The family lived in the rear. I do not remember "Grossfadder," as the children often called him. The parents were German Jews. I remember the mother very well. There were four children: Mose, Carrie, Louie and Clara. Mr. Gross had a daughter by a former marriage, Yetta, who married Joe Steinhart. They were the parents of Bertha, Lou, Sol and two other sons. Joe was a brother of Laymon Steinhart, whose children were: Rose, Sol, Blanche and May. They lived on North

Next was a three-story building. I do not know what was in the building Main Street. The brothers were both in the clothing business. Joe and family moved away in the early days. I do not remember them, but met the children later.

The Gross children all gained prominence in the business world. Mose was connected with the old gas company with Mr. Penn, then with the Dayton Power and Light Company. He died from a peculiar disease thought to have been caused by a germ picked up in a trip abroad and in the Orient. He was married and left one child, Lena Helen. Clara was with Leo Katz Cloth-in Company for many years, then had a Gents' Furnishing Store of her own in the first room of what is now the Patton Book Store. Carrie was, for many years, a clerk in the Frank L. Stutson Dry Goods Store. After her sister's death she took charge of the clothing store, but retired after some years. Her death occurred in December, 1952. Louis, or Louie as he is called, as a young boy was with George Geiblehouse in his pool-room on North Main Street. After Mr. Geiblehouse's death he conducted the business and later moved to his own property on East Court Street, where he has his own lunch and pool-room.

The Gross room on the alley was occupied at various times by Geiblehouse Bakery, as an office by Dr. R. M. Hughey and Dr. Boggess, by the Charles Gardner Wall Paper Store and the Thabett Fruit Store. It is now occupied by the B. & B. Restaurant. The Grosses moved to their present home on East Market Street several years before their mother passed away.

In my memory, the next room was occupied by DeWalston with a novelty and second-hand store. I bought my first Christmas gifts there. I suppose I was about seven. Daddy gave me fifty cents to spend. You could buy something with fifty cents in those days. I bought daddy a pair of cotton gloves, ten cents; mother a fancy comb case, ten cents; Grace a small imitation leather pocketbook, ten cents; grandpa a pair of socks, ten cents, and my little friend, Clara Gross, a handkerchief, ten cents. I was very proud and happy over my purchases.

Next to this store was the entrance to the rooms upstairs which were occupied by David or D. I. Smith and family. He was in the dry cleaning and dyeing business. The Smiths had three children: Ham, Flo and Frank. Flo and I were playmates and friends for many years. There was a large yard back of this building and I used to play in it with the Smith and Gross children. Ham and Frank Smith one time made a merry-go-round on which we had a lot of fun. There was a post on which were fastened two long cross-pieces. We would sit on the ends, but I forget just how they were made to move around. Before the Smiths lived there I guess the Shuberts lived there. Two young women were dressmakers. They later were Mrs. Johnnie Reif and Mrs. Joel Barrett. The George Severs family also lived there. These were before my time.

Next to the entrance to the second floor was a small room. What I remember first about it was that a shooting gallery was in it. There were also wooden dolls at which you threw balls. The owner paid me five cents apiece for dresses I made for the dolls. They were very crude dresses, just a draw-string around the neck, I think, and perhaps hemmed. I thought I was a big business woman. Mr. J. Hicks had a shoe repair shop there and "Billie" May had a sewing machine shop. In later years he taught violin and I was one of his pupils. I think there was a barber shop in the room at one time also.

originally, but have heard that it was occupied by a meat packing company. On the front of the third story was a double door, there was a pulley in the top of the frame and was used, no doubt, to haul up meat or hides. The second floor was used for various purposes. When I was very young, it was occupied by colored people, very nice, who had a little girl, Cora, with whom I often played in our back yard. Then it was occupied by a tin shop, shoe repair shop, and later as a storage place.

As I remember, the first floor was occupied by a butcher shop, first by Alonzo Morris and later by his son, Jont. Jont was a very fine-looking man, big and broad-shouldered and a very good dresser. He often wore a high silk hat, kid gloves and carried a cane. He married Minnie Pierce, daughter of Dick Pierce, a Civil War soldier. She is still living.

Frank Roberts worked for the Morrisises. His father was Dr. Roberts. They lived on East Market Street. Frank was a brother of Mrs. Margaret Colwell and Ched Roberts, both still well-known here. Frank Roberts was a tall, thin man with a very bad cough. His father, a doctor, had about given him up to die with tuberculosis. One day he came into our store and was very dejected as he was feeling very badly. Daddy said to him, "Frank, would you take some medicine that I made for myself for a cough?" He said, "Yes, I would try anything." Some time before this daddy had had a very bad cough which a neighbor across the alley, Mrs. George I. Bailey, said kept her awake at night. As daddy had studied medicine some with Dr. H. C. Coffman, and knew of many old-time home remedies of the hill people and had a natural instinct about what to do for many ills, he had concocted a cough syrup from several well-known products. This concoction cured his cough in a very short time. He had some of the medicine put up in catsup bottles so he gave Frank a bottle. In a few days Frank came in the store and daddy asked him how he was feeling. He said, "Much better, but I am out of medicine." Daddy gave him another bottle and the two bottles cured him. I say "cured," for many years later when we really manufactured "Duffee's Cough Syrup" we were called on the carpet by the state for saying in our literature that we "cured" so and so. But that is another story. Frank lived for many years and was active in his work. In his later years he was connected with the police department. His testimonial was used in our literature. Thus originated "Duffee's Cough Syrup" which became a remedy favorably known throughout the state, but more of that later.

In 1900 Wesley Anderson took over the meat business there until the building was torn down in 1906. The ground belonged to Mr. Harry Dahl. An arrangement was made to erect a new three-story building to extend from our building on the west to the Gross building on the east. The second and third floors were to be used as a county Memorial Hall. A fund had been raised to be used for this purpose. On the board as trustees were B. H. Millikan, George Robinson, A. E. Ramsey, I. N. Rowe, Robert Vincent, J. W. Duffee, James A. McClain.

On the second floor in the real Memorial Hall are forty-one pure white Italian marble tablets set permanently in the walls. On these tablets are inscribed the names, regiment and company of 2,662 Fayette County soldiers of the Civil War. Here the boys who "wore the loyal blue" met, marched to the cemetery and, after decorating their comrades' graves, returned, and were served with dinner by the Relief Corps ladies. This occurred with each annual return of this sacred day. Now, as I write this story, the boys in blue have all passed on and three other wars have come and gone and other wars

are brewing. The halls are still in use by patriotic bodies and other organizations, but the quarters are not kept up as they should be. Upon the marble tablets are the names of three of my family—my grandfather, Charles Duffee, my Uncle, George Duffee, and my father, James William Duffee, who was only sixteen when he joined the army. He was a member of the 60th O.V.I.

The business rooms on the ground floor of the building and the basement belonged to the Dahls. The Andersons then occupied the room next to the Gross room. After Wesley Anderson's death, the son, William, occupied the room with a meat market and grocery until the first of 1951. Their fiftieth anniversary in the business was celebrated in March, 1950, with a birthday party at the store. Mrs. Emma Smith Barchet was cashier in the old store for many years. The room was remodeled after the Andersons left and is now occupied by Lord's Dress Shop, a branch of a large New York dress concern.

When Memorial Hall was first erected, the large room next to our building was occupied by the post office for several years. Harry Rodecker had a news-stand in the lobby. Later he moved across the street to the building once occupied by the Parrett grocery. After the post office moved, the room was occupied by various grocery companies including Weaver's, The Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company and several others. Later it was occupied by the Briggs Furniture Company and at the present time by the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

CHAPTER 8.

This brings us to our building which I have previously described. I might tell here about some of the friendly "fights" we had with some of our competitors.

Sometimes daddy and Mr. Seth Parrett had what they called price fights. Daddy would mark down some article, say bananas, to ten cents per dozen. Mr. Parrett would mark his eight cents and then they would go on until one or the other would give them away. They were bananas, too, ten or twelve inches long. Now they sell by the pound anywhere from ten cents to twenty-five cents a pound. We would sell potatoes at twenty cents per bushel, soup beans at two cents a pound, and so on. These friendly fights caused a lot of excitement and we made more money at those prices than is made with the excessive prices of today. We sold herring at one cent and sold thousands of them, waxy dates at ten cents per pound and it was nothing to sell three or four twenty-five pound boxes on Saturday. We often would sell fifty bunches of bananas on Saturday. We had an iron awning frame that reached to the curb, and back near the wall we would hang many bunches of bananas. We had a fine cellar for keeping bananas. We would buy them green and ripen them there. Once we had one of the front windows filled with one hundred bushels of onion sets and sold them all in a very short time. Our outdoor fruit displays were wonderful. We had long racks or benches made to go on either side of the front door and trays that fit on them. These were filled with fine fruits, berries and vegetables, all nicely displayed, also water-melons and muskmelons in the fall. It was nothing to sell one hundred water-melons on Saturday or every day during Fair Week. They were not sold by the half or quarter as now, and the largest size could be bought for about thirty cents.

A funny incident occurred about the fruit display. We happened to have a nice display of oranges at the end next to the stairway between our place and the butcher shop. One Saturday evening Mr. Bruce Green, one of our clerks, was standing in the door and he noticed a little boy hanging around the end of the display. He thought he was trying to get an orange so he said to the boy, "Sonny, I am watching you." The boy answered right back, "I am watching you, too."

We often had guessing contests and prizes, very nice ones, too, were given away. Usually we would have the patrons guess how many beans in a jar. A guess was given with every one dollar purchase. It would cause quite a good deal of excitement and also increase our business. One prize was a very lovely oak sideboard which was won by Mr. George Jenkins, who had spent just one dollar in the store. Daddy bought it back from him for twenty dollars. We still have it in our home, almost an antique now.

During the early days also prizes were given with cans of baking powder, Kenton, I believe it was. I think you paid only ten cents for the can. There was a flap on the side which you cut open and it told the prize you would get. The prizes were glassware usually. Some were large, lovely pieces, others quite small, but a customer would spend a dollar or two to get a piece that they might want.

I might also mention here that in those days there were no paper bags. Sugar, beans and so on were weighed out and put in brown paper and tied with string, quite a feat to perform. Sugar, crackers and many other things came in barrels, also pickles. Large sour pickles sold at one cent apiece and were very popular among the school children. Coffee came in packages, but was not ground. Most people had home grinders. Later we did have coffee mills. Much green coffee was sold.

Tobacco sold very well, not cigarettes but plug tobacco, fine-cut for chewing, also what was called scrap tobacco, and a lot of snuff. The women usually bought snuff, they said for lice on chickens, but they bought it every week so it must not have done the chickens much good. We had a very heavy tobacco trade.

The building next to us, within my knowledge, was first occupied by Clay Lawhead with a saloon and gambling place. Later Robinson & Hainey had a drug store, then Chamber Brothers and Perse Collins also had drug stores. Then a newcomer, a Mr. Hill, had a grocery store. He was somewhat of a "high flier" and was going to put all of the other grocers out of business. He opened with a band and was quite popular for a while, especially with the ladies, but in about a year was closed by the sheriff and left for parts unknown. I think it was then that daddy became known as "The Old Reliable Still in the Lead." He signed his ads in the paper that way and the name clung to him and was well deserved. Often letters came to him addressed "The Old Reliable" and the postman knew where to bring them. After Mr. Hill, Mr. Frank Flee had a grocery in that room. I believe the Chambers Drug Store was there after that, then Mr. O. S. Tobin had a confectionery and ice cream parlor there for many years. He moved to the Gross room down the alley and made and sold ice cream, both retail and wholesale, until he died. Emmitt Fortier and George Trimmer, who had worked for him many years, carried on the business for quite a while. George Trimmer, son of George Trimmer, Sr., still conducts a fine ice cream business in the same location.

Father bought the building next to us from Mr. George Dahl in 1913 while it was still occupied by Mr. Tobin. After he left, the room was occupied by

the Victory Confectionery and Restaurant. The proprietors were two Greeks, Tam Varlas and Jim (). It was quite popular, especially among the young people, for many years. Due to bad management on the part of a later manager the business was sold out, leaving the room in very bad condition. In 1944 it was remodeled into a very handsome room with glass front and was occupied by the Wade Shoe Store, proprietors—Othol Wade and his son, Dale. They still occupy the room with a very up-to-date shoe store.

In the early days the second floor no doubt was used as a gambling room. I remember Captain Ramsey having an insurance office there. Later it was used as an apartment. After my father's death we rented it for a "Boys' Club," then the Fayette County Farm Bureau had its first office there. When my sister and I erected a new building on the site of our old building in 1929, the second floor of the adjoining building, which we then also owned, was remodeled and the rooms of the two buildings were occupied by "The Washington Business School." The school was quite up-to-date and taught all branches of business education and was doing well until the owner and his wife became ill and had to dispose of it. Several others attempted to run the school but failed.

The rooms were then occupied by the Hill Photograph Studio. Mrs. Hill was a good photographer and did a fine business during the Second World War. There was a slump then and she quit the studio up town. The rooms were then made into two nice apartments and are used as apartments at the present time.

The two next buildings I have heard were occupied by the Benny Bryant Inn in early days. In my memory, in my early childhood they were occupied mostly by saloons. But also at various times the one now occupied by Sons Grill was occupied by Charles Getz with a grocery, Gleason's saloon, George Hyer with a restaurant, then by Stone's Grill and now Sons Grill.

On the corner, as I said before, was Irons & King's Shoe Store in which my father was a clerk as a young man. In my youth Dick Collopy had a saloon there and lived above the saloon and in the basement. There were a number of children. I remember one especially, Maggie Mayflower. I would run off and play with these children as I had no other playmates and sometimes my father would give me a switching. He was the one who punished me, not my mother.

Dick Collopy was quite a noted character, always getting into trouble. Later he ran the "Red Onion Saloon" on the west side of Fayette Street, I think about where Stookey's watch repair place is now located. The family lived on the second floor. His place had quite an unsavory reputation. There were many saloons in town in those days, some with very bad reputations, but they were not patronized by women and young people of both sexes as they are nowadays.

Holland & Son also had a shoe store on the corner of Court and Fayette Streets, and the first picture show or nickelodeon was located there. I remember how strange every one thought it was that the room was leased for a period of several years for a "picture show." The only picture that I remember seeing there was "The Holy City," and it was not a moving picture. The seats of the theater were planks with no backs, so they were not very comfortable. A. O. Clark had a novelty store there and for a number of years Dave Barchet had a meat market there. It is now occupied by an Isaly store.

Across Fayette Street on the corner is the Arlington Hotel—in recent years called the Fayette Hotel. In the early days I think it was called the Kirk House. The first occupants that I remember was the Crozier family. Mrs. Crozier was the daughter of Richard Millikan. The Croziers had two daughters, Ethel (Mrs. Willis Stutson) and Sarah (Mrs. Fred Slagle). Mr. George Brown and his father then bought and ran the hotel. The father formerly ran the Cherry Hotel. The family moved from here, but still owned the hotel, that is, from the second story up. The ground floor rooms were owned by different parties. Mrs. Anna Hicks had a dining-room on the second floor for many years. The food was home-cooked and always good and set on the table home-style. You could have as much as you liked at twenty-five cents a meal, sixteen and two-thirds cents if you bought a meal ticket. Those were wonderful times, but we did not realize it then. Mrs. Hicks' children were: Thurl, Edna, who married Harry Rodecker, Harry and Warren. After the Browns left, the hotel was run by a Mr. Majores and later by a Mr. Fortune. The Browns then came back from Cincinnati and ran the hotel for a number of years. They had three children, Charles, Ralph and Edwinna, all small at that time.

It was at this time that Grace and I took a delightful trip on the Ohio River with Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Edwinna. Mr. Brown's uncle, his father's brother, lived at Metropolis, Illinois, where Mr. Brown also had lived. The Browns were going to visit this uncle and some way we were invited to make the trip with them.

We went to Cincinnati and took passage on a large steamboat, I think it was the City of Louisville. When we reached Louisville, we had to change to a smaller boat as there were no locks then that far down the river and it was not navigable by the larger boats. We also had to change at Evansville, Indiana, for the same reason.

It was fun on the boat. We would stop at wayside places as well as at cities and could get off of the boat and even go up into the towns sometimes while they were loading or unloading freight. Sometimes they would stop at just a landing and hogs and cattle would be taken aboard, and sometimes people. Very good meals were served and at night there were often entertainment. Sometimes I performed. I was very much interested in singing then and was taking vocal lessons, so when I went any place I usually took along some music. There was a piano in the cabin so one afternoon I got out my music and played and sang quite a bit. Later one of the passengers asked if I was a grand opera singer. Of course, I was much flattered, but he was not a very good judge of singing, I am afraid.

There were not many women aboard so Mrs. Brown, Grace and I were quite popular. Traveling men used to take this slow way to make their trips as they could travel by night and get a good rest. Everyone was friendly and we soon got acquainted, and especially as Mr. Brown was a hotel man and a good mixer. I was young and, I guess, rather good-looking then so I did not lack for admirers. There was a lumberman from the south who was quite attentive.

When we reached Paducah, Kentucky, we had to change again, this time to a ferry boat to cross over to Metropolis, Illinois. I guess if we had gone on down to Cairo, Illinois, where the Ohio empties into the Mississippi River, we would have had to go in a row-boat.

On the boat from Evanston I met a girl by the name of Casteline Crowder, her uncle, Captain Howard, was the captain of the boat and Mr. Brown knew him well. There was also on board a Captain Fowler whom he also knew, quite elderly but a bachelor with an eye for the girls. He took a "shine" to me and later on called me up in Metropolis, but I was busy and did not see him again.

We stayed at the hotel at Metropolis and visited with Mr. Brown's uncle a couple of days. One day we got a horse and carriage and went around to see some of Mr. Brown's friends. One was a colored barber, a very — — nice man. In his yard he had a persimmon tree with the most luscious persimmons. He gave us a big bag of them. That suited me as I am very fond of them. At the hotel was a Mr. Girdleston, a very handsome traveling man. He was the head of a group of men advertising soap or some product. Through Mr. Brown again we got acquainted. I learned that he was a widower with one daughter and that his home was in Detroit. I was with him quite a bit and liked him, and when I came home heard from him quite often but I never saw him again.

On our return trip we again stopped at various places, among them Owensboro, Kentucky, where large distilleries are located. We had several hours in Louisville, getting in there early in the morning and not leaving until evening. We went through a Mullsbach Hotel which had just been opened and was very beautiful. We went through the Court House and saw them getting ready to hold the trial of several moonshiners. There was a bad-looking lot of people there so Mr. Brown thought we should get out as Kentuckians are pretty handy with their guns. We took a street car past Churchill Downs where the great Kentucky Derby is run. Of course, there was no activity there at that time.

That night on the boat we got acquainted with a very nice young man, Mr. Charles Todd, who proved to be a friend of Mrs. Lulu Robinson and Mrs. Bess Jenkins. He had known them in New York. He was an interesting companion all the way to Cincinnati. In Cincinnati we were met by our friends, the Kelleys, and Grace and I stayed overnight with them. The Browns went on home.

Grandfather Brown, when they were first at the Arlington Hotel, was interested with daddy in Duffee's Cough Syrup. The Browns later moved to Dayton, Ohio, where little Edwinni died. Later they went to Cincinnati and ran the Brown Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. George Brown have now passed away and the Brown Hotel is operated by the sons, Charles and Ralph.

Going on with the business places on the south side of Court Street, on the corner under the hotel was the Furtwangler Jewelry Store, the first place that I remember. I think that Mr. Furtwangler started across the street. He was a very fine old German man. Descendants of his family are still in business and the store still has the fine reputation that it had in the early days. After Mr. Furtwangler's death, Charlie and Josie Gossard conducted the business. Charlie died many years ago; Josie in January, 1950. Their mother was a daughter of Mr. Furtwangler. His second wife was a very beautiful, white-haired lady, as I remember her. She had two children by a former marriage, Jack Robinson and Mrs. Tude Bradley.

Mr. George Gossard came from Midway, now known as Sedalia, where he was a clerk in my Grandfather Wendel's general store. I think he also clerked for my grandfather in his store here. His wife died and he married

again and had several children, Clark, George and Mrs. Madge Pensyl. Some of the grandchildren now conduct the jewelry store. Mr. Gossard was, for a number of years, superintendent of the Washington Cemetery. He took a special pride in the appearance of the cemetery and people came from long distances to see this well-kept city of the dead.

The first cemetery in Washington Court House, abandoned long ago, located near the Fayette Canning Company off of Hinde Street, was laid out in 1810. It was entirely outside of the town then. It was used for about forty-five years, when the present cemetery on Washington Avenue was opened. A few of the crumbling sandstone markers remain in the old cemetery. For years the graveyard was completely hidden by underbrush, but at the time that Edwin Ducey was city manager in 1940 he had the plot cleaned up. Many of the pioneer citizens are buried there. Father, mother, Grace and I, on our usual Sunday afternoon walks, often went there to look at the old gravestones. It was interesting to read the names of people whom we had heard about but who had been gone many years.

Next to the jewelry store was the Steinhart Clothing Store, owned by Laymon Steinhart. His brother, Joe, may have been in business with him. That family lived here, but moved away when I was quite small so I do not remember them but met some of them later in my life. There were several children: Bertha, Louie, Sol, and two or three other boys.

Laymon's children were: Sol, who was in the store with his father, Rose, who married a Mr. Ostertag, of Piqua, Blanche, who never married, and May who married Mr. Bergman, of Chillicothe. She attended high school when I did and was also a member of the Tyro Club to which I belonged. She was a very beautiful girl and well liked. She had two children, a boy and a girl. She died when she was quite young. The Steinharts here lived on North Main Street, the second house from the corner of Temple on the westside. The Steinhart room later was occupied by the Girard Novelty Store for many years. Mr. and Mrs. Girard were well-known and both died here. The room is now occupied by the Levy Clothing Store.

The next store, as I remember, was the Coffman Drug Store. Dr. H. C. Coffman and family lived on East Street in the house now occupied by Fred Enslen and family. The family, beside the parents, were: Tasso, Rilla, who never married, Mrs. Charley Bell, Harry, and Charley or Toddy as he was called, who was afflicted from childhood.

Later Dr. C. A. Harlow occupied the room with a drug store. The son, Charley, was also in the drug store and after his father's death conducted the same business for some time. Dr. Harlow was a brother of Mrs. H. C. Coffman. The Harlows also lived on East Street on the corner of Sycamore and East Streets. The Harlow children were Charley, Pet, Frank, and Perse. Pet married Nat Coffman, son of Louis Coffman who had a planing mill and lumber business. They had two children, Geraldine and Harlow. Pet and Nat were divorced, and the children married and lived away from here. Frank is the only one living at the present time. Perse's wife and son live on Main Street, and the son's name is also Perse. He conducts "The Harlow Business Service."

The L. C. Coffman family consisted of Grant, who married Haidee Van Winkle, a teacher in the high school, Nat, Mrs. Myra Harvout, Alberta and Elwert, and L. C., who has two sons, Dwight and Willis. There also was a

daughter, Martha, who died at the age of thirteen. They lived next door to us for some time, in the house formerly occupied by the McLeans. Martha was four or five when they moved there and the Coffman's only child then. We became very fond of her and she spent about as much time with us as at home. She became very ill when about ten, but apparently recovered. However, she died when she was thirteen. We were all broken up over her death, especially our daddy. He passed away the next year. Willis was born while the family lived next to us. Martha died at the old family home on Cherry Street. The three men are still interested in the lumber business. They are manufacturers of stairs which are shipped to all parts of the country. Bertie and Elwert Coffman of that family were twins. Elwert died a few years ago. Bertie is still living here.

In the next room Fred Foster had a bookstore. I remember going there as a child to get two English magazines for my mother. They came every month and had wonderful pictures in them, I thought. I believe Jim and Ham Smith had a shoe store there. They were brothers of D. I. Smith. Ham had a daughter, Bertha. Jim married Emma Weller and their son still lives here.

Later Henry Hildebrant conducted a bookstore there for many years, then Fred Sprenger who had been a clerk with Mr. Hildebrant had the store. After Fred, Mr. Tuttle, former superintendent of our schools, and his wife, the former Charlotte Cleveland who was a teacher in the schools for many years, conducted the bookstore there.

After the Tuttles, Mr. Walter Patton had a bookstore there for some time, then moved across the street to his present location where he now occupies two rooms and conducts a very fine novelty and bookstore. He is assisted by his son, Richard. The former location is now occupied by the City Loan Company.

The next in my memory was the Theodore Brown Chinaware Store. I have heard that Reardons had a chinaware store there before Mr. Brown. What I remember about the Brown store first was that a Mr. Seford Wilson worked there and my father bought for my mother's birthday a Wedgwood English sets of dishes consisting of three sizes of plates, twelve of each, two covered tureens, two meat platters, one for a turkey and all of the other dishes of a full set, twelve of each, and cream and sugar of generous size. They were beautifully decorated in delft blue with gold trimming. We still have many of the pieces in good condition. This ware is rare and valuable now.

The next I remember about the Brown store was an explosion that occurred in Fireworks carried for the Fourth of July by the store. A man from New Holland, Mr. McQuade, was smoking while looking at the display and it is supposed a spark from his cigar set off the explosion, which blew out the front of the store. One man was blown across the street. No one was killed, but the room and contents were entirely wrecked. It occurred about one o'clock in the afternoon. I was at home and, hearing the noise of the shooting fireworks, I went to our store. The streets were roped off and there was fear that some of the nearby buildings might collapse. I was very much frightened as was every one. Nothing else serious happened, but I think several were injured in the explosion. This was about 1904.

Later in this room was the Sam Cockerill Grocery. Mr. Cockerill's children were: May, who married Dan McLean, Earl who married Nellie

Brownell, Susan who married Ed Fite, and Lavon who married a Mr. Goetz. May and Earl assisted in the store. After Mr. Cockerill's death, Mr. Ed Fite conducted the business. Later the Lisciandro Brothers had a fruit and vegetable and grocery store there for many years. After the death of the brothers, Fred Enslen conducted the business there for a while. The room is now occupied by the King Kash Furniture Store.

The next room was the Craig Brothers' Dry Goods Store, established in 1868 by Eli and Williams Craig. Before that I have heard the room was occupied by my Grandfather Wendel who had moved his family here from Midway and opened a dry goods store. Eli Craig's children were Thomas and Dave. Thomas married Lida Pine, and Dave married Nina Maynard. William's children were Ella, who married a Mr. Courts, and Eva, who married Dr. Lee Worley. After the retirement of the founders of the store the business was carried on by Thomas and David. Later David retired from active work in the store to conduct other business in which he was interested. His children are Maynard, Dr. Paul and David, an attorney. Thomas Craig's children were: Walter, Clarence and Mary (all three deceased), Winchell, Harold, and Robert. Walter and Clarence assisted their father in the business. Clarence died in 1938 and Walter in 1950, leaving two other brothers, Harold and Robert, to carry on the business. The other son, Dr. Winchell Craig, has become a very eminent brain surgeon with the Mayo Brothers' Hospital. Clarence's wife has also taken an active part in the business since her husband's death. Walter's son, Eli, has grown up in the business and is still active in it. His other son, Thomas, an attorney, died a few years ago. Ray Maynard also was active in the store for a great many years. He retired a few years ago, but still helps in the store now and then. He is a brother of Mrs. Dave Craig and of Mrs. Harry Dahl.

The store has been in existence 85 years. Many changes have been made and improvements added through the years so that it is a very modern, up-to-date store. One employee, Lys Harris, has been with the firm for fifty years.

I am a little hazy about the early business in the room across the alley from Craig's. The first that I remember was Jake Kellofer's saloon. There were three Kellofer boys, Andy who married Kate Jones, daughter of Captain Noah Jones and who lived on East Street; Albert who married Fie Willey, and Oscar who married one of the Dempsey girls. There was also a daughter who married Frank Reichert. John Worrell also had a jewelry store there. It is occupied now by Heber Roe with a jewelry store.

In the next room Mr. Sachs had a store called "The Ideal Store." It was small, but had a wide variety of good merchandise. Later it was owned and run by Mr. Will Chaney and his wife. Miss Sarah Allerdisse was a clerk in both stores. The room is now occupied by the Miller-Jones Shoe Store.

The next room was occupied by a drug store for many years. I think the first one was Harry Boyer, but I am not sure. The first that I seem to remember was old Mr. Gooderell, then Christopher's, and now it is occupied by the Morris Store, one of a chain.

In the early days, Peter Sherman had a grocery, and Dahl & Cissna and George Haines had groceries about where the first one of the Murphy stores is now located. Bing Brothers had a clothing store, also Bendels and Will Tharp, in the location of the second Murphy Store.

Ed Light, and his father before him, had a very nice tailor shop and Gents' Furnishing Store in this vicinity. Miss Minnie Light, piano teacher, and the organist for many years at the Methodist Church, was a sister of Ed Light. Neither one ever married.

Dial & Fullerton had an insurance office on the corner of Court and Main Streets, then Johnnie Culhan had a restaurant with a side entrance on Main Street. We often went there for Sunday dinner. You could get a good chicken dinner for twenty-five cents. Oh, for those good old days!

Schultzes lived upstairs on the corner and I think they owned the building. Mrs. Shultz's maiden name was Flora Dahl. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jake Dahl, and had a brother, George Dahl. The old building was torn down and the present building erected in 1902. It was occupied by the Katz Clothing Store for many years. The Katz boys were Leo, Sam, Milton and Sidney. There were several girls, but the one I particularly remember is Salena with whom I went to school. Clara Gross was bookkeeper and assistant buyer for many years. The second and third floors of the building were occupied by the Elks Lodge for many years. They later moved to the Cherry Hotel on the ground floor, but are now located across the street. Leo Katz moved to Columbus and the store here was run by Milton Katz for quite a while. After he left, the room was occupied by a Kroger Store. It remained there until the room and the adjoining one were taken over by the Murphy Chain Store, which also occupies the second and third floors of the corner room.

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CHAPTER 9.

I will now go back to my own story for a little while.

The next important incident in my life was my starting to school. My father took Clara Gross and me to get us started. My first teacher was Anna Bell, who taught the first grade for many, many years. She started many a youngster on the road to education. We went to the old Central Building which was erected about 1856 and consisted of two floors, with four rooms on each floor with a ten-foot hallway on both floors. In 1872 another story was added. This story was, for a while, used for colored children.

This site is now occupied by the handsome building that was erected in 1913, and in which Grace and I have quite a pride as our father was a member of the Board of Education for nine years and was vice-president of the Board when the building was erected.

I passed from Miss Bell's room to second-first at the middle of the school year. This placed me one year ahead of Clara all through school although she was a year older than I. The second-first was taught by Miss Lucy Pine, who later became a well-known doctor. The second grade was taught by Miss Ida Dean, sister of the superintendent, Charles Dean. My third grade teacher was Miss Clara Thurston, who later taught for many years in the high school.

I liked all of my teachers. I was a good scholar and good in deportment, but I did not like going to school and was always hoping something would happen—the furnace break down or something—so we would not have

to go to school for a day or so. Sometimes something did happen and I was always pleased. I was never tardy or played hooky even if I did not like going to school.

My fourth grade teacher was Mrs. Mary Allen. It was at this time that the colored and white schools were combined. The colored children for some reason were placed in the various grades. They had occupied the third floor of the building. Some people did not like this at all. I remember father said if they have colored teachers, I would not have to go to school and I was very much in hopes that we would have colored teachers, but that never happened and has not to this day.

My fifth grade teacher was Miss Myrtle Durnell. She was a sister of lawyer Patton's wife. I very well remember an incident of that year. Miss Durnell was correcting one of the boys, Jerry Powell, a colored boy, who was very large and strong. He fought up and down the aisles with her. The pupils were all frightened. I do not remember just how it came out. Perhaps some of the students assisted the teacher.

My sixth grade teacher was Fray Alexander. She lived at the home of Judge Willard. I liked her very much, but she was not strong and had to give up her school in the middle of the year. She died not long after that. Her place was taken by Miss Belle Owens. She was rather severe in looks, as well as in actions, and many did not like her, but I did and she seemed to like me. Once when she had to go to the superintendent's office, she left me in charge to report behavior. Some got up and walked across desks, threw paper wads and acted very badly, but all was quiet when she returned. I did not tell on them. I think she thought I would not.

I think it was when I was in the fourth grade that I had an accident. I was making doll furniture in the barn back of our home and split open my first finger on my left hand with the hatchet. The sight of blood, of course, frightened me and I ran to the house, holding my finger and screaming, "Oh God, Oh God, Oh God." Mother could not get anything else out of me. She sent some one to the store for daddy. As soon as he came he put my finger in a pan of cold water and, as he was there, I felt that everything would be alright. I always felt that way about him. He was my "God." I thought he could do no wrong. I carried my hand in a sling for some time as the cut was quite bad. The teacher let me out of school a little early so no one would run into me, so I felt quite important for a while. When the nail was ready to come off and was hanging by a shred, mother had to run me all over the house, half-naked, to cut it off. At last she got me down on the stairs and had to laugh, even though she was annoyed about it. She never punished me, but would get annoyed and threaten me, and I would laugh and run from her. She was a dear, sweet mother always.

As a child I went most every place with daddy—to the wholesale house, bank or wherever he had to go. I usually went to the store in the morning, back home for meals and then back in the evening until we closed. In those days we stayed open until nine o'clock, mostly to give the loafers a place to visit, especially in the winter, as we had a big, old-fashioned stove in the center of the store and it was always nice and hot there. Mr. George Dahl and many of the old soldiers like to congregate there and talk over the affairs of the day or tell war stories. Grandpa was not very active in business so he had plenty of time for talking. I always stopped at the store on my way to school and would always kiss daddy and grandpa good-bye.

When I was only eleven years old daddy taught me to make change. He had a leather bag in which he kept the silver money and another bag for pennies. I would sit on the floor in the living-room at home with the money on the floor around me. Daddy would say, "Take so much out of \$1.00," and in that way I learned to make change.

There was a money drawer under the counter on the left side of the store, and I would stand there all day on Saturday and make change from about eight A. M. to ten or twelve P. M. I would also come to the store after school and make change until supper time and get part of my lessons there. I did not go back in the evenings. Of course, during vacation I was there all of the time, so I did not have a childhood like most children, but I was happy and the four of us enjoyed things together.

On Sundays we would take long walks, sometimes on the railroad to the cemetery which was quite a popular diversion in those days as there were no automobiles and not too many had buggies or carriages. Sometimes we would rent a horse and carriage from the livery barn and take a nice drive through the country. These were red letter days.

I remember one Sunday I wanted to go, so on Saturday I ordered a horse and carriage to be sent to our house about one o'clock. Daddy saw the horse tied out in front and wondered about it. Then I said I had ordered it. He did not scold me and we went riding. I think perhaps he had a good laugh about it. I was about seven then.

I went to the Presbyterian Church Sunday School. My teacher was Mrs. H. L. Hadley all through the years that I attended Sunday School, and I rarely ever missed. Olive Hadley, Emma Jackson and Romaine Wilson were other members of the class that I especially remember. Our class was in the gallery at the head of the stairs. Mr. Frank Fullerton had a class just back of us.

The present church was erected in 1884. Rev. Samuel B. Alderson was pastor from 1884 to 1892, succeeding Rev. George Carpenter. Daddy and Grace joined the church under Dr. Alderson, who was succeeded by Rev. James L. McNair who served from 1905 to 1910. Mother and I joined the church during his administration. I had to be baptized then as for some reason I was not baptized as a baby. Grace was baptized by Rev. George Carpenter. As a girl she attended the Christian Church and' also the Episcopal and sometimes the Methodist, but we all became members of the Presbyterian Church and were faithful to it all through the years and regular attendants most of the time. Grace was a member of the Charlotte Tuttle Sunday School Class.

When the new church was built and members were selecting their pews, daddy took one down in front four rows back on the left-hand side. He said he did not think anyone else would want that far down so he would take it and we always sat there. I still feel that it is our seat and I feel at home there although I do not attend church as we used to.

When I was about five I was in a doll drill given by the church. I do not remember too much about it, but I know that I was very proud to be in it and had a white dress and cap trimmed in gold. One girl chewed the wax off the face of another girl's doll and for some reason I always remembered that.

The present Methodist Church was erected in 1896. When it was being built I would often say I would like to have a house like it, but the years have changed my mind on that question.

Rev. J. C. Irvin was pastor of the Christian Church when I was a little girl and I used to go sometimes with Grace to Sunday School there. I remember one Christmas I was to go to the Christmas party and treat with Grace and Aunt Clara. I was asleep when they were ready to go and they did not want to waken me. I was broken-hearted when I found they had gone. Grace brought me the treat. I think it was a bag of candy and an orange. I think the orange we still have, and which is petrified, is the one she brought.

It was about this time, or a little later, that I had my first and only Christmas tree. It was a willow tree, decorated. Cedars were not as easy to get then as now. It was decorated with candles and tinsel and gifts under the tree, and I was very happy over it. Grace had one, too, when she was younger. It was a cedar tree.

We were always very fond of cats and of dogs, too, but our preference seemed to be cats. I do not know just how old I was when we got "Kit," as we called him—about seven or eight, I think. He was brought to us by Mr. Orge Fletcher, a customer from the country. He was a maltese and grew to be a very large cat. He grew up with me and lived to be seventeen years old. Of course, we were all very much attached to him. He was very smart. He stayed out-of-doors mostly, but when he would want in he would scratch on the window shutter in our back living-room, or when he wanted out, he would reach up and turn the door handle. One time he was gone for several days and we all felt very badly. Mother and I were home alone on Saturday night and thinking about "Kit" and suddenly we heard a scratch on the shutter. We hurried and opened the door and in bounded our "Kit." I do not know which was the happiest, mother and I or the cat. He purred and mewed and seemed to want to tell us all about it. We all felt very badly when, in his old age, he went away and never came back. They say cats often do that. We tried to find him, but never did.

At the same time we had old "Kit" we had a little black and tan terrier that came to us. We called her "Queenie." She was very nice and she and the cat played together. The cat was about twice the size of the dog. They would run up- and down-stairs like children. Once Uncle George and I went fishing up to the Old Dam and took "Queenie" with us. There is a double railroad track there and the two trains came along about the same time. "Queenie" must have gotten confused for she got run over and killed. Some one threw her into the creek, but I made them get her out and we brought her home and buried her. That is the trouble of having pets. One feels so badly when something happens to them.

After the passing of "Kit," most of the cats belonged to Grace. She loved them and really gave them too much attention. There were Puddin, Snookie, Cricket, and many others. They were all nice looking because they were well taken care of. We had one at the store called "Dago" because it first belonged to a man on the corner who had a fruit store. It seemed to like best to stay with us. One day it came dragging in a little kitten and put it in a barrel in the back of the store. Soon it came back with another one. The men would put them out the back door, but in a few minutes she was back with them so daddy said let them stay. Later he decided he would send her out to a dairy just beyond the cemetery where

she could get plenty of milk so our delivery man took her out one evening. The next morning when daddy went to open the store, there was "Dago" sitting on the doorstep. She had traveled back more than a mile. Daddy said, "If she thinks that much of us, she can stay as long as she lives," and she did.

The last nice cat we had at home was "Julia," a beautiful big yellow cat. She was kind and gentle and Grace loved her. She fixed a little house for her on the back porch and she loved to stay in it. There was a striped cat that came around. It was half-starved so, of course, Grace began to feed it and it became a regular boarder, too. "Julia" did not like it and often fought it. One Saturday night it disappeared. It was early winter. "Julia" seemed to miss it and was always watching for it. The next Saturday night "Julia" also disappeared very mysteriously. We hunted the neighborhood over for her and asked our friends in various parts of the city if they had seen anything of a big yellow cat. We advertised and offered a reward. Even had our trash man look out on the dump, but no trace of our cat. We had heard there were people who caught cats and sold them to doctors in Columbus for experimental purposes so we came to the sad conclusion that is what happened to our lovely cat.

We decided after that to have no more pets and we did not, only one little kitten that I had after Grace was gone, and I will tell about it later.

When father built our home, our neighbors across the alley were George I. Bailey and family. He had a livery barn where the Clark Garage was located and which is now occupied by the Powell Garage. Mrs. Bailey was a very fine-looking woman. Her maiden name was Hathaway. Her sister was Mrs. Charley Gardner. She also had another sister, Mrs. Jess Goolsberry, and a brother. The father also lived here. He was a very nice old man. Mrs. Bailey won a piano one time for being the best roller skater in a contest. The Baileys had two children, Joe, who lost an arm when very young, cut off by a train, and Charley, who was an artist and sign painter. Mrs. Bailey wanted Charley to be a piano player, but he was not interested in music. He was small and wore a mustache. One time at a street carnival the young men were wearing false mustaches, and a giddy girl came up to Charley and tweaked his mustache, thinking it was a false one.

Mr. Bailey sold his barn and he went to California and was there in 1906 when the great earthquake caused so much destruction in San Francisco. After that he came back for a little while then returned to California, where he died. Mrs. Bailey soon after sold the property and later moved into the Williams property on the other side of us. Dr. Joe Williams died and Mrs. Williams and Charley, the only child, continued to live there for a number of years. Charley drank some and his last days were spent in the State Hospital in Columbus. Daddy had been appointed his guardian. He and Grace went there one day to see him and found that he was dying. It was quite a shock as daddy had not been notified that he was in a critical condition.

Mrs. Bailey sold her property to James A. McLean, who at one time lived on a farm near Cisco, but at that time was living on East Court Street. Mrs. McLean was a Briggs before her marriage and came from around Frankfort. She was a lovely, good woman. The McLean children were: Nettie who married Dr. Charley James, Charlie, Lida, Fred, and Mary. Mrs. McLean lived only a few years after moving to East Street. Mary, the youngest, was a little older than I. We were all very good friends. The

McLeans had a horse and carriage and usually on Sunday afternoon, especially after his wife's death, Mr. McLean would ask daddy and me to go driving with him and Mary. Of course, Mary and I got a big kick out of that.

They had little lambs out on the farm and one time Mr. McLean brought two in and Mary and I had a great time feeding them and they would follow us. We fed them from a bottle with a nipple.

Grandma McLean lived with them for a while after Mrs. McLean's death and they had several housekeepers, among them Savana Van Fossen and Miss Ella Jenkins, aunt of Nettie Jenkins, who was a friend of Lida's.

I particularly remember when their large barn burned down. Mary and I often played in it. One time Mary fell through the place where they threw down hay for the horses from the second story. She was not hurt only frightened. The fire was quite spectacular, but was confined to that building although it looked for a while that it might spread as there were many buildings near it. It occurred about ten P. M. We had just retired. I think it was in the fall. Daddy got on his clothes, but not his shoes.. He called to Grace to bring them down and she threw them over the banister, but carried the lamp down. It is a wonder she did not throw the lamp. A bucket brigade was formed and carried water and threw it on the roof of our barn. We had a cistern in the kitchen.

Mary falling through the hay chute reminds me of when I was about five or six years old I was sliding down our banister, as I often did, and fell almost from the top to the floor below. Everyone, of course, was frightened as I screamed and they thought my back might be injured, but I guess there were no bad effects. However, I never slid down the banisters any more.

Lida and Mary McLean had a double wedding at the Presbyterian Church. They stayed at our home the night before the wedding as their house was full of company. Lida married George Fabb, a friend of her brother, Charles. Mary married a Dr. Snider. I think they lived in South Charleston. He did not live very long. She then married Will Riddle, of London. He also died, but she still lives there. Lida and her husband have both passed on, but their son, Charles Fabb, and family live here on the farm on the Chillicothe Pike. Charlie McLean married Leota Brown, who came here as secretary to Humphrey Jones, prominent attorney here, who lived in Bloomingburg. Charles also is deceased. Fred married Louise McMullen. His wife died a number of years ago, but he is still living.

Mary, Gay Peele and I played quite a bit together. Gay was the granddaughter of Madison DeWitt, who lived around the corner on South Fayette Street. Gay's parents were dead and she and her brother, Gleete, lived with the grandparents. Also at home with the mother and father were several of their children. There was a large family. Miss Belle, Almeda, and Mart never married, and I knew them very well in later years. Dr. Knott's wife was also a daughter. They lived in a house this side of the home place. They had two children, Lulu and Keete. Mrs. Jennie Stevenson was another daughter. She had three daughters, Theo, Gladys, and Hannabelle. Her husband was a railroad man and was killed by a train while the children were very young. Mrs. Mary Briggs was another daughter. She also had three children: Ada Turnepseed, Charley or "Foxy," who married Bessie Pearce, and Lulu, who married John Evans. They had

one child, Justin. The Charles Briggses had one daughter, Mary Ellen. There were several other DeWitt boys, most of them living on farms.

I was always rather quiet and not "boy-crazy" as some of my school-mates were, so when Mary McLean and Gay Peele wanted to go any place special, they would get me to ask Mr. McLean as he was more liable to consent if I was to be along. As I began very young to help my father at the store, I did not have much time for playing so I lost out on a good many things. I did take piano lessons for a while. My teacher was Miss Rilla Coffman. Before we moved into our new home, Grace was taking lessons from Miss Emma Millikan. We had no piano then, but shortly after moving to East Street daddy bought a lovely "Emerson" piano for Grace. It was a beautiful ebony case. We still have it and the tone is still good. So we both learned to play and got great enjoyment out of it. Grace memorized, but I never did.

We did delivering at our store. Mr. Abner Boss in the early days was our delivery man. He was a friend of daddy's' as a young man and came to work for him shortly after he opened the store. They say he was a fine dresser in his younger days, but he became badly crippled with rheumatism which rather dwarfed him in size. He was with our family when I was born and worked for daddy for over forty years, so, as a child, I thought he was a relative and I was often with him and he was very fond of me. I rode with him on the delivery wagon. I remember one time we were down near the railroad on Water Street and the horse became frightened at a train and reared up, and Mr. Boss had quite a time to control and quiet him. I clung to his arm and stayed with him, but I was frightened. Another time I got very sick and he forded the creek at the end of East Street to get me home.

Sometimes he would get a little provoked at me when I would want to take some of my little friends along on the wagon. We would sit on upturned baskets in the back of the open spring wagon. Mr. Boss would grumble and talk to himself, but we paid no attention and had a good time.

Mr. Boss married Myra Allen, sister of Lizzie Allen, who was a school teacher for many years. Late in life she married Richard Millikan, who had a news-stand on the corner of Court and Main Streets. Mr. Boss had one child, Mary, who married George Bennett, a stone mason, who came here to work with his uncle when the new school building was erected. They had several children, some of whom still live here.

We used to dress poultry, especially for holiday time, and Mr. Boss looked after this. We had a house with two large vats set in a furnace to hold boiling water to scald the poultry for dressing. Billy Dean used to help him. We had the finest dressed poultry in town. One time Halder Boggess, young son of Dr. Boggess, came in at holiday time and asked daddy about the price of a turkey. Daddy though his parents had sent him to inquire so he weighed up one and told him the price. Halder, in his droll way, said, "Guess I can't buy it as I only have a nickle."

Mr. Boss also made old-fashioned home-made sauerkraut. It surely was good. We had a store-room in the back where we kept it, along with barrels of sorghum and New Orleans molasses, also coal oil, both red and white. Some people liked red coal oil, thinking it was better, so we used red coloring to make it and sold it for a little more than the other. In the winter it took a long time for the molasses to run. We also had lard in

hogsheads. When these were emptied, we cleaned them out and put the sauerkraut in them. We still have the old kraut cutter and the mall with which the kraut was bruised and stamped in the barrel. The kraut sold for ten cents per quart. One year we sold eight hogsheads, so you know the people thought it was good. I used to love to get a cupful of the cold brine and eat old-fashioned butter crackers with it. Hard drinkers knew about the brine, that it was good for their stomachs when they were sobering up, and often used to come with a container to get it. It is recommended these days for stomach trouble and can be bought in cans.

Mr. Boss also made home-made mincemeat for the store and it had plenty of meat, raisins, currants and apple in it, and sold for ten cents per pound. One winter we sold two thousand pounds. The mince pies made with it are never to be forgotten.

Daddy was always thinking of things to be sold in the store. He had put up in quart glass cans a rock candy syrup that sold well. It was a plain sugar syrup with a fancy name. We were also noted for our grated horseradish. It was put up in small jelly glasses and was the pure stuff. A little went a long way. Horseradish reminds me of winter nights when the snow would be flying and George McBeath went up and down Court Street, selling hot weiners with horseradish. He had a box slung around his neck and carried in front of him, in which he had a little stove to keep the weiners hot. With a bun and horseradish they were delicious, and he sold a lot of them.

Our store was noted, too, for mild cream cheese and for mackerel. We had a number of customers who came especially for those articles. Among them were Mr. Mack Pine and Mr. Emmer Tuttle, who came every Saturday for mackerel for Sunday morning breakfast. We liked them, too, and daddy would broil them and have potatoes with their jackets on and a hot sweet bread that he made that was delicious. He was a very good cook and enjoyed cooking. Grace was his assistant and would help him get things ready.

At one time we also put up and sold a coffee. I do not remember the name. We used the second floor of our building for the manufacture of the different things. Our "Duffee's Cough Syrup" was first made there and Mr. Boss was the one who made the different products. There were others who worked there also. Grace was helping one day and her dress caught fire from a small gas stove on the floor used in cooking various things. Fortunately one of the helpers saw it and crushed out the fire. There was some damage to the dress, but she might have been seriously burned.

Daddy was also an inventor. He had several things patented. I believe the first one was "The Indicator." Daddy Weston, a carpenter whom I have mentioned as one of the builders of our home, worked with him on this invention and made the models. The "Indicator" was a box about two and one-half feet long, about one foot high and one foot wide. The face was glass. It was mechanical inside and was to be used on passenger trains to indicate each stop or station as it was approached, the action automatic and regulated by connection from the engine. The calling of stations by the brakeman was often unintelligible. The "Indicator" was to be placed in the front of the coach and, as the station was approached, a bell would ring and the name would appear on the face of the indicator several minutes before the station was reached, thus giving every one time to get ready to leave the train at their desired station. It was a very clever

invention. Through Mr. Buckmaster of this city, who was connected with the B. & O. Railroad, the chances were very good of having it placed on their trains, but unfortunately about that time the B. & O. went into the hands of a receiver and nothing more was done about the invention. It was too bad as it was a good invention and would have worked on street cars, also. I do not know what became of the models. Wish I had them now.

Father also invented a flower stand for use in winter for home plants. This was a large box with sides that could be put up and down. In the top around the sides were small holes. Inside the box a lamp was to be placed to give heat through these holes, the plants to be arranged inside of the holes. We had a box in our upstairs hall. It kept the plants very nice all winter. Daddy was very good about inventing, but not so good in getting his inventions on the market.

He also invented an adjustable window screen and a false top for barrels. The top could be raised or lowered in a barrel, making it look as if the barrel was filled with some product such as oranges or eggs. He also worked on an elevation to be placed over a railroad or street car track to enclose a hose when there was a fire so there would be no stoppage of traffic. He had many good ideas. Mother used to say he was always dreaming up something. He used to think about flying machines long before the first one that flew was thought of. He always said if you got the wing-spread of a bird, you could figure the proper proportions for such a machine. He died before airplanes came into use.

Once daddy bought a Mexican pony. He thought he would tame and train it by using it on the delivery wagon for a while and might later use it for the women to drive. It did not like the delivery wagon and would try to run off. Daddy would often go with Mr. Boss to try to train it. One Sunday they took me along and we had a very exciting time—one that I did not like much. The pony would stand straight up and paw the air, then try to run. One day daddy went with Mr. Boss to make a delivery on South North Street. The pony ran off and threw daddy into a picket fence. He was very badly hurt and for the rest of his life he used a cane. Mr. Boss fell into the back of the open spring wagon, but crawled up and got onto the front seat and got hold of the reins and drove back to where daddy was and brought him home. We got rid of the pony soon after that.

I remember how frightened I was when I came from school at noon and Grace told me about the accident. Daddy had to walk with a crutch for quite a while. A gash in his head had to be sewed. For years he had to use a cane. We still have it. If he would step on a pebble or a sidling place, his ankle would give away and he would almost fall. Many years after the accident when he came home about 4:30 one evening, he found that the electric light wire in our alley had fallen and he was afraid some one would get into it and be electruted so, without his cane, he hurried to the light plant in the next square on East Street to notify them. When he went to return, he could not walk. He said he felt something give in his ankle. Miss Estella Morris, who was employed in the office, brought him home in her buggy. The ankle was sore for a few days, but from that time on he could walk without a cane. Some bone must have been out of place and slipped back. He was so used to the cane that he carried it on his arm ever after that. It had become a part of him. I could tell the sound of his cane anywhere.

As a family we had many happy times together. Red letter days were those we went fishing. On Decoration Day and the Fourth of July, we would often get up very early in the morning, sometimes at three o'clock, hitch our delivery horse to the spring wagon, all get in and start out for a day's fishing. You could not go far with a horse, but there were many good fishing places not far away. We would arrive at around sun-up and have breakfast with hot coffee and other good things, leaving the fried chicken for noon and evening. Then daddy would get us all ready for fishing. He and mother were ardent fishermen. Grace was not very interested, but enjoyed being out in the open, and I, as a youngster, was content to fish with a bent pin. Later I enjoyed better fishing, but often got my line caught in the trees and never caught much of anything. Daddy was so patient with us and helped us put on bait and get us out of the trees. Mother could sit all day patiently waiting for a nibble. Daddy would walk along the bank. Sometimes we would come home with a nice string of fish. Daddy would clean them and we would have them the next day for breakfast.

As a child I remember torchlight parades held around election time. They were very demonstrative and often ended in fights. I was always afraid. I also remember when William Jennings Bryan passed through here and, I think, spoke from his car on the B. & O. Railroad. Great crowds gathered and it was feared there would be an unfavorable demonstration of some kind, but there wasn't. Election time and politics in general caused quite a stir in the early days. It seems to be getting that way again.

CHAPTER 10.

Since writing this far a terrible thing has happened to me—my darling sister, Grace, passed away the 20th of March, 1952. I scarcely know how I am to go on either with writing this or living, as we spent all of our lives together and were always together, especially since the death of our mother on May 25th, 1928. No two sisters were closer to each other than we, even though she was twelve years older. She went wherever I went and often went, I fear, when she did not feel like going, because she was unselfish and always wanted to please me. When she could not go, I did not go. The real meaning of living for me is gone. I have something still that I want to do—finish the writing of this book, get all of my poetry in shape and publish in one volume and get some things together that I wish to go to a museum if we ever have one here, then I will be ready to go to that Heavenly Home where my dear ones are waiting for me. I sometimes feel that I have about fulfilled a mission that was ordained for me. I came two years after a baby brother was born to my parents. He lived only a day and then, for some reason, God took him home. That was a disappointment, of course, to the family as most families want a boy to carry on the name. I took the place of a boy. I assisted my father in business and he depended greatly on me. I think that is the reason I never married as I know he needed me and I never knew any one that I thought could take his place. Although I had quite a number of very dear friends with serious intentions, I never wanted to leave my home and family and have never regretted that I did not.

After my father's death on September 4th, 1921, I took care of my mother and sister. Mother lived seven years after daddy and the last few

years was not well, and I was able to do many things for her and was at home with mother and Grace. Most of my life was spent at the store with my father so I was not with mother like Grace was. The three of us had many happy times together, then Grace and I were together and happy, too, as we still had each other. Now I am alone, my mission here about fulfilled. God has been good to us. I feel that He gave me the gift to write to compensate for some things I may have missed. I will try to go on, but Grace helped me so much in remembering about our early days that I am lost without her help.

CHAPTER 11.

One of the incidents of my youth was a merry-go-round that we owned. My father bought it from a firm in Tonowanda, New York. It cost several thousand dollars. They were comparatively new at that time. Daddy bought it especially for my grandfather and Uncle George, his brother. They first went south with it. They neither one were very good business men, not like my father. Daddy went to Pulaski, Tennessee, while they were there. When he came home he brought two mocking birds. We already had a canary, a cat, and a dog, so we had quite a family of pets to take care of. One mocking bird sang quite a bit, but neither did too well, being confined and away from their native home, and after a short time they both died.

Daddy and I went to Osgood, Indiana, during their fair while our merry-go-round was there. I remember we stayed all night in Cincinnati with a Mrs. McGill where daddy often stopped when he went to Cincinnati to buy fruits and vegetables. You had to go to the markets then. Later they sent out salesmen. Grace used to go with daddy sometimes on his trips. She always remembered about the front door at Mrs. McGill's, which opened from upstairs when you rang the bell. Mrs. McGill was a kindly old lady and would help daddy with our hair of a morning.

I had a grand time at Osgood. I never got up courage enough to ride the horses on the merry-go-round, but rode in the chariot. I met some girl there that rode with me. I forget her name, but we wrote to each other for a long time.

Daddy took in a lot of money when he would be with the machine, but, of course, he could not stay away from his business at home. The others got away with the money some way.

Everyone rode, young and old. We had the machine at the Sabina Fair and daddy and I went over one day. Of course, I rode all of the time. There was a young boy who rode also and hung around me quite a bit. At last he asked me to go into town to get an ice cream soda. It was just a short distance to go. I never thought of asking daddy if I could go, but started off with him, but grandpa saw me and came after us and I guess I did not go. I saw the boy here many times afterwards and he wanted to go with me, but by that time I was more shy of boys and did not give him any encouragement, although I did not seem to be so shy that day at Sabina.

We also had the machine at Mt. Sterling and while it was there I visited the Kobelspergers. There were three girls, Kate, Bertha, and Olive. Bertha was my age and a very beautiful girl and very popular, especially among the boys. Their parents had been friends of my parents in their

early married lives. We had a grand time on the merry-go-round. When Bertha graduated, the exercises were held at the fair grounds and William McKinley gave the address. I was a guest for the festivities.

We also had the merry-go-round at our fair and, later, on the lot back of where the Roe Hat Shop is now located and across the alley from the Court House. As I said before, daddy could make money when he was in charge, but the others were not of the same caliber, so at last we sold it, having lost a lot of money with it.

There were many odd characters in Washington Court House in my early days, among them Ike Bodley, a colored man of whom most of the children were a little afraid. He had a hump on his back and sometimes imbibed too freely. He used to tell Grace he was going to get her a little spotted deer. Then there was Strawd Garner, a white man. He imbibed, too, and I think worked around some of the saloons. Wat Underwood was a mean character. He traded some at our store and daddy and grandpa were good to him. For some reason he got mad at grandpa and one day slipped up behind him on the sidewalk and was going to hit him with a stone. Daddy saw him and grabbed him. I expect he would have beaten him up if Grace and Aunt Clara had not grabbed daddy and pleaded with him to let him go as they feared for daddy's safety. Underwood made all kinds of threats of what he would do, but the police arrested him and, as he had been in trouble many times, he was banished from the city as an undesirable character. We women were all afraid he would return and do some harm, but I guess he had had a lesson as we never saw or heard of him again.

Becky Lowden was another queer character. She was an old woman as I remember her and mentally unbalanced. The Presbyterian Church tried to help her, especially Mr. Frank Fullerton. She would get mad at the children who would tease her and many were afraid of her. She loved a band and a parade and followed them if there was a parade, and there were many in those days.

Tom Bruce was a colored man who sometimes imagined he was an Indian and would go around with feathers in his hat when he was a little under the influence of liquor.

Miles Holley was another well-known colored man. He worked mostly in livery barns. Many stories are told about him. One was that he had a diamond set in a front tooth, that is he thought it was a diamond, but I guess it was just a piece of glass.

Henry Brown was a man of whom I was somewhat afraid. He was tall and had a bad reputation when drinking, which was most of the time. He traded at our store and would often come in when full and do a lot of loud talking and make threats. I kept a wagon spoke in my desk and I intended to use it if there should ever be a disturbance, and especially if any one attempted to hurt my daddy.

One Saturday night we did have some trouble. There was a big, burly man from Stringtown, a little place a few miles out in the country. He bore a very bad reputation as a fighter when he was drinking. Everyone out there was afraid of him. I do not remember his name. We had heard of him and had been warned about him. He and his wife came in on Saturday for several weeks and no trouble, then one Saturday he came and

ordered his groceries and went out. When he returned, he was full of liquor. Daddy was back at the potato bin in the back of the store. The man went back and began to quarrel about something and hit daddy with a jug he was carrying with a strap. There was a struggle as daddy tried to put him out. I ran back to help daddy. Uncle George was there, too, and had the potato shovel and hit the man in the back with it, but he was so fat and solid it just bounced back and hit me on the shoulder. I was hitting the man with my fists, which, of course, made little impression, but I guess my screams were more effective as he broke for the front door with all of us after him. Till Mustine, or Henry as we always called him, hit him in the back with a glass mustard jar. It just bounced off of him, but he stepped into a basket of eggs a country woman had brought in. The police came and wanted to know if any one was hurt as they heard me scream. Daddy comforted me and we all calmed down. We were all afraid that later he might come in and try to do some harm. Poor daddy found he had two cracked ribs from his encounter with him. He did come in the next Saturday with a policeman and begged daddy to forgive him and wanted to pay any damages. Said he was very sorry and it would not happen again. From then on for a long while he was one of our best customers and we had no more trouble with him, and I think his neighbors did not either.

John Elder was a big, tall, colored man who was also bad when drinking and loud-mouthed. I was afraid of him and he always wanted to talk to me. He never caused us any trouble, but I was always afraid he would.

A rather amusing circumstance happened with one customer, which made me mad enough to fight. I will not mention the name as the man is still living. Daddy had trusted him and was good to him and one day he came in and was angry because we had sent him a dun and he disputed the account. He got to talking big and threatened to hit daddy. That was more than I could stand so I picked up daddy's cane and give him a little hit with it. It was a light blow and did not hurt him, but he went out and got a policeman. The policeman said to me, "Did you hit this man?" I said, "Yes, I did and I will do it again if he tries to hurt my daddy." The policeman had to smile. He went out and that was the last we heard of that, but to this day I have no use for that man and he never amounted to anything.

Randolph Milburn was another strange character. He was a nice-looking man, as I remember him, and lived on East Market Street with his mother, a Mrs. Hyre. He was a professor of music and gave lessons. He was also a so-called hypnotist, in fact was a little "off" mentally. He wore a long, gold watch-chain and, in cold weather, a long, black cape. He was an impersonator of women, too, and sometimes dressed as a woman, especially at night. Many stories were told about him and how he was supposed to hypnotize people. He married late in life, but the marriage did not last long.

Henry Glicksman was another one of the odd characters. He was a small, Jewish man with a peculiar walk. He had a dry goods store in a small room on Main Street that was torn down when the Ohio State Bank Building was erected. The express office was in an adjoining small room. Boys often teased Henry just to hear him talk. I think he lived at the store. He kept some very nice things, also a lot of "junk." It used to be said if you can not find what you want at other stores, go to Glicksman's.

Daddy bought me a very good-looking cloth coat there when I was about twelve. It was tan, came below my knees and had a triple cape. He was up-to-date as he had a milliner every season who trimmed hats. Hats had a lot of trimming those days—flowers, birds, ribbons, and so on. They were individual and not plain as most of them are now. There were few ready-to-wear ones. His clerk was Mrs. Reynolds, who was with him many years. I think it was after her death that he advertised that he was selling out and going to the Klondike. That got to be quite a byword. He did leave after many years, and I have heard that he went to Florida. He never came back here.

When I was about eight or nine years old, we took our first vacation or excursion trip of several days to Detroit, Michigan. Grace did not get to go as she had to stay at home with Aunt Allie and Aunt Clara. I saw then my first tricycle. Daddy would have bought me one, but had no way of getting it home. Might have sent it by express, but no doubt then that would have been very expensive. The first one here was owned by Ruth Millikan and not long after she had hers, daddy bought one for me. I had a grand time riding on it, especially down on the Court House square as the pavement was good there and I would go around the corner on one wheel sometimes. The post office then was on the corner where the Washington Hotel Coffee Shop is now located. We had a lock box and two or three times a day I would have to go after the mail. That was great fun for me. I was generous with my tricycle and would let my friends take turns in riding.

Another short trip was to Lancaster one night to see "The Old Man Himself" shot. It was the bringing in of an oil well. An excursion was run on the C. & M. V. Railroad. I do not remember much about the oil well, but remember seeing on the bill-boards that Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde was being played there.

Thinking about bill-boards, I remember that Captain Vincent and Charles Stogden posted the bill-boards over town for all kinds of attractions.

The county fair was always a great occasion and we always attended one afternoon. All of the stores usually closed Thursday afternoon so every one could attend. A train ran every fifteen minutes on the C. & M. V. Railroad to the gate and back for fifteen cents. Balloons and ice cream candy were always much in demand. The ice cream candy was made for years by William Allen, who in later years had a stand on the corner of Court and Fayette Streets where he sold pop corn, peanuts and often ice cream candy. His son, Loral, assisted him and carried on the business after his father's death.

At the Fair we would take in all the exhibits and watch the free exhibits of the side shows. I don't believe we ever went into one, then we would go into the grandstand for the races. Sometimes there would be a balloon ascension from the quarterstretch. It was exciting to see them inflate the balloon and more so when the man went up and then came down in the parachute.

The renowned "Kid Band" usually played at the fair grounds, and in the evenings gave a concert on the Court House square. Ed and Jim Whelpley were both leaders of that band. All of that family were musical—mother, father, and the two boys. Jim married Hallie Dixon, who died when their two children, Marian and Janet, were quite young. Marian Whelpley Gage has carried on the musical tradition and is well known here

for her piano- and organ-playing. She is a teacher and the organist at the First Presbyterian Church. Her daughter also is a musician.

There was always a ten-, twenty- and thirty-cent show at the Opera House during fair week and, of course, we would attend two or three times. They had vaudeville acts and the acting in the plays was not too bad. They were always well attended.

People came to the Fair in buggies, carriages and wagons in those early days. Most of them left their horses in the livery barns and went to the Fair on the train. The buggies would be lined up on Fayette Street to the railroad in our part of town, just as autos are parked there now. Some would drive in early and go direct to the grounds where there was parking space, and families would have their picnic dinners there and visit with their friends. The week of the Fair was a great occasion for every one.

Going back to school days—Miss Amy Conn was my teacher in the seventh grade. I think it was about then that Valerie Mayer came into my life. We went to school together every day and were often together of evenings getting our lessons. Mary Burke, a Catholic girl, and Letta Hartman were also school friends about that time. Mary died young. Valerie and Letta are still living, and I keep in touch with them. Valerie's immediate family have all passed on. She also has never married and lives in Cincinnati. Letta is a widow and lives here. She is a sister of Mary Hartman and Tom Hartman. Tom was well-known in grocery circles. As a boy and man he worked for N. S. Barnett and then had a grocery of his own on Clinton Avenue.

I do not remember just what year I was promoted to having a cashier's stand—about the first one in our city. It was toward the front of the store where I could see every one who came in. At that time, I think we also bought a National Cash register so you see we were always quite progressive. Registers were comparatively new then. A lot of the customers would stand at the side of the desk, especially on Saturdays, and talk to me and I would listen to their tales of joy or woe and I was really interested in all of them.

We had two telephone systems about that time, the Bell and the Citizen. I answered both of them, made change, kept the books and saw that customers were waited on in their proper turns. It kept me pretty busy. We had a good trade and many shoe factory workers who paid their bills on Saturday night. Grace used to bring our supper to the store, but we would be so busy that often we would not get time to eat until nine or ten o'clock. Eating so late about ruined daddy's stomach so we decided he should go home at the proper time for the evening meal and take his time to eat it. When he returned, then I would go. We found this a much better way all around.

The shoe factory was the Hagerty Shoe Factory, then on South Fayette Street, but now for many years located in Millwood. At one time the Duffee Cough Syrup Company occupied the South Fayette Street building. It is now occupied by Washington Mortuary Supply Co.

We often would not get home on Saturday night until twelve o'clock and sometimes one o'clock. Then perhaps some one who had been in the saloons all evening and had left their groceries in the store would come to the house and want daddy to go and get their groceries for them, and he would do it, which always made me awfully mad.

One Saturday night a murder was committed in a building up town and a man's body placed on the railroad track to make it look as if he had been killed by a train. That night a certain party came to our house and wanted daddy to go to the store and get something for him. I do not remember just what it was, but daddy later thought perhaps this party had something to do with the murder and that if he had gone, which he did not, the guilty ones might have done something to him.

When I was promoted in school to the eighth grade, I had quite a disappointment. Due to crowded conditions in the new Central Building it was necessary to send more students to Sunnyside School. The south side of East Street was made the dividing line, so, of course, that meant that I would have to go to Sunnyside School. I was about heart-broken as it would take me from all the companions that I had gone to school with. I had to cross two railroads and go over the bridge on Fayette Street, and in winter that was a very cold trip as Grace knew when she had to go across the bridge to town school when she was a little girl. There was no school in Sunnyside then.

Mr. Dres Chaffin was the principal and also teacher of the eighth grade. I had a fine year there and made many new friends. May Stuckey (Rodgers), Glenn Rodgers, Belle Webb, Lulu Briggs (Evans), Olive Hadley (Springer), Homer and Ham Gibson, and Emma Willard Barrier were some of my schoolmates there. I enjoyed that year as much as any year I attended school.

An unfortunate incident marred the last day of school there. I contracted diphtheria and could not attend the last day exercises. I was deeply disappointed as I had a lovely new dress for the occasion and also was to go in the parade on Memorial Day. Just the other side of the bridge on Fayette Street lived the Jennings. There were several children. Some time before they had had diphtheria and I think one of the children died from it. It was thought I might have picked up a germ from there in passing.

Coming home from school one afternoon after having examinations, which were always a worry, I felt hot and tired and sick. When I got to the house no one was there, but I could get in. I lay down on the couch and by the time mother arrived, I had a high fever. Dr. Joe Williams, who lived next door, was called in and he said I had diphtheria. For some reason we were not quarantined. I was very sick and could not eat anything. I was always very fond of ice cream and wanted some. Daddy thought that might be bad for me, but Dr. Joe said, "Give her all she wants of it." It was cooling and slipped down with no effort and was nourishing, too. I was laid up for a month, and when I first went for a walk was so weak I could scarcely walk. I guess my tonsils sloughed out then as years later Dr. Roy Brown, looking into my throat, said, "You have had your tonsils removed?" I said, "No." He said, "Well, you haven't any," so I guess they came out when I had the diphtheria. Before that I used to have the sore throat quite often, but very little after I had the diphtheria. I did have the diphtheria again when I was about twenty-eight years old. Dr. Roy Brown then gave me a shot of antitoxin which brought me right out of the trouble, but I fainted when he gave me the shot—slid right off of the chair onto the floor. I also about passed out when I was vaccinated by Dr. S. A. Ireland. I had a very bad arm then. The scab that came off was about an inch deep. I had a high fever and the arm was very sore.

As a child I was very healthy, but I did have chickenpox, French and German measles, and Grace and I had mumps at the same time, but only

on one side. I never had whooping cough. I used to wear an asafetida bag around my neck, as most children did, to ward off diseases. It certainly did not smell good, but I really did not dislike the odor so much and I believe it was effective.

Another one of the characters around town was Jimmie Waters. He was up in years and mentally undeveloped. He usually carried an umbrella, rain or shine. He also had a large watch which he liked to display. One time grandpa asked him which was the oldest—he or his father? In great earnestness, he said, "Oh, pap is."

Lydia Hampton Mayo was a colored woman, who, in her youth, had worked for our Grandmother Wendel. In later years she did some cleaning for us. One day she was to have come and did not show up or send any word. I was very provoked as we were looking for company. When I saw her again, I spoke pretty sharp to her about not coming or sending me any word why she could not come. She was quite a church-goer and felt herself a little above some of the colored people so she was quite offended at what I said, and said to me, "I want you to know I'se important." Then I said, "Important or not important, don't do that again." I think that ended our relationship.

J. N. Free was a man who frequently came here. I think his home was in Bainbridge. He was a religious fanatic. He would talk about seeing beyond the veil. In some manner he would manage to ride on trains and stay at hotels, free of charge. He was a tall, thin, white-haired man and quiet in manner. He always came to see daddy when he came to town.

Cool White was a colored man who was well-known, also Tom Thornton. I think they were both barbers. The Chester family was well-known also, Jean and he had two sisters. Jim Jackson and Lon Anderson were also well-known barbers for many years.

Our streets were lighted with gas lights in the early days. There were lampposts with large glass fixtures on top. These lamps had to be lighted every night and turned out the next morning. The posts were on the corners of the streets. A man went around with a ladder to take care of them. Jim Cheek was one of them. I think he was later a painter. Harper Smith also was a lamplighter and meter reader. He was a small man, very cheerful always, and you would know when he was coming by a certain little tune that he would whistle.

When the incandescent lights came in, the old lamp posts disappeared and the lights were hung from the street intersections. The carbon in the lights had to be changed every so often. From these lights we have gone on to electric lights, and goodness knows what kind will be next. Anything can happen these days with atomic energy in its infancy.

When I was about ten or twelve years old, we took another trip. This time Grace went along as Aunt Allie and Aunt Clara had gone to Columbus with their brother, Dan, to live. The trip this time was to Niagara Falls. Mary McLean and her brother, Charley, accompanied us. Mary and I had a grand time waving at people when the train stopped, and making eyes at the bell-boys at the hotels. We started with a basket lunch to eat on the train. I never will forget how good that lunch tasted. We had fried chicken, mother's homemade cucumber pickles, potato chips and other good things. Potato chips were something new then. Daddy had Mrs. Ione

Bryant, a sister of Mr. James McLean, and a cateress, make us a pound. He furnished the potatoes and lard and she charged seventy-five cents for making them. A pound filled a large dishpan and they were delicious.

Our first view of the falls thrilled us. We saw them several times after that, but the first view was the most awe-inspiring. Grandpa had charge of the store when we went on a trip.

From the eighth grade on Sunnyside I went to high school in what was then the new high school building on Temple Street. The different grades of high school were all seated in the large auditorium on the second floor and attended the various classes in smaller rooms. Dr. N. S. Chaney was superintendent. Some of the teachers then were: Professor Smith, Professor Harlor, Professor Seaton, Mr. Dres Chaffin, Miss Charlotte Cleveland and Miss Peerman. Miss Lulu Armstrong was elocution teacher. She was also physical instructor. She taught us how to breathe deeply, and we would have drills which I loved. One was a fan drill. We would march around the large auditorium to music of the piano and use collapsible fans in artistic poses. We would have Rhetoricals every so often and Miss Armstrong would drill us. I guess she thought I had some dramatic ability as she gave me special attention on one piece that I was to speak—"Pierrot and Pierette." The afternoon that I gave it daddy, mother and Grace were there and they said you could have heard a pin drop when I recited it. It was quite dramatic and I guess I did give it very well. For a shy person, as I was then, it took a bit of courage to walk out on the stage before a large audience and recite a long piece.

Valerie Mayer and I sat together in a back double-seat in the auditorium. The Robinson boys, twins, George and Walter, sat in front of us. At that time women and girls, too, wore immense sleeves with crinoline in them to make them stand out. They were hard to get into a coat sleeve, so often the boys who sat near would have to help the girls into their coats.

Will Gray was another one of the boys who sat near. Some of the boys of my class were: Tim Glascock, Odd Ott, Will Keller and Jacob Beiler, and the girls were: Valerie Mayer, Romaine Wilson, Lulu Welsheimer, Georgia Blackmore, Mary McLean, Emma Jackson, Olive Hadley and many others that I can not think of just now.

Before the beginning of my third year of high school, the School Board decided on a four-year course instead of a three-year. It was left up to the students to decide if they would go on or stop with the three-year course. Four of us decided on the three-year course. The Board did not like this so well. These students were Emma Jackson, Olive Hadley, Perse Harlow and myself, but I did not get to finish even the three years, due to unforeseen circumstances.

The next big event seems to have been the so-called "Riot." It occurred on October 14th, 1894. This is a blot on the fair name of our city, and was caused by a crime committed by a negro upon a white woman living near Parrott's Station. The name of the negro, Jasper Dolby. He escaped at the time, but was caught at Delaware, Ohio, and brought here and placed in jail. He was identified by the woman. The trial was held on October 15th. He was arraigned before Judge H. B. Maynard about four o'clock in the afternoon. The negro pleaded guilty and was sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary.

Crowds gathered about the Court House and jail from early morning. About 10:30 in the morning, Co. E of the Ohio National Guard, located here

under command of Captain William Vincent, was called out. Vincent ordered the crowds to disperse. Some went, but many did not and some made dire threats.

As the prisoner was being taken to the Court House, he walked between two lines of guards. Friends and relatives surged against the lines to seize the prisoner. The soldiers used the butts of their guns to ward them off. Several people were injured.

William McKinley was then governor of Ohio. Sheriff James Cook wired him to send a company of troops at once. Two companies under command of Colonel Coit were sent. That evening Sheriff Cook telegraphed Adj. General Howe for more troops. They arrived early in the evening and were garrisoned inside of the Court House, with all outside doors closed. About seven o'clock crowds again assembled at the front of the Court House. Most of the people were onlookers, but a few obtained a pole and attempted to ram the Court Street door. They were notified the soldiers would shoot if they persisted. They continued and the officers ordered the soldiers to shoot through the closed doors.

The bullet holes are still visible in the massive doors, which the so-called mob did not succeed in breaking down. Most of the crowd ran, but five were killed and about twenty wounded. Among those killed were Smith Welsh, aged eighteen years, Jess Judy, twenty-five, Mark Johnson and William Sams. All were onlookers. Theo Ammerman, a fine young man who worked in Brown's Drug Store, died soon after from wounds. Mr. Frank Nitterhouse, an old and respected man, lost a leg, and Ernest Ellis, a young man, lost a finger. There were many others wounded.

Late in the night the prisoner was hurried away to Columbus. An inquest was held by Coroner James M. Edwards. Colonel Coit was indicted for manslaughter and tried at Circleville. After a long trial of several weeks with the jury out five days, they finally gave a verdict of "Not guilty as charged."

I remember very distinctly the occasion. I was in high school. That afternoon after school I went with a number of others to see what was going on around the Court House. We stood on the opposite side of Market Street. There were crowds everywhere, watching. I saw my father standing at one of the windows of the anteroom of the court room. I was frightened for him as one could not tell what might happen in there as threats had been made. Later when I say my father at the store, I begged him not to go back to the Court House in the evening.

After supper I went to the store with him and I had a hammer up my sleeve. I do not know what I intended to do with it, but I thought it might be some protection in case of any trouble. I was determined not to let my father out of my sight, but he gave me the slip by going out the back door. I was frantic when I found it out. However, he was not gone long. The firebell rang several times within a short time and it was reported fires were being set in different parts of town. Some thought it was for the purpose of getting people away from the Court House. When daddy came back, grandfather told him he had better go home and that he would close the store. We came home through the alley and had been there only a short time when we heard the shots that were fired through the door.

We were standing at our front gate. We had a small front yard with a picket fence then. Dr. C. A. Harlow came rushing down the street. He

said, "The soldiers have shot through the Court House door and many are injured. I am going home for my instruments." We often wondered if he ever went back down town.

We were all afraid the Court House might be blown up as there had been threats of that earlier in the evening. Heard later the powder had been removed from the storage house on the Greenfield Pike during the afternoon.

About an hour after we heard the shots, daddy decided to go up town to see what had happened. Of course, I went with him. As we passed Dr. Boggess's office on the corner of the alley, we saw through the back window one of the injured. Later we learned it was Mr. Frank Nitterhouse. Everything was confusion down town and not much could be learned, only there was still talk that the Court House might be blown up. All night I was in terror, expecting to hear an explosion and the destruction of the Court House and many other places. I guess every one was too stunned to do anything, which was well. I remember the next morning was bright and beautiful, and it did not seem possible that such a tragedy had happened to our little city. It was all uncalled for, too. Some say it was due to misjudgment of the sheriff in calling troops from Columbus and in the command of Colonel Coit in having his men shoot through closed doors.

From some of the write-ups in city papers one would think most of the people here were desperadoes. One very prominent Columbus minister preached a sermon about us, not knowing the real facts, and this gave our city a very bad name for a little while.

Real tragedy struck me in 1895 when my grandfather died very suddenly on April 15th, the day after Easter. I kissed him and father good-bye when I went to school after dinner, as was my custom, and that was the last I saw him alive. After school, Valerie Mayer went with me to a dress-maker on North Fayette Street, where I tried on a dress she was making for me. Her husband came in just as we were ready to leave and said, "Old Mr. Duffee just died." That was an awful shock, and I would not believe it until I got to Court Street and saw that the displays had been taken in and the store was closed. I hurried home and found the story was true.

I later learned that my grandfather had gone into the back yard, perhaps not feeling well, and it is supposed he had an attack of acute indigestion. Daddy was talking with Mr. George Jackson and some other men from our church, and he heard grandpa call him. Daddy ran into the back yard and found grandpa leaning against the side of the house. The men came and helped carry him into the store and laid him on the floor, and he passed away in a few minutes.

This was my first experience with death and it affected me deeply. Grace had gone to the school building for me, but I had gone so there was no one to break the shock to me. I had always feared death or sad things. They really made me ill. I remember poems or stories in the readers often affected me. There was one about "My Mother's Hands" that always made me feel badly.

I do not remember much about the funeral, only that grandpa was taken to a cemetery near Union Furnace, Hocking County, where his wife, father's mother, is buried. It was his request to be taken there when he passed away. Many of our relatives lived in that vicinity and we saw many of

them. We went on the train and it all seemed so strange to me. Mother did not go, but Grace and Uncle George did.

He was buried in the country cemetery. Daddy had a very handsome monument placed there for him and his mother, later. We spent the night with our grandfather's brother, Uncle Jack. I remember the bed Grace and I slept in. It was a high, four-poster with a fat feather bed and we had to have a stool to climb on to get into it. The next morning we were up early. It was frosty. We went outside of the door to wash our faces in a tin wash basin. The view over the hills was lovely.

We visited some of our relatives during the day and had dinner at Uncle John Tumbelson's. He was daddy's mother's brother. He had one daughter, Hulda, a widow with one son, Vernon Woodard. I remember the good country butter they had. Later Cousin Hulda often sent us butter, after country butter was hard to get here. We also visited grandpa's only sister, Margaret Cramblet. Grandpa was a very handsome man. We all missed him greatly. His death I think was a turning-point in my life. I was more afraid of death than ever, and would not attend funerals if I could possibly get out of it. They affected me even though I did not know the person well. I was always afraid of the time when daddy, mother and Grace might be taken. It was like an obsession.

After the death of my father some of that fear left me. Now mother and Grace are gone, too, and I am all alone. I feel that they are safe and in Heaven, but the thought now troubles me—"Where is Heaven?" I believe that I will be with them there some day, but what is it like and will we know each other as we did here? I know I must have faith, but it is hard going along alone here.

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CHAPTER 12.

After grandfather's death I still went to school, and things went along about as usual. We had a very good trade at the store and employed a number of clerks. I wish I had kept a list of all the people who worked for us. It would be quite lengthy.

In my third year of high school, just about six weeks before the close of school, daddy had a very bad sick spell, making it necessary for me to stay out of school to take charge of the business. My grades were always good all through my school days, for I studied. I did not get to go back to school and "The Board" would not let me graduate or give me a diploma although I was deserving of it. I could have taken the examinations, but they did not suggest that. I guess it was a little spite work because I was one of those who decided to take the three-year course. My three classmates graduated and I went to see them receive their diplomas. It was from the stage in the old Opera House on Market Street.

I did not feel so badly then, but in after years I often regretted that I did not receive the diploma that I should have had. I missed receiving all of the presents and festivities that go with such an occasion, but other things have made up in a way for that, and the good business training I received with my father has helped me through many difficult places through the years that he has been gone.

The next year the rest of my schoolmates graduated, some with honors, others because "The Board" wanted to get rid of them, they not ever being very good in their studies. Some went away to college, some soon married. I did not go to college and have never married, but I don't think I would trade places with any of them. My life has been a full and happy one spent with my family, and now I live over many of those times while writing this book.

Now I will tell more about some of the people and places that I remember.

Going down Main Street, from the corner where the Murphy Store is now located, were a number of business places. Where the Fayette County Automobile Club office is now located, I think was the Mart Barry saloon. The Barrys had several children. The girls were Mazie, Anna, Bertha, and Clara; the boys were Earl and Gene. There were also one or two who died as children. They lived next to my family when they lived on North Fayette Street. Later they lived across from the school house on the southwest corner of North and Paint Streets.

Across the alley from the Barry saloon was the Barney Kelley saloon. The Kelleys lived in, and I think built, the lovely home on East Street later owned by Mr. Tom Craig and still the home of Mrs. Walter Craig and son, Eli. There were several Kelley children: Tom, Pete, and Maggie—Mrs. Dan Kennedy who lived on the corner of South North Street and Broadway for many years with her son, John. There was also a sister who lived in Lancaster, Mrs. Moore.

Below the Kelley saloon at one time was Sager's Tin Shop and Bush's Harness Shop. The Sagers lived on South North Street and built the nice home on the hill in which the John McDonald family have lived for many years. The Segar children were Henry and Dolph. Dolph went to school when I did. He left here as a young man and went to Chicago where he worked for Marshall Field's. I did not see him again until a few years ago when he was in town on a short visit. He was a very nice-looking, gray-haired man. It was good to see an old friend of one's youth.

The Bush children were: Mary, Anna, Charley, and Zane. Anna and I were very good friends at one time. I think I have told about being her bridesmaid when she married Elwert Coffman.

The old Music Hall was above the business rooms I have just mentioned. I have described it before.

The Welton-Baker Wholesale Grocery was on the corner where the Ohio Water Company now has its office. Later they moved across to the other corner which is the present location of The Dayton Power and Light Company. White & Ballard then had a hardware store on the corner where Welton & Baker had been. The Whites were later interested in a shoe factory in Millwood, which was later taken over by the P. Hagerty Shoe Company. It is still located there and has been one of the good industries of the city.

Pat Burke's monument place was next on the south side of East Street in the building now used as a store room by the Dayton Power & Light Company. Burke's was established in 1868 and in 1913 moved to its present location on the northwest corner of East and South Fayette Streets. The Burkes had several children: John, who went with a circus for many

years, Helen, Mary, Leo, and Patricius or Pat, as he was better known, who carried on the business after his father's death. Since his death the business has been carried on by Pat's wife, Agnes. Leo also was active in the business for a while.

In the old days there were several houses on the north side of East Street, back of the Welton & Baker Grocery. There was a small frame house on the west side of the alley and a two-story frame house on the east side. It had a second-floor porch. Carrie Gross told me she was born there. It was a very good-looking place in those days, but soon fell into bad condition. From this house to the corner of East and Fayette Streets were shacks that were occupied mostly by negro families. It got the name of "Rat Row." Old man Steptoe was one of the colored characters who lived there. He was a sort of a preacher and it is said that he was the man who was in the Catholic Church when all but the steeple was blown away in the cyclone. The story goes that in telling about it afterward he said he tried to pray during the storm, but all he could think of was "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

I do not remember just what was on the corner where the Burke Monument Company is now located, but in the next building was a livery barn for many years. Collopy's "Red Onion" saloon came next. The family lived above it. "Dick" was usually in trouble of some kind. He had a son, Dick.

Dan Shannon had a saloon on the corner of the alley where the Fayette Theater is now located. The Shannons were quiet, respectable people and kept a quiet place. There were several children: John who went to school when I did, Mary, Margaret, Julia, and Eddie, who had epileptic spells and would often fall on the street. The Shannons lived on East Street for many years in the home now occupied by Mrs. Rose Hughey. Later they built a nice home on Broadway.

In this half-block now are three rooms of the Burke Monument Company, Stookey's watch repair shop, the office of the Try-Me Taxi Company, the office of Dr. Limes and The Fayette Theater. The theater was opened in May, 1928, by Mr. Hoy Simons. It is a very beautiful theater, a credit to our city. It had the first "talking" pictures here. Our dear mother was able to go with us on the opening week although she was not well. She passed away the last of that month. Television has hurt the movie houses to some extent, but I think the movies will come back, especially with three-dimension pictures. Every one is not "crazy" about television, including me.

Across the alley from Shannon's and back of the Arlington Hotel was a high board fence that was used as a billboard. Spencer's fruit stand and a sandwich shop now occupy this location.

There was a barber shop next. Two colored men, Jim Jackson and Lon Anderson, were there for many years. In the early days, in the basement under Furtwangler's Jewelry Store, was old Mr. Beck's saloon. He was the father of Adam Beck who worked at Stutson's Dry Goods Store for many years. Mr. Beck was a nice, old German man. Later, different barber shops were located there.

On the other side of Fayette Street, beginning below the corner, was F. M. ("One-Armed") Palmer's Second Hand Store where Will Dale worked

when he first came here. Palmer's son was "Bill," a fight promoter who sponsored "Tut" Jackson, who gained quite a reputation as a fighter about thirty years ago. "Tut" is now caretaker at the Country Club. He and his wife make their home in the living quarters of the club house. He still has an interest in fights and watches them on his television.

Jack Johnson, a noted prize fighter, was here one time, I think just passing through. I happened to see him when he went into the drug store next door.

Next to Palmer's was the Simm's saloon, and Simon Brown also had a clothing store there. Next was the George I. Bailey Livery Barn. Later it was the Cox Livery Barn. I remember when it burned down. The horses in the barn were liberated and ran loose all over the streets in town. A funny incident happened to us. The fire occurred about 10 P. M. and daddy and I went to the store as the barn was just across our private alley. The alley began at our property and we had the right-of-way over the other two properties out to Fayette Street. We had a fire extinguisher hanging in the front of the store. Daddy took it down and we went to the back door. The fire was raging in the barn, the walls of which fortunately were brick, and it was so hot we could scarcely stand on the back porch. Daddy took the extinguisher and threw it into the fire. It was like throwing a drop of water into the blaze. We gave him the laugh afterwards about it. The fire was confined to the barn, but it looked bad for all of us around there for a while.

Across the next alley from the barn on Fayette Street was E. G. Tut-hill's Carriage Shop. Before that I guess it was Hegler & Shaff's Carriage Shop. I do not remember that. There was a long ramp outside on the south side that led to the second floor. It was used to bring down vehicles, and there was also a stairway leading down. Later, Mr. Chandler had an automobile place there. It is now occupied by the Coca-Cola Bottling Company. The building is owned by Mrs. Robert Edge.

Next was the Smith Boarding House. It stood flush with the street. In that family were four children. The oldest daughter was first married to Dr. Bonsier. Later, after his death, she married Dr. Gribble, a veterinarian. They had one son, Jean Gribble. The office of both Dr. Bonsier and Dr. Gribble was on North Fayette Street in the building now occupied by Dr. F. M. Haines. The other Smith daughter was Ada, who, late in life, married a Mr. Cory and lived on Broadway. The two boys were "Red" and Frank, who both were interested in horses at the Fair Grounds. They were trainers and drivers. The Record-Herald now occupies that location.

Next to Smith's was the Henry Shook home. Mr. Shook was a tailor. The Shooks had one daughter, Mrs. Al Mills. After the Shooks, the Glass brothers had a rooming house there for many years. Old Uncle Andy McDowell roomed and boarded there. He was a painter, a brother of Mrs. Thomas Worthington, who came from Chillicothe. He always liked us and would do anything for us, especially after our father was gone. He was a little queer and we were always kind to him. I guess that was why he liked us. After the death of the Glass brothers the house was bought by M. S. Tracey and called "The Kret Hotel." Mr. Stanley Paxson owns the building now. He has his own offices there. The Parrett Insurance Agency also is located there, and The Christian Science Church occupies one side of the building.

On the corner was a home that was occupied by a number of families. It sat back from Fayette Street a short distance. I remember a pawpaw tree stood in the upper corner of the yard. In my memory, it was occupied by Lathems, Hawkinses, Wellers, Clousers, and Mart Steingle and wife. I especially remember the Hawkins children, as I played with the girls, Nell and Gertie. The boys were George and Will. Harvey Smith and his wife, Belle, and her sister, Lida, also lived there. Harvey was the son of William Smith, the sheriff, who lived around the corner on East Street.

Some few years ago, the house was moved back on the lot and facing on East Street, and is now the very attractive little Episcopal Church. On the corner is a filling station from which the church receives some revenue. The old William Smith home on the corner of the alley is now the home of the Episcopal rector.

Across the alley was the Tom Gardner home. Mr. Gardner was a newspaper man, very brilliant, a brother of Hon. Mills Gardner and Captain George Gardner, of Hillsboro, father of Miss Grace Gardner, a noted singer. Miss Edith and Miss Gertrude Gardner were daughters of Mills Gardner. Miss Edith was also a singer and vocal teacher, and still lives in the old Gardner home over on West Circle Avenue.

Mr. Tom Gardner had a bad fault, drink, and would sometimes get on a rampage and then was very quarrelsome. He was very lucky in lotteries. One time, I have heard, he won two thousand dollars. He took his wife on a boat trip to New Orleans and had a brass band meet them there when they landed. Another time he won some money and had a stone wall with an iron fence put around his yard at home. The iron fence was taken down just a few years ago. These things happened when I was a small girl.

Mr. Gardner's wife was Sue Evans. They had two children, Charley, who had a wall paper store, and Nannie Benner Gardner Murray. She married Sam Murray, a brother of Charlie Murray. The Murray family lived in Greenfield. Sam was a druggist and worked in the Coffman Drug Store. They had one son, Tom, who married Mamie Bryant. They had one son, Tom Murray. Nannie and Sam were divorced when the son, Tom, was quite small. Every one knew and liked Nan. She gained quite a reputation in her later years as a fortune teller. I really started her in the business. She was good with cards, knowing the meaning of different cards, and had a natural ability of reading meaning in their position and also an ability of finding out just what people wanted to know and of leading them on along a certain line. At first, she told fortunes just for fun. One time we had a house-party. We entertained for a week three young women, whom mother and I had met on a conducted trip to New York and other eastern points. They were Anna Elizabeth Fryer, of Piqua, and Miss Clara Kelly, of Cincinnati, and we also had Miss Kate Koblesperger, of Mt. Sterling, a friend of Grace's. We had an afternoon and evening party to which we invited members of the Tyro Club of which I was a member and also the secretary for several years. For entertainment in the afternoon we had a fortune-telling party. We had the back part of our upstairs hall curtained off and darkened. We had Nan dressed as a gypsy with a veil over her face. We gave each one of the girls a number and when her number was called, she went upstairs to the fortune teller. Of course, Nan knew all of the girls and could tell them many things about

their past and whom they went with at that time and so on, and really had them "up in the air." When each one would come down, we took them into another room and they sure did talk about what had been told them. When, later, we introduced the "fortune teller," every one was surprised. It made such a hit with the girls that they told others about how good she was and many began to come to have her read the cards for them. So many came that she began to charge ten cents and still they came. She raised her price from time to time and got it up to one dollar. More came than ever. Her fame spread and people came from surrounding places, some regularly. It did seem as if some of her predictions came true. I never believed what she told me, but many did—both men and women—and some would consult her about business problems.

Nan was quite a character and liked by most every one. She had many nice men friends and enjoyed life to the utmost. For many years she had difficulties, too. Her parents both lived to a good old age and they did not have much to live on. Mr. Gardner became janitor of the Library next door and when he got so he could not do the work, Nan took it over. After Mr. Gardner's death, her mother was ill and helpless for a number of years, and Nan took good care of her with the help of Edith Jackson, colored, a sister of "Tut" Jackson. Nan took an interest in Edith. Edith took part in a speaking contest and took high honors. She ran off while still very young and married, which was a blow to Nan, but she still worked for Nan. Edith had two children, Dixie Sue and Bobbie. Edith died young. Nan was in poor circumstances after her mother's death. Her son, Tom, died also. Although she had the home place she had no regular income. Later she had her house arranged so she could rent part of it, which helped quite a bit. After a few years she became ill and was taken to the Leeth Rest Home on North Fayette Street where she received very good care until she passed away in a short time. Poor Nan, she was one of the well-known characters of our city. She had her faults and many good qualities, too.

When we came to live on East Street, George Jenkins and his family lived on the corner next to Gardner's where the Carnegie Library is now located. There were several children in the Jenkins family: Myra, Dio Lucy, Bess, Harry, and Clara. There was a barn on the alley on North Street. Many years later J. B. Koontz, at one time mayor of our city, built a home there. At the death of the Koontzes, the property was bought by Mrs. Fred Backenstoe and her son, Billy. They lived there a number of years. Mrs. Robert Edge now owns the property and lives there. At the time the library was built, the Jenkins home, a frame house, was moved to Rose Avenue and converted into two houses, but I am not sure of their exact locations.

On the opposite side of S. North Street, at the corner of East Street, lived David Hopkins and wife in a large, handsome brick home. It has been the George Dahl home. The Hopkinses were very fond of flowers and their yard was always lovely with a fountain and all kinds of flowers. I remember also that they had an iron deer and an iron dog in the yard, which always interested me. They had no children, but brought up Glenn and Don Burk, children of a soldier friend of Mr. Hopkins. This home has for many years been occupied by the Hook Funeral Home, conducted by Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hook and their son, Robert.

Next to the Hopkins home was that of Mr. Solomon Johnson. Mr. Frank Johnson, father of Miss Elizabeth Johnson, our librarian for many

years, was a son. There was another son, Charlie, who never married, a daughter, Lucy, who married Louis Perrill, and a daughter, Emma, who married Milton Meek. There were several Meek children. After the death of the Johnsons, the home was bought by Mr. Jacob Mace. His daughter, Mrs. Grace Tharp, still resides there.

On the southeast corner of East Court and South North Streets was the home of Dr. John G. Wilson, the father of Mary Wilson who married Jared Millikan, a newspaper man. After her death, her will was contested by relatives as most of her property was left to her attorney, Mr. H. H. (Tobe) Sanderson, and several others. Mrs. Millikan was a very good friend of ours, and as she was alone we did many things to try to be helpful to her. Grace, especially, was kind. Would take her fruit and wine, go to the library for her and do errands for her. We would often take her out in our machine for a ride and have her at our home for a meal, but those things were not remembered when she made her will. They were not done with the idea of any pay, but because we felt sorry for her. She might at least have left Grace a little remembrance. We even placed flowers on her grave a long time after her death—something her other friends failed to do—and to this day there is not even a marker to show where her grave is.

This side of the Methodist Church on North Street was a brick home, the home of Dr. J. L. Worley. His wife was a sister of Ella Craig Courts. There were several Worley children, but the one I remember best was Ella. Ella Courts and her father lived in this home at the time of the death of her father, Williams Craig. Mrs. Courts continued to live there until the property was sold to the Ohio Bell Telephone Company which had planned to build there. The buildings were removed several years ago, but for some reason nothing has been done about building there.

On the corner is the very fine Methodist Church. Across Market Street on the northeast corner was the I. P. Smithers home. The children were Charlie, Lynn, and Ruth. There were two brothers of Mr. Smithers, John and Dave, and a sister, Mrs. Ruth Monroe. She lived in the house now occupied by Mrs. Glenn M. Pine on East Market Street. The Smitherses were interested in race horses, and I believe they also had a feed store.

I do not remember much of what was in this square but the house in which Lizzie Allen lived and a brick house that set back in the yard in which Greers lived. He was a railroad man and was killed by a train. The Greers had one daughter, Emily, who was a schoolmate in my early life. The Greer house was later the home of J. G. Gest and family.

Mr. Edwin Bird built a brick house this side of the Christian Church. He was an Englishman and a very quaint character. He was quite a good friend of mine and often came to the store and would stop at my desk and talk to me. He was fond of poetry and would often quote some of the old classics. He had three children that I remember: Mary, who was a good piano player and often used to play for shows at the Opera House, Joe, and another daughter who first married a Mr. Gardner, then later married Brent Ott. Later, this house for many years was occupied by Miss Anna Bell and her sister. Miss Bell was teacher of the first grade at the Central School for fifty years and was my first teacher.

On the opposite corner from the Christian Church was the old original school building erected in 1856. It is the building where I first went to school. The first high school building was dedicated in 1884. It was where the present high school building and auditorium is now located. It is

where I went to high school and I have many fond memories of it and of the teachers and pupils who attended then. I have a picture taken on the steps of the building that I highly prize.

CHAPTER 13.

It might be well here to give a short history of the churches, many of them being located on North Street.

The Christian Church on the southeast corner of N. North and Temple Street, was organized in 1889 by J. C. Irvin and wife and son, Eldon, Mrs. Maggie Hess, Miss Jennie Davis and Mrs. Julia Benjamin. In 1884, the first church was erected on the present site. Grace and Aunt Clara attended Sunday School there and also church. Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Penn were very active members. The present modern church was erected in 1919.

The Methodist Church on the southeast corner of North North and East Market Streets was built in 1896. The church here was organized in 1817 and occupied a number of locations. It has the largest membership of any of the churches here and is very modern in every way.

The Baptist Church on the southeast corner of South North and East Streets was organized in 1840. In 1862, a house of worship was erected on the present site. The church was destroyed by the cyclone of 1885. In 1888, a new church was dedicated.

The Catholic Church now on the southwest corner of South North and East Streets was founded about 1852. The attendants at the church were mostly railroad men who came here to work on the construction of the C. & M. V. Railroad, most of whom left when the road was completed. Among those who remained were John and Thomas Cogland, Martin Brannan, Patric Burk and mother, and Michael Flynn.

The first church was on North Main Street where the present colored Methodist Church is located. Later, three acres of land were purchased from Judge Daniel McLean at one hundred dollars per acre east of town on what is now East Elm Street and a substantial two-story brick church was erected. This location was selected as being suitable for a cemetery also. This church was demolished by the cyclone of 1885 with the exception of an archway which stood there for many years. The Catholic Cemetery is still located there.

In 1879, a fair was held in this city, attended largely by Protestants, and \$1,700 was raised towards purchasing a residence for the priest. These fairs were very popular during the early days and much money was raised in this manner. There is not much history about the building of the present church, but it was under construction or completed at the time of the 1885 cyclone and was completely destroyed—all but the cupola. The church was rebuilt and at the present time, 1953, is being remodeled and added to extensively. A stone trefoil above the windows on East Street bears the Biblical inscription "The Lord's Ways Are In a Tempest And a Whirlwind." This was placed there when the church was rebuilt and is in commemoration of the cyclone of 1885.

I remember many of the priests—going back to Father Hickey and Father Murray. The priests have lived in the house on South North Street

adjoining the church for many years. It was the home of Mr. Tom Craig and family before they moved to East Street. Several of the priests have died while here—Father Seward, Father Fogerty in 1941, and Father Gentner in 1952. I have just recently learned that the house on Washington Avenue now occupied by the Leath Rest Home was originally built as a home for the priests. In my knowledge, it was occupied by Levi Rowe and family. The Rowes had two children, Wesley and Mrs. Mattie Cayhill. There was also an adopted daughter, Rose, who married a Mr. Printz and moved to California. She died there in 1952. The Rowe property was next occupied by the Dunn family. They were prominent among the Catholic people here. There were several children. None of the family live here at the present time. It was then occupied by the Lang Johnson family, then by the Winters Rest Home and now, extensively remodeled, by the Leath Rest Home.

Just recently I read where Father Hicky, of Cincinnati, had passed away at the age of ninety years. He was a brother of the Father Hicky who was here in the early days. There were five brothers who were priests and two sisters who were nuns.

The Catholic Sisters have had a convent here on East Street in the former V. J. Dahl residence since 1950. Rev. Richard J. Connley presides now at Saint Coleman's.

The Episcopal Church has been located on East Street since 1917 and growing in membership. The church was organized here in 1879 by a committee composed of J. M. Love, Edwin Bird, R. M. Champion, J. S. Gold, Clarence Snyder, Edwin Proctor and Charles A. Palmer. Ladies connected with the Sunday School were Miss Nannie Love, Mrs. J. C. Van Buhlow, Miss Julia Campbell, Mrs. Champion, and Miss Tinnie Cleaveland. Services were held in various places from time to time with no definite church until after the old Opera House on West Market Street was removed. A portable church was erected there and was used for some time. After that, the church on East Street was established.

The Second Baptist Church, colored, was organized in 1855 with three members, Jordon Kelly, James L. Thornton, and Boswell Kelly. In 1857, the church purchased a lot on N. North Street opposite the Central School Building and built a frame house. In 1868, this house was torn down and a brick building was erected. This site is now occupied by the lovely modern home of the late Mr. and Mrs. Wert Shoop and is now occupied by his sister, Miss Bess Shoop. A brick church was then built near the point on Columbus Avenue—across the street from the East Side School—and is still being occupied.

Other churches located here are: the Christian Science Church on South Fayette Street in the Paxson Building, the Church of Christ in Christian Union which was established about 1904, the House of Prayer on Washington Avenue, and the Seventh Day Adventist on Broadway.

In 1875, a committee was appointed by the colored people to purchase the Catholic Church on North Main Street. The committee appointed was Mills Gardner and David Rogers. Mr. Rogers donated \$1,000 for the purchase, therefore I presume it received its name—Rogers Methodist Episcopal Church. It is still located on North Main Street and is in good condition.

In connection with the churches, it is well to tell of the Temperance Crusade which, of course, I do not remember but have read and heard about.

Our city was one of the first three localities in which real temperance crusades were inaugurated in this country, and as a result we have Women's Christian Temperance Unions and kindred societies all over the United States today.

The first meeting was held here on December 24th, 1873. A lecturer, Dr. Dio Lewis, in a lecture on "Our Girls," gave some suggestions as to how the numerous saloons might be eliminated within a week's time. His proposition was accepted and a meeting appointed for Christmas morning at the Presbyterian Church. A large and enthusiastic audience greeted the speaker and listened for one hour to his talk and was then ready to endorse his plans. At this meeting was started the great American temperance wave that swept over the country and whose effect is still being felt. Few outside cities know of its real origin.

Women were selected to visit the saloons and plead with the proprietors to desist from selling liquor. Committees of men were appointed to back the plan with money and manly influence. Temperance was the all-absorbing theme around the Christmas board that year. It was talked on the streets, at the churches, and at prayer meetings.

An "appeal" was framed and submitted to the committee. Armed with the "appeal," about forty women passed from the church and down the street to the saloons and drug stores of the town. There were three drug stores and eleven saloons selling liquor. The women went in fear and trembling, while the men remained at the church all day in prayer. The bells tolled. Entering a drug store first, they sang and prayed, then read the "appeal" to the dealer. The procession caused much excitement on the streets. No den escaped a visit. They went with the plea "We pray you to stop this. We mean you no hurt." The livelong day they marched from place to place, not stopping for dinner. They marched until five o'clock without accomplishing their mission. They always said, "We will call again."

On December 27, they again went forth after an hour of prayer at the church. The tolling bell told of fervent prayers being offered by the men at the church. At the first place that they stopped the doors had been locked against them, so the ladies knelt in the snow upon the icy pavements and pled for divine influence upon the hearts of the saloon keepers. There they held their first real prayer meetings on the streets. It was learned that two druggists had agreed never to again sell to a person without the written prescription of a doctor. On the next Sabbath, they were braced to continue with their work and on Monday they again set forth. By this time the volunteers had increased to one hundred ladies. On this day occurred the first real surrender and liquor was poured into the streets by them. Nearly one thousand witnessed this strange sight—beer, wine and whiskey being poured into the gutters. The bells loudly rang and there was shouting, singing, and praying by all to God, who had given them this victory.

In a week's time, it was reported that every liquor dealer in town had surrendered, some shipping their liquor back to wholesale houses, others pouring it into the gutters. Real estate men and property holders also signed, agreeing not to lease buildings for saloons. But saloons again made their appearance. The crusade occurred in 1874 and by 1880 there were more saloons here than ever.

The First Presbyterian Church is located on the northeast corner of West Market and Hinde Streets. The church was organized on October 10, 1813, three years after the county was organized. It had no house of worship until 1835. A new church was built about 1856. In 1867, Rev. George Carpenter was called to the pastorate. He was succeeded in 1884 by Rev. Samuel B. Alderson, he by Rev. James L. McNair in 1892, he by Rev. David Jones in 1905, he by Rev. William Campbell in 1910, he by Rev. Boynton Gage in 1913. Rev. Gage served as chaplain during World War I and during his absence Rev. J. L. McWilliams, of Melvin, filled the pastorate. Rev. Gage again was pastor upon his return until 1921 when the office was filled by Rev. Arch Nicholson to 1926, Rev. Stanley Mitchell from 1926 to 1936, Rev. J. Roby Oldman from 1936 to 1942, Rev. John K. Abernethy from 1942 to 1950, and Rev. Harold J. Braden from 1950 to the present time, 1953.

In 1921, shortly before my father's death, we were all saddened by the tragic death of Rev. and Mrs. Gage, who were killed by a train hitting their auto as they were returning from a vacation in the west. Mrs. Gage used to often come to our store and father especially liked her. She was a very handsome woman and very friendly. Sometimes when she would come in, daddy and I would be having a lunch and she would join us. Sometimes it would be crackers and cheese with sugar on top. It is delicious. Then he would cook eggs in a paper sack on top of the stove. They were wonderful. We would often have a little "snack," as he called it.

When we would come home from a show or any entertainment of an evening, he always wanted a little "snack," too. Sometimes only a cold boiled potato with salt. I like that to this day. Try it sometime.

The present Presbyterian Church was built in 1888. Many improvements have been added through the years—a manse and in Dec., 1946, the commodious home of Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Blakeley was left to the church at the death of Mrs. Blakeley. Dr. Blakeley preceded her in death by several years. This home was then taken for the manse and the former manse used for a church house where various meetings are now held and the office of the minister and secretary are located. A sum of money was also left by the Blakeleys for future improvement of the church property and plans are now being discussed to increase the capacity of the Sunday School quarters and also that of the kitchen and dining-room.

The Carnegie Library is also located on North Street, south of Court Street. The first public library in this city was supposed to have been located on the second floor of the old fire department building and only contained a few books. A short time after it opened, two rooms on the second floor of the Morris Sharp Building on the northeast corner of Main and Market Streets were rented, the entrances being on Market Street. This is now a part of the Washington Hotel. The librarian was Miss Mabel Dixon. Later she was assisted by her sister, Miss Emma Dixon. I remember going to this library. The two small rooms were quite different from the present commodious quarters of the Carnegie Library. Effort was first made in 1899 to procure a Carnegie Library for this city. In 1901, Mr. A. S. Ballard received the following letter from the Carnegie agent in New York:

"Dear Sir:

If the City of Washington will provide a suitable site and pledge itself by resolution of council to support a full library at a cost of \$1,200 a year, Mr. Carnegie will be pleased to provide a \$12,000 room for a free library.

Respectfully,

James Bertram,
Private Secretary"

The proposition was accepted and the building erected at a cost of \$25,000. It was thrown open to the public in 1904. I have told elsewhere about the Jenkins home which occupied this site before the library was built.

Through the years the librarians have been: the Misses Mabel and Emma Dixon, Miss Corinne Metz, Miss Bess Kerr, Miss Mary Saxton, and Miss Mary Elizabeth Johnson since 1914 to the present time.

We were regular callers at the library, as it was just on the corner from us. My mother was a great reader and Grace would go about every day to get books for her, especially when new ones were released. She and several other regulars would be waiting when the doors opened and they would make a rush for the new books. I also read a good deal in those days, and daddy and Grace also, so we always had several library books in the house. Mother, from childhood, was a great reader and liked all kinds of books so she was not hard to suit. She kept up her interest as long as she could read and we were happy that she could still find enjoyment in reading although she was ill.



CHAPTER 14.

Stock Sale Day was one of the big events in early history of our city. Stock sales were proving very profitable in London, Madison County, about the year 1871. James Pursell and Thomas Kirk organized a plan of operation here and appointed the last Tuesday of the month, one week preceding the London sales, as the day livestock was to be sold here. Letters were sent to dealers in Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, and even to Missouri, and cattle were shipped here to be sold. The cattle were placed in the hands of auctioneers. There were many good auctioneers, among them was Perse Collins, quite well-known here in those days. He also had a drug store here. The sales from the beginning were a success.

Growing out of the cattle sales was the trade in horses. Beginning with a few local transactions, it gradually expanded into immense sales and shipments. There was a trade-in alley or street where all kinds of horses—except good ones—were congregated for barter. Our East Street became one of the trading streets as well as Court Street and several others. Horses would be run up and down the streets and droves of cattle be driven through the streets. I was always afraid of the cattle as they would often run up on the sidewalks.

I remember one amusing thing that happened on our street. Mrs. Joe Williams, widow of Dr. Joe Williams, who lived on the corner above us, tried to take care of her property. There was a picket fence around her large yard. The stock sale men would lean against it and almost broke it

down, so she would get out the hose and sprinkle when they were there and, of course, had to sprinkle on the fence. They would just laugh and soon be back leaning on the fence. Then she got black paint and, on sales day, early in the morning she would daub the top of the pickets with the paint. I don't think even that had much effect on them, but it did have some on me. I had a very wide golf cape which I wore when I went to the store every day. I would notice some black spots on the left side which I would clean off and then the next day they would be there again. I could not understand what made them, but at last I decided that the cape, being full, it hit the pickets as I passed and the black paint rubbed off on it.

"Cheap John" Smith with his buggy whips was one of the incidents of stock sale day. He sold whips from a wagon or carriage, usually on the corner of Fayette and Court Streets, and sold many of them. No doubt it would be hard to find a whip these days.

In the day of the horse we also had many flies. We made fly brushes out of newspapers cut in strips and fastened on a stick with tacks. We also had sticky fly-paper and poison water that was placed around in saucers. Later there were large baited fly-traps on the streets. Thank goodness there is no longer need of such things. They were all very unsightly, but effective and very necessary then.

Many of the streets in those days, too, were not paved and were very dusty so we had street sprinklers. Mr. Frank Evans and a Mr. Flint were the sprinkling men. They charged so much a week for sprinkling with their big horse-drawn tank wagons. It was a great help. Later some of the streets and alleys were oiled.

We also had "white wings" on the business streets after they were paved. Dressed in white and with their carts and brooms they kept the streets in nice condition. It looks as if we could use some "white wings" now to keep the streets looking better.

I always took a pride in keeping our grass plot and in front of our home looking nice and would sweep about half of the street. Now I have to get up by six o'clock to do any gutter sweeping and often cars are parked there all night. I have about given up trying to keep the grass plot nice.

There were horse-drawn ice wagons in the early days that made daily deliveries to stores and homes. The early drays were flat-top wagons and coal was delivered in small dump carts. Often horses ran away, causing great excitement but not usually much damage as traffic then was not what it is now.

S. A. Plyley was the early transfer man and later his son, Arthur, was taken into the business. The first wagons were horse-drawn, then they got one of the first motor trucks. Jess Thompson also conducted a transfer business which is still carried on by his sons, Hughey and Robert. "Bus" Johns worked for both companies from the time he was a young man. "Kelly" also has been with the Thompsons many years and grew up in the business, too. He still works for the company. "Bus" broke himself down and was not able to do much in his last years.

Going back to N. North Street, across the street from the school house and on the northeast corner of North and Paint Streets was the original

home of the Mack Pine family. Later it was bought by George Dahl for his daughter, Ethel, when she married William Campbell. It is now owned by Virginia Campbell Otis. The Pines moved to the next house where they lived for many years. That family consisted of Ed and Willis Pine, Mrs. Minnie Brown, Mrs. Lida Pine Craig (Mrs. T. H. Craig), Dr. Lucy Pine, and Miss Ethel Pine, who recently died in 1953.

The Nat Barnett home was next. Earl was the only child here. Next was the Baldwin Millikan home. Mrs. Millikan was a Dahl. The children were Ruth and Jess. Ruth married William Westerfield, of New Orleans, an attorney, and lived there many years. Her husband became a judge. They had two children, William and Elizabeth, both now married. Mrs. Westerfield is now living here. Her brother, Jess, lived in the home on N. North Street until he passed away in 1952.

In the next square was the old Brownell home which sat back from the street midst large trees. This old home is said to have been one of the stations used during the Civil War to secrete negroes on their way north. Secret panels and rooms are said to have been found in it. It is now owned and occupied by C. S. Haver and family. There were three Brownell children, Lucy, Henry and Sherman. The Brownells conducted a chicken and egg packing company on Sycamore Street, one of the big industries here for many years. Across North Street and opposite Rawlings Street lived the John Kerr family who were prominent in business and social affairs. The children were: John, Bess, George, Edith, and Kenneth. Mrs. Kerr had a lovely voice and took part in many musical affairs. Bess married William Galvin, a newspaper man who died June 29, 1953. Kenneth was also connected with newspaper work, and his father was at one time connected with a newspaper here. Kenneth passed away May 10, 1953, in Lancaster, Ohio, where he was quite prominent. Edith Zollinger is the only one of the Kerr family now living.

The Cissnas lived near the Kerrs. They were the parents of Rose Kinnear and Mrs. Nat Barnett. People by the name of Hays, I think, lived on the northwest corner of N. North and Paint Streets.

Across the street on the southwest corner of North North and Paint Streets was the Mart Barry home and the colored church. I do not remember the other places, but on the southwest corner of North and Temple Streets lived Dr. F. M. Black. The home is now occupied by Charlotte Dahl Willis (Mrs. Willard Willis). Next was the Crone home, a small frame house with a large yard with many flowers. The daughter was Mrs. Gatz Harper, who went to LaFontaine, Indiana, where her husband was a banker. At his death, she returned here and built the present modern home on that site. The Harper's son was Bert, now deceased also. One of his grandchildren came into the property and I think still owns it and lives there.

On the northwest corner of North North and East Market Streets was the Judge H. B. Maynard home, a big two-story frame house. The children were: Herbert, better known as Mox, John, Mary (Mrs. H. B. Dahl), Nina (Mrs. D. S. Craig), Walter, Augustus or Gus, and Ray. After the death of Judge Maynard, the home was sold to Dr. George S. Hodson, who moved it to the alley and established the Hodson Hospital in

memory of his son, Edmond, who died as a young man. He was the Hodsons' only child. The hospital was in existence for a number of years, but the building is now occupied by physicians' offices. Dr. and Mrs. Hodson erected the present lovely colonial house on the corner of North and Market Streets. Mrs. Hodson was a great Methodist Church woman and a worker in the Eastern Star. At the death of Mrs. Hodson, the property went to her niece, Mrs. G. H. Woodmansee who, with her husband resided in their beautiful home. Mrs. Woodmansee passed away suddenly in April, 1953.

On the southwest corner of N. North and East Market Streets was the home of Ad Wendel, Sr. It was a frame house and stood directly on the corner abutting the pavement. Ad, Benn and Peter Wendel were brothers and Mary Wendel was a sister. She married Dr. James W. Cleaveland. Tinney and Carrie Cleaveland, school teachers, were his sisters, and Pitt Cleaveland was his brother. The three moved to Wichita, Kansas, in their early life and remained there.

The children of Dr. Cleaveland and his first wife were: Charlotte Cleaveland (Tuttle), Nellie, Charles, Tom, and Ben. Those by his second wife were Edwin (Ned) and Bess Bruce Cleaveland. Ned was a cartoonist of note and Bess is a well-known artist.

The Ad Wendel children were Mrs. Billie Barnes and Ad, Jr., who married Ollie Durnell, at one time a teacher here. Her sister, Myrtle, was also a teacher to whom I went to school. She married a minister, Rev. Lewis.

Ben Wendell's' children were: Anna, Margaret (Mrs. P. E. Wolford), Kate, Elizabeth (Mrs. Harry Hays), and a son, George. Wanda Wolford McLean is the daughter of Margaret. Virginia, Ellen, and Wendel are the children of Elizabeth Hays.

The Wendels were relatives of ours on our mother's side of our family.

This location of the Ad Wendel, Sr., home is now occupied by the home of Miss Lizzie Tway and Miss Vera Veail who resides with her. Billie Barnes built the next house and lived in it with his family. The children were Homer, Robert, and Mary. Robert became a prominent physician in Columbus. Both sons are deceased, but Mary still lives in the home.

The next house was occupied by Dr. David H. Rowe and family for many years with his office at the side. His wife still lives there and the daughter, Mina, and her husband, Mart Morris. The office is occupied by Dr. Clarence H. Hayes.

Across the alley were two small houses that belonged to the Williams girls, Kate and Lida. They lived in one of them until their deaths. The location is now occupied by a filling station.

This takes us back to Court Street. I will now continue with my own story.

CHAPTER 15.

Not finishing school, I naturally was at the store more and took on added duties. I had two telephones to answer, books to keep, change to make, bills to pay and letters to write. Daddy bought me a second-hand typewriter, a Densmore, and I taught myself how to use it with two fingers. I still use two fingers and can do a pretty good job of typing and am pretty fast at it, too.

I had some diversions, too. I took dancing lessons for awhile and enjoyed it very much. Stowell and Evens, of Columbus, were the teachers, and Tom Baker, a local boy, assisted them. The classes were held in the Masonic Temple on the second floor. I guess I was a very good dancer, but never too popular. I think it was because I was not used to mingling with young people, having worked for my father from an early age. I attended some dances and enjoyed them. I was much of a day-dreamer and, reading quite a lot, I had many ideas and a pure mind, so lived much in a world of my own.

I was also interested in singing. From my early school days, I loved to sing and on Friday nights I would bring home my song book and would play and sing whenever I had an opportunity. I took vocal lessons from Mrs. Lillian Davis, also from Miss Edith Gardner. Both were fine teachers. Mrs. Davis told me once, "You must really feel the meaning of a song to make it effective." Mrs. Davis gave several recitals in which I took part. At one in the Baptist Church I sang "My Little Gypsy Sweetheart," a rather difficult song. Grace and Nannie Gardner were in the audience. They were a little shaky about how I would act as they were afraid I would have stage fright. They said I walked out on the stage very calmly, looked around, and sang without a quiver. They were the ones who were frightened. I went to Miss Gardner's old colonial home to take my lessons from her. She thought I had a very promising voice and urged me to go to Cincinnati to the Conservatory of Music. I did not give it much thought as I did not think my father would want me to go and I was rather timid about going places by myself. However, I got much enjoyment out of singing at home and the family enjoyed it, too, so the lessons paid in the enjoyment we received.

A funny thing happened once when I was practicing the scales. Mr. George Jenkins, who lived on the corner where the library is now located, came home one morning when I was practicing the scales. He heard me and went in and said to his wife, "Something awful must be the matter at the Duffee's. Some one is going on terrible." A joke on me. I sang in public quite a bit, but did not become noted.

I also took violin lessons along about that time from Professor Billie May. I never became proficient in that either, but played quite a bit and sometimes in public. I still have my violin. Inside of it is pasted a slip of paper which reads: "Made in Germany in 1850 by Rigart Rubus, Petersburg, Germany." I am wondering if it may not be valuable as it is now over one hundred years old.

During this period I was also to have been in the chorus of a light opera, "The Bohemian Girl." The play was under the direction of Mrs. D. I. Worthington, the wife of Judge D. I. Worthington, and a very fine musician.

The family lived in a big brick house in what was then called Oak Lawn, and which is the residence now occupier by Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hickman and family. The Worthingtons had a daughter, Bess, and two sons. One was Jess Worthington, also a fine musician who played in the band here and also in Columbus, and the other was E. P. Worthington, an attorney of Greenfield, who died in 1952 leaving his wife and a son, David.

As a young girl, I always admired the Worthingtons. They lived in a lovely home, had a carriage with top laid back, and a driver who sat up in front. I thought they were the height of elegance. They are all gone now and almost came to want before passing on. Mrs. Worthington played for the movies when they first came in. Bess married several times.

Going back to the opera—we went often to the Worthington home to practice. The leading parts were taken by Miss Lona Greiner, who later became the wife of Dr. R. M. Hughey, Lawrence and Charles Updike, Miss Dell Lanum and several others that I do not remember. I was one of the chorus. Harry Hadley, brother of my classmate, Olive, would escort me to and from rehearsals. He was younger than I and a very nice boy. He became an Episcopal rector and has lived in the east for many years. Other members of the chorus whom I remember were Walter Hamilton, Edith Harsha, and Elwert Coffman. There were many others, but I can not recall them now. We would also practice at the home of Miss Clara Drais on East Court Street. She was also a fine pianist. We were getting along fine and were soon to put on the play, then the Spanish-American War occurred in 1898 and many of the opera troupe had to leave so the opera had to be given up. I loved it and still have my book of the opera. Whenever I hear one of the songs, it recalls those happy days. Most of those who took part are now gone.

The Spanish-American War occurred in 1898 when William McKinley was president. It lasted one hundred and fourteen days. Company E of this city took part in that war with Captain William Vincent in command. Other well-known men in the company, whom I knew, were Charles and Lawrence Updike, O. E. Hardway, Mike Creamer, Pete Dempsey, Jerome Taylor, Nat and Elwert Coffman, and many others. We went to see them off on the train to Columbus where they drilled before being sent into the fighting lines. I heard from Elwert Coffman while he was away. I knew him from the practice for the opera, which we did not get to give.

About this time we all learned to ride a bicycle. They were very popular and many people, young and old, were riding. Daddy bought one and our delivery man, Till Mustine, helped us to master the iron steed. I, of course, got along the best, being the youngest. I remember how glorious I felt when I first found that I could go by myself. Henry, as we called him, had been holding the handle-bars and running along the side and all at once he let go and I went on alone. At first I could turn around very easily, but the longer I rode the more room it took. I became a very good rider and felt very smart in my bicycle suit of gray with leggings and tam to match. Daddy and mother did not ride much, but they did learn. Grace rode some, but was most too nervous to do much riding. She had a bad fall and hurt the side of her face quite badly so she did not ride much after that.

Grace and I also rode our delivery horses a few times. We had a side-saddle and I must say it was not easy to ride on one of them. Henry

was our helper then, also. We would go one at a time with him when he was delivering groceries, so he could help us if we needed help. We got along fairly well. I always was afraid of a horse, so did not enjoy riding too much. I felt so up in the air when on one and was glad when I got off.

On August 25th, 1898, we started on our first trip to Mackinac Island. The trip was under the supervision of Mr. Frank Johnson, passenger representative of the B. & O. Railroad. There were thirty from here and fifteen from Chillicothe in the party. We went to Dayton, thence to Toledo, where we took the boat, "City of Alpena." We reached Detroit at 10:30, where we spent the night. The next day we proceeded to Mackinac. Mother was quite sick, but daddy, Grace and I came through quite good. When the boat would stop at places, as it often did, children would dive for pennies thrown into the water by the passengers. It was fun to watch them. We arrived at the island and stopped at the Grand Hotel, which is a large, beautiful hotel facing the lake. The meals were wonderful. The island is very quaint and has many lovely hotels and beautiful homes and curio shops of all kinds. There were many carriages, horse-drawn, with drivers to take you to the many points of interest on the island. We took the drive the next day. Sunday morning we were awakened by a great roaring which we thought was the wind, but found it was the waves breaking on the shore as the lake was very rough. The sky was dark and every little while it would rain. We went to services at the Episcopal Church. In the afternoon we took a walk and visited Sugar Loaf Rock, which is ninety feet high and is supposed to be a huge meteor which fell long ago. We almost got lost in the woods. The next day we started for Sault Sainte Marie or "The Soo," as it is called. On the way, we saw several large boats which were called "whale backs." They are used to carry grain and iron ore. They are long cigar-shaped boats covered with sheet iron and when heavily loaded are almost submerged. They are built on the order of the present submarine.

We stopped at the Park Hotel. In the evening, we went down to see the locks in operation. That is not such an amazing sight these days as there are many locks now in operation on the Ohio River, but at that time they may have been the only ones in the United States so it was wonderful to us to see them.

We took a nice drive around the town and into the country and saw many interesting places. Of course, we went in a carriage as it was before the advent of automobiles. In the afternoon, a party of eleven of us chartered a steam launch and went fishing. Mr. Humphrey Jones was one of the party and was a fine companion. His wife was also along and was very nice. Altogether we caught seventy-two fish, and it was quite an experience fishing over the side of the boat with a stiff line.

The next morning we arose early, as we were leaving about nine o'clock to return by boat to Mackinac. We went down to look at the rapids. Some of our party had shot the rapids the day before and found it very exciting. When I saw them, I felt it would never do to go home and say we had not shot the rapids, so I insisted that we go. The folks said, "No, No!" so I said I would go alone and started off. Daddy and Grace then came along, but poor mother was left sitting in the park. The boats are large skiffs and would hold six people and two guides. The guides were Indians. We got in the boat and had to put on rubber coats. They first poled us upstream

a piece and then started down. The stream is filled with huge boulders and the water seethes and roars over them. The Indians yell as they guide the boat around the rocks. The rapids are a mile and one-half long and you go through them in three minutes. I was glad we went, but I would not care to do it again. I have heard it is no longer so exciting or perhaps not even done as the water has diminished in the rapids. The Indians landed us on our boat, but we had to go back and get mother from the park, settle the hotel bill, and bring down our luggage, so we had to do some hustling, but we all got back to the boat on time.

On the return trip, we met two Probasco boys from Cincinnati. They were of the Probasco family that gave to Cincinnati the fountain on Fountain Square. Several Spetnagle boys from Chillicothe were on the trip, and Olive Hadley and I had quite a nice time with all of them. There were also several young ladies from Chillicothe who were every friendly. We reached Mackinac about five o'clock and again stopped at the Grand Hotel. Our Chillicothe friends came up to call that evening. They were staying at a down-town hotel.

The next day we took a walk and visited other points of interest, among them "The Wishing Well." You had to go down about one hundred steps to reach it. Many of the homes on the island are very lovely and the flowers are beautiful. At that time, the sweet peas were especially beautiful.

We left that afternoon for Detroit where we arrived the next day about three o'clock. Mr. Johnson arranged for stop-overs for us. We stopped at the Wayne Hotel where we had stopped before when in Detroit. While sitting in the pavilion that faces the boat landing that night, we saw Mr. and Mrs. Morris Sharp get off of the boat.

The next day we went shopping and then took the street car for Mt. Clemens, the health resort, which is twenty-six miles from Detroit. We took dinner at the Egnew Hotel and there saw William Campbell and his wife, "Duck," who were there on their honeymoon.

That evening we went to "Belle Island," a very beautiful park with all kinds of lovely flowers and a canal upon which small, gaily decorated boats ply. When we returned to the hotel, which is across the street from the Union Depot, we found the streets crowded with people. Some of the Michigan troops were returning that night from Santiago. We got a good position in one of the windows to watch, but the first section did not arrive until about one o'clock, so we retired before that, but heard the bands playing "Home, Sweet Home" most of the night.

We saw many arrive the next morning. It was a sad sight as many of them were ill and some of them had to be taken in ambulances. They all looked worn out and were as brown as Indians. The families of many were there to greet them and it was a very affecting sight.

After breakfast, we crossed the Detroit River to the Canadian town of Windsor. It was Sunday and in Canada they are very strict about Sunday closing, so we did not see much activity there. About three o'clock, we went to the pier in Detroit and again boarded our boat, "The Alpena," for the trip to Toledo. Our Chillicothe friends were on board. We had a very pleasant trip to Toledo. It was a moonlight night and as it was Sunday, we sat on deck and sang hymns. We stopped at the Jefferson Hotel in Toledo. The next day was Labor Day and there was to be a big parade at 9:30,

but we did not get to see it as our train left at 10:10. We arrived in Dayton late, due to a G.A.R. Encampment to be held in Cincinnati and the trains were crowded with Civil War veterans going to the encampment. We had intended to visit the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, but had just thirty-five minutes to wait for the D. T. & I. train home. As usual, we were glad to get home after having a very pleasant trip.

It is difficult to remember back so many years so I will just have to tell some of the highlights as I think of them. October 12th, 1892, was the four hundredth anniversary of Columbus' discovery of America, which was celebrated here. I do not remember much about it, only that the school children marched and sang. I, of course, was among them. It is not given to every one to see such an anniversary as it only comes every one hundred years, so if you were born too soon or too late in the century, you would miss it.

I remember attending Commencement festivities in Mt. Sterling when my friend, Bertha Koblesperger, was graduated. William McKinley was then governor of Ohio and gave the graduating address at the fair grounds. There were a number of social events that week, of course, and I enjoyed all of them, including the boys. Bertha was very popular and had many friends. I often visited her and always had a wonderful time. I was about twenty-one before I really had a boy caller at my home. I met many traveling men at the store and liked to talk with them and they seemed to like me, but I think they were a little afraid of me and perhaps I was of them. I was rather matter-of-fact and not much foolishness about me.

Our city water works went into operation in 1890. It is located on N. North Street. Some of the wells are now on East Elm Street. Sometimes the water has been low, but we have most always had very good service. Shortly after the service was opened, I do not know just how long, there was an explosion of one of the boilers. Not many seem to remember about this, but I do. It occurred in the evening between six and seven o'clock. I was just a small girl. We heard the explosion when I was at the store. Shortly after we heard that the boiler had exploded. Daddy went out in our delivery wagon and, of course, I went with him. I remember the smell of the trampled grass and the people milling about. One man was killed. I think his name was Bobblet. He was the engineer.

It was wonderful to have "city water." We had a bathroom put in our home and found the service convenient in many ways. We had a one hundred and fifty barrel cistern that had supplied us with water from the time our home was built.

CHAPTER 16.

In 1899, we took our first trip east. The Grand Army Encampment that year was to be held in Philadelphia and railroad fare was very reasonable. We started on Saturday night and went by the C. H. & D. Railroad to Musselman's, where we changed to the B. & O. Railroad. At Hamden Junction, we were delayed quite a while by a freight wreck. Daddy had lived at this little place when he was a small boy. On our way to Washington, D. C., we passed through more than thirty tunnels. We stopped for a little while at Grafton, West Virginia—long enough to visit the National Cemetery there. Going over the mountains it took three engines to pull our train and as it wound around the mountain-side we could see the engines from our rear car. We were late in reaching Washington and so missed the

man who had rooms engaged for us, so had to seek other quarters. Rooms were very difficult to find, but after several attempts we did find a place.

The next day was Labor Day and all stores and government buildings were closed, so in the afternoon we decided to take in Arlington Cemetery. It was established as a National Cemetery on May 13th, 1864. A monument to the Unknown Dead from the fields of Bull Run was erected in September, 1886. Another monument has been erected since World War I, but I have never seen it. At Arlington, we also saw the Temple of Fame and the old Lee Mansion, which was the home of General Lee, the friend and relative of George Washington. It is beautiful inside and out and contains many things of historical interest.

The next day we started out early to visit the many points of interest. First, we procured a guide, then a carriage with driver. The carriage was of the landau type, top open, and driver sitting in front. We felt quite smart driving around in such style.

We first visited the Botanical Gardens which are noted and very beautiful. Of course, we could not spend as much time in any of the places as we would like to have spent. We visited the United States Criminal Court, Pension Office, General Post Office and Dead Letter Office. We saw Ford's Theater where Lincoln was shot, and the house across the street where he died. We visited the Treasury Department. Below-stairs there, we saw the macerator where old, worn bills are destroyed. We have a little image of Dewey made out of this pulp, which is supposed to represent five thousand dollars. From here we went to the White House where we saw the East Room, the only one open at that time for inspection. Not far away was the Washington Monument. The huge shaft is 550 feet high. We did not ascend this until the next day. We then went to the Bureau of Printing and Engraving where all of our bills and stamps are made. From here we went to the Smithsonian Institute and the National Museum. Our guide left us here and we could stay as long as we liked. There was more than much to see. We took in quite a bit, but as we had already seen so much, we soon grew tired, and could not enjoy any more so we returned for a rest.

In the evening, we went to see the Congressional Library as we had been told that was the best time to go on account of the beautiful lighting. Words fail me to describe the beauties and wonders of this place. The interior is all marble with walls and ceiling covered with beautiful paintings.

The next morning, we went back to the Washington Monument and went up on the elevator to the top. The windows there are high and narrow, no doubt to keep any one from jumping from them. It is said that a cat once jumped from one and landed on its feet, but I doubt that story. We took pictures from the top which turned out to be very good. We walked down the winding stairs, which was some walk. The monument is 550 feet high.

From the monument we again visited the museum. In the afternoon, we went to Mt. Vernon, going by boat on the Potomac River, which flows past the George Washington home and where he is buried in a vault with Martha, his wife, and twenty-three of his relatives. The house is three stories high and contains much of the furniture and things used by the family. The flower gardens are wonderful and the deer park was stocked with deer. We bought a little hatchet which I still have and which was said to have been made from the wood of a cherry tree on the farm. We

returned to Washington by trolley car, passing Alexandria, where Washington attended church.

The next day, we went to the Capitol where we had a guide to show us through the various places of interest. There were certain spots from which echoes could be heard. The paintings were interesting and lovely. We climbed the three hundred and fifty steps to the top of the dome. There is no elevator. When we came down, we were about exhausted.

It will be interesting to note here what was being worn at this time—street dresses with trains that swept up the dirt. Most of them were yards around and had to be held up to be able to walk. They had crinoline in the bottom to make them stand out and some were fully lined and heavy as lead. Some had brush binding to give added weight. Waists were very small and hips large, and, of course, well-boned corsets were worn. Collars were high and usually of lace and stiffened or had boning that ran up to the ears. Uncomfortable? Yes. Of course, high shoes were worn with very pointed toes. Uncomfortable, too, and with high heels. We certainly take life easy now in the way of comfortable clothing. In fact, we go to the opposite extreme and most wear very little clothing, winter or summer.

In the afternoon, we left for Philadelphia, arriving there about 4:30. We got rooms at Marble Terrace, a very lovely old place facing on the street, with marble steps. The terrace had formerly been the home of some of the wealthy people of the city. The streets were filled with people as the encampment was still in progress.

The next day we visited Wanamaker's Department Store where we saw our first moving stairway, now known as escalators. I still don't like them and prefer the elevator. We then went to the United States Mint where we saw them wheeling bars of gold and silver in wheelbarrows. We also saw them cut the bars into strips, then into round pieces, which are stamped and become our gold and silver money. We then went to the Cramp Ship Yards, where the big ships are built. We were shown over the place. We saw the "New Maine," which was to replace the one sunk during the Spanish-American War. We also saw a Russian battleship in the dock. We little thought then that some day Russia would be our bitter enemy.

The Parade of Ships was to take place on the Delaware River in the afternoon, so we went to the ferry station as we were told the best place to see the parade would be on the Jersey side, so we took the ferry to Camden and got a good place on the bank of the river where seats were placed. We had a long, hot wait. At last, the boats passed by in line with colors and pennants flying and the battleships fired salutes. We returned to our rooms, hot and tired.

The next day, the first place we visited was Independence Hall. We saw the old Liberty Bell which cracked in 1835 when ringing for the death of Chief Justice John Marshall. Also, we saw the original Declaration of Independence framed and hanging on the wall. The rooms contained pictures of prominent people of the early days and also many antique pieces of furniture.

On this day, all of the battleships on the river were open for inspection and we thought it would be quite an experience to go aboard one of them, so we went to the river. We decided on Sampson's flag ship, the "New York." To reach it, we had to go in a small boat rowed by two men. Larger boats coming down the river caused the waves to be very high and our little boat had to ride these waves, which was not conducive

to our comfort or pleasure. To get from the small boat to the warship you had to climb a ladder. This was quite difficult as the end of the ladder in the small boat kept moving around, but at last we all got safely aboard the warship. A guide showed us all over the boat. All parts of the boat were not open to the public, but one of our party was a doctor and he had a letter from a physician in Washington, so all parts were opened to us. In the officers' quarters, the dining-room was lovely with tables shining with cut glass and silver. We even went below and inspected the machinery which was polished and shining, too. Going back to shore we went back on a small steamboat and we were all glad of that.

After this, we went to our rooms and got ready for a trip to Atlantic City. We crossed on the ferry to Camden, New Jersey, and took the train and arrived there about four o'clock. We found a nice place to stay about two squares from the beach. We soon went down to the Boardwalk to get our first view of the ocean. The tide was coming in and the waves were high. We went there again that evening. I will try and describe the Boardwalk. It is built over the sand beach something like a bridge, is forty feet wide and four miles long. The side towards the shore is lined with booths and stores of all kinds, also hotels, bathing houses, and places of amusement. Most of the very fine hotels are along the beach. On the side toward the ocean are the pavilions and piers. There were then three piers—Young's, the Steel Pier, and Heinz's—also the Auditorium, which was closed at this time. In the pavilions are easy chairs where you can sit and watch the bathers. At the far end of the walk is what is called the Bowery. That evening, we went to Young's Pier. It is the largest and extends far out into the ocean. It consists of three pavilions and the admission to all of these was only ten cents then. In the first pavilion were tanks in which were huge sea turtles, and in glass tanks along the walls were sea fish of all kinds, including a shark. There also was a stage on which performances of various kinds were given and in another room moving pictures were shown. In the second pavilion was a hall that would seat several thousand people. This night a cake-walk was given there.

The next day was Sunday, a big day at Atlantic City. A great many people come from surrounding places for the week-end, some come on Saturday night and stay until Monday morning. They are called "shoe-box visitors," as they bring their food in boxes and some stay on the beach all night. They say it is so crowded on the Boardwalk then that one can scarcely walk. That afternoon, we went to "The Inlet" which is at the other end of the Boardwalk. We walked back along the Boardwalk and were surprised to see the people lying in the sand, some even covered over with it, but it is so fine and soft that it easily brushes from the clothing. We met Mr. and Mrs. Ad Burnett and their small son, Nolan, and had a nice visit with them. That evening we attended church.

The next morning was dark and gloomy. We took a street car to Longsport, which is a fishing resort. It is ten miles from here to Ocean City by boat. Some of us went there, while others remained at Longsport to fish. We did not get off of the boat, as it was raining hard. When we returned, we saw daddy holding up an immense sea eel which he had caught, and in his eagerness to show it to us the thing bit him. We were worried about it, but I guess it was not poisonous, as he had no bad effects from it. That evening, we visited the Steel Pier, between showers. This pier was not as large as Young's, but had two pavilions. In the first was a minstrel show; the other was a dance hall.

The next morning we again visited Young's Pier. We went in a small car to the end of the pier. There was an observatory there and small fishing boats come in here. There are fishing nets along the sides that are raised night and morning. The Youngs lived in a cottage midway of the pier.

In the afternoon, we took our first dip in the ocean. There are bath houses all along the beach. My suit consisted of waist and bloomers in one piece, short skirt over this, hose, bathing shoes, and cap. What a change the years have made. I even felt queer then in the short skirt. The water was warm and, oh, so salty. We had to learn to meet the waves sideways and then give a little jump. If they hit you squarely, they will knock you down and, due to the undertow, it is hard to regain your feet. Mother looked so cute in her bathing suit. We scarcely knew her when she came out in it. She looked so ashamed, too, to think she would come out in public dressed like that. We all had a fine time in the water. There were several men in our party and they all helped us jump the waves and float. One especially wanted to help Grace and she didn't like it much. Daddy found that he could swim as he did when a boy and got quite a kick out of it.

The next morning, we went shopping and daddy bought me a golf cape, tan with a hood. I was very proud of it and wore it for many years. After shopping, we went to Heinz's Pier. It is one large pavilion and filled with all the goods manufactured by the Heinz Company. Girls served the various foods and a guide showed you around. In the evening, we visited Young's Pier again.

The next morning we visited the Japanese Tea Garden. You felt that you were really entering another country. Here and there were rustic bridges, a Japanese house and beautiful plants and flowers everywhere and beautiful Japanese maidens serving tea and other refreshments. In the center of the garden was a small open pavilion where a performance was given by two women, two men, and a little girl.

At 3:30 that afternoon, we left for Philadelphia. Upon arriving there we went immediately to our former stopping place. Our landlady could not accommodate us, but gave us an address just a few doors away where we found nice rooms. The International Export Exposition opened there that day. Many of the exhibitions were not in place, but what we saw was most interesting. The Marine Band was giving a concert at the Auditorium that night so we attended it. It was well worth hearing it.

The next day, we again visited the Mint and saw it more thoroughly this time. They have on display all kinds of coins and among them we saw "the widow's mite," a very small coin that was used in old Bible times.

We then decided to go to Fairmont Park. This is the place where the first exposition was held in 1876. We first rode through the park about seven miles. We then visited "Memorial Hall" which was one of the exposition buildings that was left standing. It contains curios and works of art from all parts of the world. One of the things of interest were thirty-four views of the destruction and resurrection of Pompeii. They were arranged along the sides of a large hall and you looked at them through a round glass like a window, which made it look as if you were looking at real action. The art gallery contained many beautiful paintings. We would have liked to have spent more time here. We had very nice rooms and that evening several friends came in to spend the evening so we had a very nice time.

Saturday morning we said good-bye to a Dr. Mannan, whom we had met in Washington and who had been with us most of the time since that. About noon, we took the train for Harper's Ferry where we were to make a stop-over. We reached there about 5:30.

I can not express what I felt when I first looked upon the place. It was breathtaking. On all sides were mountains, the only seeming outlet being through a tunnel cut through the side of one of the mountains. On one side was the Maryland Heights, on the other Loudon Heights, of Old Virginia, and on another side Bolivar Heights, of West Virginia, so from this point you can look upon three states and the conjunction of two rivers, the Shenandoah and the Potomac.

We found a stopping place at a private boarding house in the old part of town. It was a large, old building on a hillside, with deep, old-fashioned window seats and two large verandas in the back filled with flowers. From the front of the house you looked out on a real mountain road. Horse-drawn buggies and carriages came down the road so fast we thought nothing would be left of them. That evening we went down into the town and bought some things to take home as souvenirs.

In the morning, we thought it was cloudy, but looking up we saw the sky was a bright blue. The mountains threw us into the shadows. After breakfast we went for a walk. Far up on the mountainside was a Catholic Church with natural stone steps leading up to it from the road below. We went up to the church then on up the mountain to "Jefferson Rock." This is a large rock that has been placed on small pillars. The story is that Thomas Jefferson made a speech from this rock in which he said, "It is worth crossing the ocean to look upon this scene." On the mountainside is also an old cemetery in which is buried the man who founded the place. His name, of course, was Harper and he was a ferryman.

We then went to see the John Brown monument. Most every one knows the story of John Brown of Civil War days and the song about him. At one side of the monument there are four steel tablets that tell of the capture of Harper's Ferry. These are at the railroad station.

That morning, daddy ordered a three-seated carriage and we took a ride up the mountain past our boarding house. We had to keep hold of the sides of the carriage to keep from falling out. On the top of the Heights was the Mountain House, a hotel which is very popular during the summer. We then drove to Bolivar Heights where daddy was captured in 1862. On the top of the Heights is a house built after the style of a castle. Daddy pointed out to us the position his company occupied during the battle and told us where a certain spring was located, and our driver told us it was still there. Daddy said he could still see his footprints in the sand. He always had a joke to tell.

We left Harper's Ferry that evening and arrived home the next night. On the train from Chillicothe we met Richard Spetnagle whom we had met the year before at Mackinac Island. He was on his way south for his health. This was another wonderful trip.

CHAPTER 17.

At the store, I met many traveling men and liked to talk to them and they seemed to like me, but I think they were a little afraid of me and perhaps I was of them.

My cousin, Jessie Wendel, who lived in Chicago for a few years, returned here with her mother and often came to the store to visit with me and we became quite good chums. On January 28th, 1903, I acted as bridesmaid for her when she married William H. Nye, of Lancaster. The wedding took place at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Blackmore, on West Market Street. The best man was Charles Ditto, of Lancaster, the minister, Rev. McNair, of the Presbyterian Church. It was an afternoon wedding. The groom and best man came after me in an open carriage with driver and two white horses, the regular wedding procedure. I felt quite awed and important. We had practiced the wedding march the night before so we had it all "down pat," as the saying is.

It was a solemn occasion to me, as weddings always are, and I think I cried as I usually do. Marriage is a solemn thing and one not to be taken lightly as it is often done. The excitement, parties, and presents are soon a memory and the hard facts of life then present themselves and it takes a lot of love and patience to meet and overcome them. I guess I have been a coward or, as a person said about me long ago, I "had too much sense to get married." I think it was that I loved my family and my home too much to ever leave them, and my father said he had not lost any sons-in-law and was not looking for any. The four of us, father, mother, sister Grace, and myself had many happy times together and I have never regretted that I stayed with them all to the end, even if now I am all alone and lonely.

After refreshments were served at the wedding, I went with the bride and groom and Mr. Ditto to the depot where they took the train to Columbus, and where they were to meet the fiancée of Mr. Ditto and all have dinner together. The Nyes went to Lancaster to live and I often visited them there. Mr. Nye was auditor later and an Elk and a Mason. They lived there a number of years, then moved to Columbus, where Mr. Nye died a few years ago. They had two sons, Charles and Richard, both now married and with children—two very nice families, both living in Columbus.

I forgot to mention before that daddy and mother had a surprise party given to them on their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, which is the silver one. A number of their friends got together and came to spend the evening and brought them a lovely silver sugar and cream set, and refreshments were served.

About this time we had our parlor furnished as I was at an age when I might be wanting to have some company. The front room on the west side had been used for a storage room, so now it became our parlor. Daddy bought the best of everything for it in furniture and draperies and we were quite proud of it. The room on the opposite side became our living room now, and the back room our dining room. Our kitchen was so large that we had used the front part for a dining room. The table had to be set in it for every meal, but now we left it set, which did away with much work.

I never had much to do with the house and nothing with the cooking as I was at the store helping daddy, but I did do some of the cleaning for I liked that and I also took care of the yard as I liked that, too. I loved to clean and scour pots and pans and do even to this day. When we would have a holiday from school, I used to spend the morning in the kitchen going over things. Rather a queer way to spend a holiday, but I guess I was different in a good many ways. I was used to getting up early and eating breakfast with the family. Daddy usually went to the store about six in

the summer and 6:30 in the winter. Stores all opened early, not at eight or nine o'clock as they do now. I would go to the store about nine, so that gave me quite a bit of time to work at home and I was never idle. None of us were ever wasters of time.

In 1905, death struck us again. Mother's brother, Peter Wendel, who had worked for us some at the store and lived in our home for a time, died suddenly on Easter Sunday. This necessitated our buying a new cemetery lot and we had to have Grandpa and Grandma Wendel and our infant baby moved to our present location, a double lot which now contains eleven of our family. There is a place there for me and some day I will be there with my dear ones.

I have to go back a little now to 1901 when we attended the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. We did not get to attend the Columbian World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, so wanted to attend this one.

We went in August. We first went to Sandusky and from there to Put-in-Bay by boat. We had a short wait there and that night took a boat to Cleveland and from there another boat to Buffalo. We arrived there in the afternoon and after having our supper at the hotel, retired early as we were all tired from our trip. We went to the exposition early the next morning. It was a beautiful day. Everything was wonderful to us and we scarcely know where to begin to look, as there were so many wonderful buildings, so we just started in and took them in as we came to them. The electric tower contained forty thousand electric lights and from the front of the tower gushed an immense volume of water which emptied into a basin which contained forty or fifty fountains arranged in long rows. This was called the Court of Fountains. We spent the day going through various buildings, often resting, as seats were provided everywhere.

We saw the life-saving drill, which was most interesting. There was a waterways representing the streets of Venice with gondolas and gondoliers, who talked and sang in Italian. We took the trip. We passed through a lighted grotto with moss and seaweed hanging from the top. It was built under the Triumphal Arch. It took about thirty minutes to make the trip and was one of the highlights. When we came out from the grotto, the lights were all being turned on in the grounds and it was a most beautiful sight.

In the evening, we took in the "Midway." On every side were bands or music of some kind and barkers for every amusement. The cry everywhere was "Have a look." The first place we stopped was "Darkness and Dawn," and here I had a little adventure. The West Point cadets were in camp just outside the grounds and many of the cadets were taking in the Midway. In this show, you would move around from place to place. One of the cadets became interested in me and in the last place, where we were seated, he came and sat beside me. He said his name was Cadet Phillips and he was from Cleveland, Ohio. He was fine-looking, tall, dark and handsome. He said they would be drilling the next afternoon at camp and invited me and my family to come and said he would show us around the camp. Of course, I was thrilled and wanted to go, but the family was not so interested and had other plans for that time, so my romance was nipped in the bud, but that was not quite the end as far as we were concerned.

We spent several days at the exposition then went to Niagara Falls, which is not far from Buffalo. We stopped at the National Hotel, which was un-

der the management of John Morrey, a native of Washington Court House. He married one of the Marks girls. We stayed at the Falls for several days and visited all the points of interest. We rode on "The Maid of the Mist," a small boat that goes up to within a short distance of the Falls. We had to don rubber suits as the mist was very heavy. We took a ride on the trolley car down the American side and back on the Canadian side, passing the Whirlpool Rapids where so many attempt to go through in a barrel.

We returned to Buffalo, this time staying at a rooming house called "Lakota," a three-story brick house with stone steps leading to the front door, very imposing. We learned that this had been the home of President Grover Cleveland when he was mayor of Buffalo. We visited the Exposition again for several days, then went back to Cleveland and Sandusky, then to Columbus—a fifteen-day vacation, and we were glad to get back home and think it all over.

Just two weeks from the time and about the same hour that we visited "The Temple of Music" at the exposition, President William McKinley was shot there and later died. I remember distinctly how shocked we all were when we heard the news. We could scarcely believe it to be true. Memorial services were held here and many prominent people participated. Miss Edith Gardner sang President McKinley's favorite hymn, "Lead Kindly light."

CHAPTER 18.

Going back now to people and places—on North Fayette Street, back of the corner now occupied by the Risch Drug Store, was the Dunn & Inskeep Dry Goods Stores, and later it was Dunn & Peddicord. They were the originators of tick mittens.

The original Mitten Factory here was the first of its kind in the world. In 1887, a Mrs. Clausson, of near Jeffersonville, made her men-folk mittens out of old ticking she had. The men displayed her handiwork to friends and neighbors. They came to the attention of J. C. Dunn and R. C. Peddicord. They formed a partnership and started to make tick mittens for local stores to sell. The factory was located on the second floor above the dry goods store. This is about where the Maddux Restaurant is located. The demand for the product was great and the business could have been greatly expanded if they had chosen to do so. Later, competition grew strong.

The factory was moved to the present location on East Temple Street in 1890 and other members taken into the firm. In recent years, it has been enlarged and is a very handsome and commodious building. The company employs a large number of people. Mr. Frank Jackson, the present manager and one of the owners, has been with the company since 1908. It is now known as The Jackson Glove Manufacturing Company.

The Shoop Harness Store was also within that half-square, about where the Cary Phillips Barber Shop is now located. Mr. Phillips has been in that location since 1911, going in with his father, Charles, now deceased.

On the other corner of the alley where the City Building is now located was the John Myers saloon, said to be the best and most quietly conducted one in town. I remember Mr. and Mrs. Myers very well. He and his first wife had six children: Julia, John, Henry, Lucy, Jose, and Agnes. His second wife, Nora, had one daughter, Mary. A number of the grandchildren live here, including Mary Frances Snider, who is a well-known business woman. There was a well with an iron pump in front of their

place, and I often went there to get drinking water, as few business places had water and all went to the public wells, of which there were several. I think there was also a pump on the Court House corner of Court and Main Streets. In those days, we also had hitching racks along the curbs for horses. After we had city water, we also had water troughs for horses and running water at the bottom of the troughs where the dogs could drink.

Next to the Myers saloon was the fire department and it is still located there but quite up-to-date and with good equipment. The fire company was organized in 1872. The equipment was hand-drawn, and, as I have stated before, my father was one of the volunteer firemen. Later the machines were horse-drawn and in 1913 the first automobile fire truck was put into service.

Next to the fire department was Charles Thornton's laundry, then it was Larrimer's Laundry, then the Marks Laundry and, before or between these, the Record-Republican newspaper was published here with Mr. Cadwallader, editor. It was later combined with the Herald. The Charles Thornton children were: Amos, James, Essyle and Eva. Charles and Al Thornton were sons of Amos Thornton who lived on East Court Street. He was one of the "Forty-Niners" who went to California during the gold rush. After leaving the laundry, Charles Thornton had a grocery on Washington Avenue for a few years. Later the father, Amos, and sons, Charles and Al, were interested in the coal business. The sons of Al were Frank and Dr. Robert Thornton.

McClelland's Feed Store was next and J. P. Harsha's Monument Works next. The Harshas had three daughters: Ora, who married J. M. (Morg) Baker, Edith, who married Clarence Frazier of Xenia, and Jessie, who married Rex Wells. She recently died.

Pat Dempsey had a saloon on the corner. The Dempsey family lived in the next square. There were several children, all very nice: Pete, who became a successful lawyer and lived in Columbus and who died a short time ago, Lucy, Charlie, Nell, who went to school when I did, and two other girls, one of whom married Oscar Kellofer.

In the next square north, on the northeast corner of East Market and North Fayette Streets, was the small house of old Aunt Wendel. Now there is a filling station there. I do not know what was there in the early days, but think the Wendel property extended to the alley. On this back part about 1901 was built the Smead Hot Water Heating Plant. It is said to have been the first of its kind in this country. Its inventor was Colonel Isaac Smead. It did not prove to be successful on account of its location, too far from a railroad and other things, and after a short time was discontinued. Later the Dayton Power & Light Company took over the equipment and pipe-lines with a plant located on East Street. Natural gas and electricity were then being used and provided by the Dayton Power & Light Company. A new building was erected on the corner of East and Main Streets in 1913. The hot water central heating was maintained until 1951, when it was discontinued, due, the company said, to pipe-lines and boilers giving out and increased costs of everything. The consumers, including ourselves, were very much disappointed, as that manner of heating to most of us had been very satisfactory, especially to those not too far from the plant. They replaced this heat by furnishing individual gas furnaces to all subscribers, but to be installed by the owners, which was quite costly. So far, the heat has been satisfactory but more costly to us.

The old Smead building has been used by several organizations. In 1912, the property was bought and rebuilt by the Knights of Pythias Lodge. It is at the present time occupied by the American Legion Post.

Across the alley Dr. Hazard had his office and home for a while. I do not remember who lived along there earlier, but Dempseys lived next and Nicholas Hay and family lived on the corner. In later years, Will Hay and his wife lived here, then they moved the old home east across the garden and remodeled it into the present stucco house where Mr. Hay lived until his recent death. A few years ago, Mr. Hoy O. Simons, of the Fayette Theater, built a beautiful modern home on that corner.

On the opposite corner across East Temple Street is the home of Will Dale, now deceased. The Dale children were Marie (Mrs. Stanley Schneider), Pauline (Mrs. Frank Jamison), and Wilma (Mrs. John Brown-ing).

I do not recall those living on down the street, but I do remember there was a hill at the end of the street and on down to Main Street and running down to the railroad, and in the winter children went there to coast on their sleds. I went there some and I also had ice skates, but never took much part in those sports. I guess the children of today do not know much about them either. Times have changed greatly.

The Fayette Grain Company, at the north end of Main Street, was incorporated in December, 1904. The president was James Ford, treasurer, William Worthington, board of directors, James Ford, Will S. Ford, E. A. Ramsey, William Worthington and John McDonald, who also was manager. It is now known as the McDonald Elevator. John McDonald continued as manager to the date of his death. Business has since been conducted by his sons, "Bush" and "Gus."

The McDonald family is one of the pioneer families of this county. The McDonalds have lived on South North Street for many years in the property built by and lived in by Mark (Marcus) Sager and family. The McDonald children were: John, Mary, (Sister Elizabeth Seaton), Regina (Focke), James, Margaret, Aloysius (Bush), Elizabeth, Brother Joseph, Augustus (Gus) and Francis. Margaret and Gus still live in the home place. Tom McDonald, brother of John, a good farmer, was a good friend of my father and of our family. I have very kind memories of him.

On the west side of North Fayette Street at Paint Street the Logans lived on the corner. Peddicords lived on that side also in the house now occupied by D. H. C. Bowen. In later years, Adam Beck and family lived on the northwest corner of Fayette and East Temple Streets. My Grandfather Duffee, I think, lived on the opposite corner when my father was a young boy. Up the street lived William Millikan, editor of the Herald newspaper. His home, a frame building, was later moved to the back of the lot and faced on the alley, where it may still be seen. On Fayette Street, it was replaced by a modern brick, two-family house.

Next lived Tom Hillery and family. The children were Olive, who married J. Earl Gidding, and Fred, who died of influenza at Great Lakes Naval Station in 1918, when there was such an epidemic.

The one-story frame house on the alley next to the Hillery home was occupied at one time by the Bradfute family and also by Henry Wills and for many years by the Geibelhouse family.

On the northwest corner of Fayette and Market Streets was the Fred Backenstow home, which I have mentioned before and in part of which my father, mother and sister lived.

On the southwest corner was the home of the Lemay sisters, Loujenia or Jean, and Kate (Catherine). They conducted a millinery shop in the front part. This corner is now occupied by the Eagles Lodge. The building was built by the Odd Fellows Lodge and they occupied the two upper floors. The Rebekahs also had their lodge there.

The Odd Fellows were noted at one time for their fine drill work and put on their work in many places. The Rebekah Lodge was organized in 1912 and became well-known for its drill work, too. Grace and I were members of the lodge and I became Noble Grand. I also took the part of "Columbia" in the drill work. Rell G. Allen was drill master and a good one. Grace was on the drill team. Sad to say, both lodges have almost gone into oblivion, but I think still retain their charters. A few of the old members still hold meetings which are mostly social. The work of the Rebekahs was very lovely and the feeling of comradeship high among the members, and it exists to this day among those who worked together in the order.

The first floor of the building was occupied by various concerns. The Stutson Store was there temporarily after the second fire at the Masonic Temple. The Fogle Hardware Store was also located there. The Eagles own and occupy the entire building at the present time.

Next, when the Lemays were there, was a small shop conducted by "Sis" Augustus. She had a son, "Babe," about my age. My mother bought a doll for me from Mrs. Augustus. I still have it. It is all wood and jointed and I have heard is worth now about fifty dollars.

Next was Dr. Bonsier's office, as I have mentioned before, and later occupied by Dr. Gribble, a veterinarian. Various businesses have been located there, including at one time the Chamber of Commerce. It is now occupied by Dr. F. M. Haines.

The next building was the Foster House, a hotel, then later called the Arcade Hotel. Later it became the Arcade Livery Barn. A part of this building to the north was occupied by Al Melvin's Furniture Store. A few years after this portion had been torn down, the old Arcade Livery Barn was remodeled and a new building was added to replace where the furniture store had been. The whole building is now occupied by Carroll Halliday, Inc., the local Ford Agency.

Across the alley, in a row, was the Casey saloon, the Tom Hillery saloon, and the Bannon saloon. They were all quiet, well-conducted places. These have been replaced by modern and well-known places of business and the street is now a credit to the city. These saloons in the early days were frequented by a number of high-class gamblers, as gamblers were very prevalent in those days. Pete Smith was a gambler or bartender in one of these places. He was a nice-looking man and well-liked.

I have told of South Fayette Street from Court Street to East Street so I will now take the south side of East Street to Main Street. On the corner was the James Pursell home. Mr. Pursell was a progressive business man and took an active part in the affairs of the town. He had a lumber

yard on Fayette Street which extended to the railroad and beyond. His children were: Harry, Charles, Mrs. Joe Knight and Miss Sallie Pursell. Mrs. Knight had a daughter, Ruby. Harry's children were: Marie, Lawrence, and James. Charlie's children were: Georgia, who married John Rodgers, Harry, and Helen. Charlie married Anna Ford. Charlie Pursell carried on the business after his father's death. The family later moved to Boise, Idaho. James Pursell, son of Harry, is a well-known painter here and also an artist.

The Armory, built in 1919, occupies the site of the old Pursell home, which was moved from the lot and is now located on the east side of Short Street just back of the home of Mrs. Clarence Baer. Two homes occupied the site of the lumber yard on Fayette Street for a number of years. The site is now occupied by the garage of the Dayton Power & Light Company.

On East Street, next to the Pursell home, was a vacant lot until the old Gas Company, under the management of Jerome Penn, built an office there. It has since been occupied by transformers and buildings housing machinery of the Dayton Power & Light Company, and now the transformers are being removed. The huge smokestack for the hot water heating plant was torn down last year, and so progress goes on.

In the next building, still standing, P. J. Burke, Sr., had his monument shop, which was established there in 1868. After the Burke Company moved to the northwest corner of East and South Fayette Streets, the building was occupied by a chicken hatchery and is now a storage room for the Dayton Power & Light Company.

Whites had a shoe factory on the corner of East and Main Streets. Later Welton & Baker had a wholesale grocery there. The Dayton Power & Light Company took over this point. They built a fine new building in 1913. The hot water heating plant was abandoned in 1951.

Across the street on the southwest corner was the old C. & M. V. Railroad depot, abandoned a good many years ago by the railroad when automobiles about put passenger trains and freight trains, too, out of business. It was idle for a number of years, then the Brownell Packing Company, which had also gone down the line for some reason, occupied it for a few years. Then it was idle again. Now it is occupied by a second-hand or used furniture store. It was from here trains were run to the Fayette County Fair every year until automobiles also made a change in that.

Across on the opposite corner, as I remember, was the Gardner House, a rooming and boarding house. It sat back in a yard that had an iron fence around it. I have heard it was the old home of the Elys who were connected with the Ely & Stimpson Wholesale Grocery Company.

The Melvin or Imperial Hotel was built on this site. It burned to the ground in the big fire that swept almost two squares on New Year's Eve, 1911, when the Dahl-Millikan Wholesale Grocery Company, the Fayette County Hardware Store, Stutson's Dry Goods Store and the Masonic Temple, in which the store was located, were entirely destroyed and many others badly damaged. I remember it very distinctly. It was bitterly cold. Our place of business and our home were not far away, and we feared flying brands might reach even to our places. It was a bad beginning for the New Year.

A wholesale grocery company had been on South Main Street for many years. I think about the first was Ely & Stimpson, then Stimpson Broth-

ers, then Dahl & Baer, then Dahl-Millikan and Dahl-Campbell, and then the Midland Grocery Company, under which name it is still in business.

The ground occupied by the Masonic Temple was occupied by the home of Joe Steinhart and family. Many, many years after the Steinharts left here, the children, Sol, Lew, and Bertha, visited here and went to see the old home which was moved to Washington Avenue and is now the Washington Avenue Grocery. I have heard that before the Masonic Temple was built, that besides the home of Joe Steinhart and family, the place was occupied by Henkle's Coal Yard and Scales and that Ira Walker had a shooting gallery there.

I have not been able to find out much about when the Masonic Temple was built, only that the cornerstone was laid May 12th, 1897, and that the first Masonic Temple fire was September 11th, 1898. I do remember about the fire. I think it was around one o'clock on a Sunday afternoon. We had been out to dinner and stopped across the street to look at the fire. Daddy saw some of the Masons carrying out some of their things from the second story so he went over to help. We, of course, were very much frightened. The building had not been built very long at that time. The loss was around \$100,000. Stutson's store occupied the first floor. The fire started, I think, in the basement of the store. The stock was not burned so badly and was removed to a room down the street and a fire sale was held. The building was at once rebuilt and Stutson's again occupied the first floor and basement.

The second fire occurred on Saturday night, the last day of the year in 1911, and was very destructive, destroying many buildings. We took some very good pictures of the first fire. The destroyed building were at once rebuilt, but other businesses went into some of them. The Imperial Hotel was not rebuilt. Stutson's went back into the Masonic Temple Building. After Mr. Stutson's death in 1916, the management was taken over by his son-in-law, Renick Boggs, to 1928. Rollo Johnson was manager from 1928-1932. George Steen took over in 1932 and the store, now known as The Steen Dry Goods Company, is still in business there.

Buildings north of the Masonic Temple were occupied by various businesses during the years. I remember Mrs. Harris having a millinery shop in the first one. She had a son, Jim Shue. He and his wife helped in the store. Mrs. William Bybee also had a millinery store there. At one time, Junius Hicks also had a shoe store in that room. Upstairs F. A. Spencer had a photograph gallery. Robert Edge, an attorney, had his office there and also his insurance business. The insurance business is still run by his wife, Margaret, and his sister, Mary.

Harry Boyer had a drug store in one of the lower rooms which are now occupied by Moore's. On the corner, upstairs with an outside stairway, was the Willett Photograph Gallery, then T. W. DeWees occupied the same location, followed by Herbert Campbell and Delbert Hays—all good photographers. Now there is a beauty parlor in that location.

Downstairs, on the corner, Richard Millikan had a bookstore and newsstand for years. The post office also was there, then B. F. Leland, who had been a telegraph operator, opened a newsstand and later moved north on Main Street. George Cheney had a shoe store here and then George Revelis had a newsstand. He formerly had the Palace Theater. His

brother had the news-stand until his death, and now Rifes have a bookstore there.

I have told of the First National Bank on the northwest corner of Court and Main Streets and what was there in past years. Next, as I remember, in earlier years was the Adams Express Company office. Next to it was Henry Glicksman's Dry Goods Store. Henry was quite a character. I think I have told of him before and of Mrs. Reynolds, who worked for him for many years. Samuel Daneman, a Jew, had a dry goods store in one of the rooms now occupied by the Carpenter Hardware Store. They were very nice people and moved to Dayton long ago. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hershey clerked there, I think, when they first came to this place, and I think bought out the Danemans. They later were both employed at the Frank L. Stutson Dry Goods Store in the Masonic Temple Building.

The Ford Hardware Store was established by James and Will S. Ford in 1888 on Main Street. They were the sons of E. L. Ford who had a store in Milledgeville. The sons continued in business together until February, 1921, when the business was sold to L. F. Carpenter and his son, Belford, who came here from Logan, Ohio. The Carpenters enlarged the store, taking in what had been the Geiblehouse pool-room. Mr. L. F. Carpenter passed away in December, 1952, but the business is still conducted by his son, Belford.

George Geiblehouse had a pool-room next to the Ford Hardware Store. Louie Gross worked for him, and I think ran the business for the family for a while after Mr. Geiblehouse's death. Louie then bought it and moved to East Court Street where he is now located in his own building. He is a great baseball fan and has missed only one of the opening games of the Reds of Cincinnati.

Next to the pool-room was a very small, narrow room which was Bert Ellis's jewelry store.

Next was an old frame building. I do not remember the early people there, but it was once the Midland Hotel, a farmers' hotel. Later, Mrs. Anna Morgan had a hat shop there, and it was a boarding house for a number of years. Jess and Glenn Blackmore had a boarding house there for a while. The Blackmores were very good friends of ours. They had four children: Irene, Walter, Frances (named for my mother), and Romaine. Jess was a brother of John Blackmore and Mary Wendel, and Glenn was raised by Mr. and Mrs. David Hopkins. She had a sister, Don, who married Frank Hagerty. They had a daughter, Mamie Hagerty, who married Charles Crepps. Dr. R. M. Hughey, eye specialist, had an office in the old Midland Hotel building for a while also. My uncle, George Duffee, had a grocery on this side of the office and was murdered there. I will tell of it later. At the present time that site is occupied by the very up-to-date J. C. Penny Company store, built by Robert Edge in 1925. It burned to the ground on a Sunday in 1935. It was at once rebuilt by Mrs. Robert Edge, the present owner, and is one of the good stores of our city.

Across the alley is the Bert Harper building. I do not know the original owners. Many businesses have been in the building during the years. It is a three-story building and used to have a porch with an iron railing across the front. Mrs. William Bybee had a millinery store in the corner room, and at one time a man by the name of Nash had a bookstore there. Now it is occupied by the Dot Food Store, one of the stores that

still deliver and where I trade on that account, as I about broke myself down carrying groceries during the war when there were no deliveries. They have a very efficient and accommodating staff of clerks. At the present time, they are: Victor Rohde, who served nineteen months in World War II, is married and has two boys and a girl, and has been employed in the store for twelve years; Ralph Baughn, in the meat department, was in World War II for forty-one months in North Africa, Sicily, France, and Germany, is married and has one boy, has been at Enslen's seven years; Mrs. Grace Reed, bookkeeper and clerk, has been employed in the store several years, is married and has two girls; Miss Doris Brown, clerk, who was employed for some time, but is now married and retired. The delivery boy is Richard Southworth. They liked to kid me so that is why I am putting them in this book.

Next to Enslen's Dot Food Store is the Goody Shoppe, which has been there for many years. Formerly it was the Oak Pool Room. Cussins & Fearn occupy the room where Cay Green and T. C. Rapp once had a clothing store, then Jess Smith had a dry goods store there for many years. Clerks at the Jess Smith store were: Laura and Lizzie Smith, Grace Miller, Goldie Allen, Nora Findley, Lela Heglar, Margaret Shannon, Chloe Myers, Delbert Custis, Jess Feagans, and many others. Miriam Perdue was the bookkeeper and Robert Baker was the colored delivery man and general handy man. Later he drove a car for Jess. In Jess's will many of the clerks and Robert Baker were remembered.

Jess was the son of Mrs. Os Smith and spent most of his young life in the south with relatives. He was the stepson of Os Smith, who was a cigar salesman. He had a stepsister, Chloe, who died young. She was in my room at school when she passed away. She was a very lovely young girl. Mrs. Os Smith was a very handsome woman, large and statuesque and very prominent in social circles as was her son, Jess.

Poor Jess, he had better have kept to his store. He got into politics through his friend, Harry Daugherty, who became Attorney-General during the Harding administration. He went to Washington, and, although he never had an official position, he seemed to have been mixed up in some shady deals and was made the goat and paid with his life. Some think that he was murdered, others that he committed suicide. He was very well liked here and every one was sorry he came to such a sad end.

Jess was married to Roxie Stinson. They were separated, but apparently remained good friends. Roxie was the daughter of Mrs. Eldora Stinson, who conducted a conservatory of music on the second floor of the building in which Jess's store was located. Roxie was good-looking and brilliant. She went abroad to study voice. I knew her at school, but did not really know her until the First World War when she did me quite a favor.

I had no one over there whom I knew or wished to write to, but I wanted to do something for some one. I read in the Columbus Dispatch one day that three soldiers from Belgium were visiting in Columbus and they had friends in Belgium who wanted to correspond with American girls. They gave the names and addresses of several so I selected one and wrote to him. Some time passed and I did not hear, so I about forgot about it, then one day a letter came. It was not from the man to whom I had written but from a friend of his. He said the other man received so many let-

ters he could not answer them all so turned mine over to him. It was written in French so, of course, I could not read it. I thought, "What will I do?" Then I remembered Roxie had lived in France for some time so I got in touch with her and she had me come to her apartment and she translated the letter for me. His name was Emmanuel Hanness and he was a lieutenant in the cavalry. Of course, I answered but in English and suppose he also had to have it translated. In his next letter, he said he was studying English and hoped soon to be able to write to me in English, and he was. It was very good English, too, sometimes a little queerly expressed but understandable. He sent me pictures of himself and he was very good-looking. One was on his horse. When the war ended, he went back to his home in Liege, not knowing if any of his people were still alive. He found them, especially a sister whose husband was a banker. He sent me a picture of his little niece. She was a very sweet-looking little girl of about four years. He went to work in a former position as foreman in a large colliery. He thought some of coming to America, then I began to get "cold feet." We wrote for quite a while, then gradually drifted apart. I often thought of him though and wondered what had become of him, so ten years later I decided to see if I could find out. I do not remember just where I wrote to get his address, but I got it and wrote to him and received an answer. I was very glad to hear from him. He had married and said he thought his wife looked something like the pictures of me. He sent their pictures and she really did favor me. Just at that time he was not very well. He had had a lot of worry which affected his nerves. It seemed that he had inherited quite a bit of money and he and some others, through him, formed a company to manufacture something and the company failed. He felt responsible and that he must pay back the stockholders. That took all that he had and he and his wife were almost destitute. It was during the depression here and things were bad there also, so I knew how he felt. The last letter I received was from his wife and she said he was in bad shape mentally, so I am afraid he died. I still think about them and wish I knew just what happened to them.

Roxie was very nice in translating several letters for me and during my visits she talked so nicely about her mother, who later died from the effects of an automobile accident, so I have always had a very warm feeling for her.

Jess Smith disposed of his store to Cliff Reed and Robert Osborn and, as I have said, the Cussins & Fearn Company store now occupies the location.

Office rooms on the second floor of that building were also at one time occupied by the Edge Insurance Company and by Jared F. Adams, an insurance man. The next two rooms were at one time owned by Dr. J. F. Dennis and he had his dentist's office on the second floor. Dr. C. E. Page, also a dentist, at one time had an office there. In later years, Dr. C. C. Hazard, a very good osteopath, had his office there for a while. He moved from there to North Fayette Street, where he died.

I do not remember just what was in the two store rooms on the first floor, only that after the first Masonic Temple fire the Stutson Dry Goods Company had a fire sale in the room to the right. Mother, Grace, and I went the morning it was opened. Such a mob—we thought we would be crushed. They only let in a few at a time. People bought things they had no need of just because they thought they were getting a bargain. B. F.

Leland moved from the southwest corner of Court and Main Streets with his bookstore or newsstand into that room and was there until his death. His daughter, Esther, who had assisted in the store, carried on the business until her marriage to Leonard Milton and then moved to St. Louis. She died a few years ago. She had a brother, Ed, who married Effie Snyder, step-daughter of J. D. Post, and there were two other brothers, Ben and Arthur. Arthur still lives here and is connected with the General Grocery Company. Ed died in 1953.

Dr. G. D. Blakeley had his office in a small room next. Dr. and Mrs. Blakeley and her mother, Mrs. Prudden, lived on North Hinde Street across the alley from the Presbyterian Manse. At the death of the Blakeleys a few years ago, the home became the property of the Presbyterian Church, together with a large sum of money that was willed to the church by both Dr. and Mrs. Blakeley. This office room is now occupied by the newsstand of George Revelis, which was on the corner of Main and Court Streets. On the corner of Main and Market Streets is the three-story Burnett building which I think I have told about before, but I will add that at one time the Sam Sing Chinese Laundry was in the room now occupied by the Main Restaurant.

The Cherry Hotel is on the northwest corner of Main and Market Streets. The first hotel was a two-story frame building which faced on Market Street near the corner and was built by Harvey Cherry during the Civil War. Mr. Cherry ran the hotel for many years. When the present brick building was built by Dr. J. F. Dennis, the old building was moved west on Market Street to the alley and became known as the Cherry Flats. In the early part of 1952, a bad fire destroyed part of this building, but part of it has been rebuilt and is again occupied by Dr. J. A. Farr and Dr. Stewart Smith, who had occupied part of the building previously. The portion on the alley has not been rebuilt. The name of the hotel has never been changed although there have been many different proprietors. I do not remember them all, but George Browne was one and there was a Major Shaw.

It may be of further interest to add here that Harvey Cherry built the brick house on the southeast corner of South North and Cherry Streets, now owned by Richard R. Willis. After Mr. Cherry sold it, it became the home of Mike Herbert and then was purchased by John Logan. Mr. Willis purchased it at the settlement of Mrs. Logan's estate.

After Dr. J. F. Dennis bought the Cherry Hotel, it was operated by his son-in-law, C. Howard Griffis, who married Maggie Belle Dennis. They had one son, John Creighton, who became well-known in movie circles in Hollywood and died there a few years ago. There was another daughter, Ruth Dennis, who married Dr. Michael Creamer, who was raised in this city. They moved to California where he died several years ago. She still resides there. The Dennises were prominent in the Presbyterian Church and Mrs. Dennis was very active in the church societies. Howard Griffis died several years ago. The property is still under the management of the Dennis heirs, and the building has been remodeled several times and is quite modern and a good hotel.

On the Main Street side at one time, on the site of that part of the present Cherry Hotel which is occupied by the Union Bus Station, stood a small frame house with a mansard roof. This was the office of Dr. S. S.

Salisbury, later occupied by Dr. Neil B. Jones and family, who afterwards lived across the alley from us in the old Bailey or McLean home for more than thirty years. Dr. Salisbury lived in the adjoining frame home, which stood very close to the street. Later the office building was moved to make room for an addition to the hotel and is now located at 734 Broadway. The Salisbury residence was purchased by Mr. George Jackson, who later moved it off of the lot and built the present home now occupied by his daughter, Emma, and her companion, Mrs. Sada Baker. The old Salisbury home is now located at 702-704 East Temple Street. The Jacksons were prominent Presbyterians also, and Mrs. Jackson was active in all of the church societies. There were three children: George, deceased, Emma, and Frank, who with his wife lives on West Market Street next to the Presbyterian Church. They have two daughters, both married. Mrs. Jackson was Ethel Craig. The Frank Jackson home is located on the site of the former H. W. Crozier home. As I have mentioned before, Mr. Crozier operated the old Arlington House on the southwest corner of Court and Fayette Streets, but later moved to the West Market Street location.

Across the alley on Main Street from the George Jackson home in the early days was the home of John Blackmore and family. Later, Mr. Sam Cissna built a fine home on this site. Mr. Cissna was owner of an elevator and in later years was a banker. The Cissnas had two daughters: Attie, who married Parker Tanzey and later married Edward Kinnear, whose first wife was Rose Kinnear, (a sister of Mrs. Nat Barnett), and Emma, who married James Crawford, of Jamestown or Xenia. A son, John Cissna, married Lucy Miller, a sister of Madge Miller McCrea, who was known for the fine fancy-work that she did and which was displayed at the county fairs and won many awards. When the husbands of Attie and Emma died, they came to live with the parents. The father died first. After their mother's death they continued to live in that home until they both died a few months apart in 1945. They were very good friends of Grace and me and we often visited them and they us. The only time I was ever, up to that time, away for Christmas dinner was spent at their home. Grace had sprained her ankle on the stairs of the home of Mrs. A. F. Hopkins when we were attending a Christmas meeting of the Presbyterian Guild, and we went in a taxi. Aunt Allie and Aunt Clara were with us. We had a very pleasant time and a wonderful turkey dinner, but I still missed being at home. They were odd in their ways, but we liked them and missed them very much when they were gone. Attie remembered us in her will with a very lovely Oriental rug.

Next to the Blackmores, in the house now occupied by Dr. and Mrs. J. A. McCoy, lived Judge John J. Harper and his wife. His son, Joe, was an attorney and partner with his father in his law office. He later for many years was connected with the Herald Publishing Company. Retiring from newspaper work, he again opened a law office but, due to the ill health of his wife and himself, he gave up his practice. He married Nina Silcott. They have two children, Helen (Mrs. V. F. Crawford) and Howard, now also connected with the Record-Herald Publishing Company. Mrs. Joseph Harper passed away in 1953.

The Lamon Steinhart family lived next to the Harpers on North Main Street and next to them on the corner was the Oscar Baker family. There was one son, Wilbur. Oscar Baker was of the firm of Welton & Baker Wholesale Grocery Company. The Bakers moved to California many years ago.

On the east side of Main Street, and just a short distance from the corner of Market Street, was a small house occupied at one time by the Mr. Nash, who had the bookstore in the room now occupied by Enslen's Dot Food Store. Later, this house was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Reed and also of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Baker.

One the south side of the alley, where the brick portion of the Washington Hotel now stands, was the home of James Adams whose children were George and Alice. Later Alice, who had married E. G. Tuthill, the carriage maker, had the well-known Tuthill's Boarding-house there. Their children were: Mary, Grace, and a son, Emmer. This old landmark was moved to make way for the present brick structure, and is now at 901-903 Washington Avenue.

Across the alley is the house now owned and occupied by the Elks Lodge. This was built by Dr. J. F. Dennis and was the Dennis home until they moved into the Cherry Hotel.

The large brick house now occupied by the Gerstner Funeral Home was originally the home and office of Dr. C. A. Foster.

At one time the portion of the brick building on the northeast corner of East Market and North Main Streets, now occupied by the Washington Hotel Coffee Shop, was occupied by H. R. Rodecker's Bookstore, and in earlier days the room to east of this was the location of Richard Millikan's Bookstore, as evidenced for years by a portion of his sign painted on the front wall of the building. Very faint evidence of it can still be seen.

East of this building, in about the present location of the brick apartment house and offices belonging also to the Washington Hotel, was a small one-story brick building. A distinctive feature was the flight of steps leading up to a landing in front of the door and going down on the other side, making a double stairway. It is said that this was the first brick school house in Washington—a private school which was not successful and did not last long. At one time, it was occupied by the bookstore of a Mr. Ustick. At other times a dentist, a Dr. Bryant, had his office here and so did a Dr. Rodger, a physician. It was also used as a residence by Mrs. Lena Robinson, a widow, and her three children, Lizzie (Lever), Kate and Joe. Later photographs show that T. J. Hall had his dry cleaning establishment here.

Next to this building was a two-story brick residence raised above the street level on a terrace, and having a narrow balcony with an iron railing outside the front windows on the second floor. This approximate location is now occupied by the office and residence of Dr. and Mrs. I. L. Pumphrey. It was known as Mrs. Posey's boarding-house at one time, when she and her son, Lash A. Posey, lived here. At some time, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Millikan lived here with their daughters: Elizabeth, Mary (Mrs. H. W. Crozier), Elvira, Josephine (Mrs. Joseph Wilson), and Alice (Mrs. William A. Card). It was owned by Dr. J. F. Dennis at one time and was occupied by various families from time to time, among them a physician, Dr. Davis, and his sons, Ross and Heber, Charlie Gossard and his sister, Josie, and Mr. and Mrs. Mal Daugherty. The last families to occupy it were those of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Smith, who lived upstairs, and Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Jamison, who lived downstairs. Mrs. Smith was the former Belle Foster, daughter of Captain Charles Foster, and the Smith children

were: Wilbert, J. Edmund, and Marie, who later married Harry Matthews. While he lived here, Mr. Smith built a brick building adjoining the house and located in line with the sidewalk. At that time, it was used as a livery barn. Now it is occupied by offices and shops.

Across the alley from this livery barn was a small frame house built by Joseph Plumb. A Mrs. Sturtevant and her son, Frank, lived here. He was the general freight agent for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. This small house was torn down and later this lot became the location of our one and only outdoor motion picture theater, known as the Airdome. This theater could accommodate a fairly large audience and the seats were long plank benches with backs. The Airdome was built by J. Edmund Smith in 1914 and was continued until about 1917. At the same time, he operated the Palace Theater on East Court Street, which location is now being remodeled into a business room. The Airdome was quite a novelty and made very attractive by an immense elm tree which stood in the northeast corner near the back of the lot. It has since been removed and the site is now occupied by a filling station, one of several belonging to Mr. Smith, who established a chain of filling stations and built up an extensive business before his death in 1946.

The Weltons of the firm of Welton & Baker lived on Hinde Street. There were two daughters, Maude and Myrtle. Maude married Harley Bostwick, of Mt. Sterling, and Myrtle, a Mr. Riley, a shoe man of Columbus. She is still living in Columbus and is a widow.

Next to the Weltons lived William Millikan or "Buzzy" as he was often called. He was connected with the Herald Publishing Company with his father from 1868, and was active there until a few years before his death. Mrs. Millikan was another active worker in the Presbyterian Church. There were three children: Susie, who married Fuller Hess, brother of Lucy Holmes, Pauline, who married Gerrie Spragg, and a little boy who went to school when I did. He died, I think in about the second grade. His name was Hugh and he died from scarlet fever.

Next to the Millikans lived Frank Johnson and family. They had one child, Mary Elizabeth, who has been librarian at the Carnegie Library for many years. She still lives in the old home. Mrs. Johnson was Melissa Millikan, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Curran Millikan.

Going back a square on Hinde Street, Johnny Wilson had his tin shop on the corner and lived next to it. Mr. Charles Phillips, the barber, and his wife lived on the alley for many years. Across the alley lived the Hammers. Mr. William Hammer was a carpenter. There were several children, among them Pearl and Georgiana, whom I knew best, and Wilma, Raymond, Howard, and Otis. On the corner, Mr. R. S. Quinn built a very lovely home. There were two children in this family, Mary, who married Robert Palmer, and Anne, who married Mr. Ed Poage, of Cincinnati or a town in Kentucky. I remember a funny incident when one of Anne's admirers, I think it was Mr. Poage, came to see her. Automobiles had just come into existence; none had ever been here. This young man had one of the first ones and shipped it here on the train to drive around town. Crowds collected wherever they stopped. It caused quite a sensation.

After the death of the Quinns, the property was bought by Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hershey, and Mrs. Hershey lived there after his death and

until she passed away. She also was very active in the Presbyterian Church. Miss Mary Pinkerton, who was in the post office for many years, had an apartment in the Hershey home. Louise Hershey Mytinger, wife of Dr. George Mytinger, of Chillicothe, still owns the home. Louise was a very popular and lovely girl when she lived here and had a beautiful contralto voice. She often visits here and has retained her beauty and her lovely voice.

On the corner where the post office now stands was a livery barn which I first remember belonged to Jack Hays, as he was called. He and his family lived on South North Street on the southwest corner of Cherry Street. The family was quite well-known. Ida worked in Craig's store for many years. Her sister, Edith, married John Durant who also worked at Craig's. Several years after her death he married her sister, Ida. The son, Harry Hays, was express agent here for many years. He married Lizzie Wendel, a distant cousin of ours. Persis Hays married Howard McLean.

The livery barn had other owners, but I do not remember them now except Jack Hays and O. L. Blackmore. It is said that one of the early schools was located on this corner also. Later a mill was there, then the livery barns, then the post office. A post office was established in Washington Court House in 1813. It has occupied various sites. In 1907 and for several years, it was on the first floor of the Memorial Hall Building. The present post office on the corner of Market and Hinde Streets was built in 1926. Plans have been made to enlarge the building, but are being held up for the present time due to unsettled world conditions. Postmasters have been: Henry L. Robinson, 1866 to 1883; Thomas D. McElwaine, 1883 to 1887; James N. Deer, 1887 to 1889; O. D. Smith, 1889 to 1894; Robert Palmer, 1894 to 1899; J. G. Gest, 1899 to 1907; John Culhan, 1907 to 1916; Sherman Murry, 1916 to 1920; Horace Ireland, 1920; Glenn B. Rodgers, 1920 to 1938; William E. Passmore, 1938 to 1953, the present time.

On the opposite corner is the Presbyterian Church, built in 1888. There is some talk that it is to be torn down and a new one erected. I hope not, as the old church is dear to me and to many others. A new one could never take its place, and, for my part, I think it could be enlarged and remodeled and be in good condition for many, many years.

Next to the church was the manse. Across the alley was the home of Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Blakeley, which is now the manse as I have mentioned before. Next was the home of J. D. Post, and, on the corner, the large imposing house was the home in the early days of Elmer Welsheimer and family. There were three children: Ott, Olive (Mrs. John Ging) and Lulu (Mrs. William A. Carlough), who is the only one of that family now living. Mr. Welsheimer was clerk of courts for thirteen years, county treasurer for eight years, and also was the first cashier of the Midland National Bank. In later life, he was a rural mail carrier.

This home was later occupied by Mal Daugherty and family. Mrs. Daugherty was Lizzie Heglar, sister of Mrs. Charles Ballard and Marie McLean (Mrs. D. T. McLean). The Daughertys had one son, Ellis, who is in the radio business here. Harry Daugherty, a brother of Mal, married Miss Lucy Walker. They had two children, Draper and Emily. The Daughertys were a well-respected family. The old Daugherty home, where the mother lived for many years, was on the southwest corner of West

Court and Hinde Streets. The location is now occupied by a filling station and business rooms. Harry Daugherty became an attorney and went to Columbus to practice. He met Warren Harding and they became good friends. During Harding's administration as president, Harry became Attorney-General. The administration is said to have been one of the most corrupt and many queer things happened, even the death of the president. Harry Daugherty and Jess Smith were implicated in some of the shady transactions. Jess paid with his life and Harry became a marked man. Harry and his wife are buried in a private mausoleum in the Washington Cemetery. Mrs. Harry Daugherty, when they lived here, had a beautiful voice and sang in the churches and took part in many social affairs. Emily died in 1953. Draper died many years ago.

Mal Daugherty was active in the Midland Bank. He was connected with some of the scandal caused by his brother and with affairs connected with the bank, so that he also became a marked man. Harry and Mal were fine young men. My uncles, the Wendel boys, grew up with them, and my father and all of our family had a kindly feeling for them. They got off on the wrong foot some way and lost out in the game of life. Ellis is the only one of the family now living.

Across the street from the Daughertys, on the northeast corner of Hinde and Temple Streets, was the home of Jess Smith and his mother. On the northwest corner was the old Ford home. The children were: Anna, who married Charley Pursell, Bess, who went to school when I did and later married and moved away, and Frank, whom they called "Hawkshaw," I think, because he tried to be an amateur detective. The house is gone now.

Aunt Jane Davis lived on down on the west side of Hinde Street—on the north side of the alley—and kept a boarding and rooming house where young men and young women roomed, and "matches" were often made. Dr. Charles Sadders lived next. He was a dentist. They had one daughter, Evelyn—now Mrs. Truman Arnold. A. M. Stubbs and family lived next. He was a tinner. There were two children, a son, Slee, and a daughter, Martha. Later Charles Briggs built a nice home there. Mrs. Briggs' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearce, lived next on the corner. They had two children, Bess and Perse. The Briggses had one daughter, Mary Ellen. Mrs. Briggs and Mary Ellen now live in the Pearce home. Perse married and had one son, Henry, who lives away from here. Mr. Pearce was a fine machinist, and had a shop back of his home on West Paint Street. In the early days, he was connected with the fire department and worked on many jobs of importance.

North of the Jess Smith home were several houses. I do not remember just who lived in them, but the Whelpleys lived in one and on the corner live Maggie Ott. The less said of her, perhaps, the better, but she was a fine-looking woman and a good dresser and well-liked by many. Most every one has some good quality and some are far better than they seem to be and some are worse.

The little old Baltimore & Ohio Railroad depot was across the street and down a short distance. It was on the other side of the railroad tracks and the far side was built up on sort of stilts as the ground was low there. It used to be fun, when I was a young girl, to go to the depot to see the passenger trains come in and there were many trains then. There were

not as many amusements then as there are now. In 1916, a very handsome new union depot was built on this side of the railroad. Due to the automobiles, passenger trains are scarcely used now, and the lovely, modern station is dusty and little used. It is too bad. There are many people, even not so young, who have never ridden on a train, although they may have traveled long distances in autos.

Across the railroad, north of Paint Street, is the Willis Lumber Company between the B. & O. and the C. H. & D. Railroads, but it is not as large as at one time. I have not been able to find just when it was established, but it was before 1890. The chair factory in Millwood belonged to the company. It was incorporated in 1898, but burned to the ground in 1900, following a dance held there by one of the Willis girls, I have heard. It was rebuilt at once. The Morton Showcase Company now occupies the building. Connected with the company were J. W. Willis, Harry Hosier, Frank Flee, Jasper Chapman, A. B. Lukens, and Eskeridge Post, father of Mrs. Harry M. Rankin. Mr. Post and Mr. Chapman were both killed in accidents while connected with the company. Miss Jennie Spangler, sister of Mrs. J. W. Willis, was bookkeeper for many years. Gertrude Lawill also was bookkeeper. She later married Professor Mendenhall, a teacher in our schools. Miss Spangler married Abe Shultz, well-known here then. Ernest Ellies and Stella Kanable were also connected with the chair factory. Mr. Ellies married Mabel Darling. They had three children, Virginia, Edric, and David. Stella Kanable married Jesse Blackmer. There were several Willis children: Willard, Bess, Lina, Helen, Robert, Charles, Carrie, Richard, and Willis. Mrs. Willis took an active part in religious work of the Baptist Church and other organizations, and at one time was a member of the city school board.

Millwood, which at one time contained very few houses, is now built up almost solid and has many small homes. It is quite a manufacturing center also. The Hagerty Shoe Company has been located there for many years, moving to that location from South Fayette Street. Originally, I think it was the White Shoe Company. Several blocks south on Lakeview Avenue is the Brown-Brockmeyer Company which manufactures electric motors. Over on Dayton Avenue is the Cudahy Packing Company. It occupies the site and buildings of the original "Sales Barn" which was erected in 1905, and at that time was considered the largest sales stable in America where public sales of horses, cattle, and hogs might be held. It was one hundred feet by six hundred feet in dimension, and was heated by steam and lighted by electricity. There were balconies and boxes provided for spectators. Several horse shows were given there, which were real society events. Of course, the four of us attended these. The fine horses were paraded before the spectators and there was fancy riding by both men and women.

North of the Sales Barn, upon a hill with Paint Creek below, was the large brick house built by Curran Millikan. There was an old mill, originally built by Jesse Millikan about 1817. Steam power was added about 1840 by the son, Curran, and this old mill stood for many years until it was torn down to make way for the Sales Barn. The Millikan family lived in the brick house for many years. Mr. and Mrs. Curran Millikan were the parents of Melissa Millikan Johnson, wife of Frank Johnson and mother of Mary Elizabeth Johnson. They also had two other daughters, Emily, who married Colonel John Stuckey, and Catherine. The only son,

Herman, was killed in a train accident. After the Mlilikans, the home was occupied by John Persinger and family. Children in this family were: Charles, Jesse, Carey, Minnie (Mrs. John Case), Emma (Mrs. Harry Pugsley), Fannie, and Rilla. Colonel John Stuckey and his family lived across the street from the Millikan house in the large two-story brick home which he built there. At one time, it was occupied by the D. I. Worthington family, and at present is owned by Ralph Hickman. The Stuckey children were: Blanche, Clara (Mrs. George H. Hitchcock), and Grace. They moved from here to Cincinnati many years ago, although Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock lived here until his death. She then returned to Cincinnati.

Down the street, on the west side of Dayton Avenue, in a big house back in a large yard, lived the J. W. Willis family. I think before them, the D. I. Worthington family lived there, then moved to the Stuckey home as mentioned above. The Coffman family lived on Oakland Avenue in the house now owned and occupied by H. C. Parrett. The Coffman children were: Corda (Dawley), Clara (Mrs. Rell G. Allen), Edith (Mrs. L. P. Howell), Margaret (Entrekan), Ben, Howard, and Ruth. Mr. Coffman's second wife was a Mrs. Mallow whose children were Alma (Mrs. Frank M. Rothrock), Dr. Otis Mallow, and Harry Mallow. At one time, Dr. C. C. Hazard had a hospital and his home here. Dr. Hazard passed away several years ago, but his wife, Mrs. Aurora Hazard, still lives in Washington Court House. The Hazard children were: Charles, Clifton, Charlotte, and Harold.

Next on Oakland Avenue toward Dayton Avenue lived O. D. Smith and family. Mr. Smith was postmaster for a number of years. He had one arm off. His children were Nell, Orville, Dorothy, and Minnie.

The Cherry Hill School, between the Coffman and the Smith homes, was built in 1912. My father was a member of the school board at that time. Oakland Avenue circles over a bridge and two railroads to Leesburg Avenue.

CHAPTER 19.

Beginning at the West Court Street bridge, families living along here were the John Hartmans, the William Tanzeys, and the Sam Cissnas. Back in a big yard was the imposing Ustick home. The children were Regina Ustick Staubus and Mont Ustick. Next door were the Van Demans, the children being Fred, Margaret, Bess, and Stanley. Next were J. P. Robinson and his wife, Lulu, a vocal teacher in the public schools for years, and their daughter, Prue, and a son, Robert, who died as a child. Prue married Harold Baird in the east, and they had one son, Robert, afflicted from birth. Prue died shortly after Robert was born and he was brought up by his grandmother. In later years, they moved to Florida where Mrs. Robinson died several years ago. Robert is still living there in a Rest Home where he seems very happy and well taken care of. A number of people here, including myself, hear from him quite often. He writes wonderful letters on the typewriter. Mr. Baird died also. Robert is still interested in what is going on here and always interested in seeing or hearing from old friends.

The Joe Knights and the Lelands lived in that neighborhood at one time also, as well as A. S. (Alex) Ballard and his family. Mrs. Ballard

was Fanny Pearce, sister of Mrs. Lizzie Logan, wife of John Logan, an attorney. They were two very handsome women—Mrs. Ballard very blonde and Mrs. Logan a brunette. The Ballard children were a son, Pearce, and a daughter, Constance. Pearce and his father were connected with the Commercial Bank and later Pearce was with the Ohio State Bank. Mr. Ballard and my father were very good friends, and I always felt that I could go to him if I needed advice if daddy were gone. Unfortunately for me, he passed away before daddy, but Pearce was very nice to me.

There are many changes along that avenue and business places and new homes have taken the place of many of the old homes. It is now the CCC Highway and the traffic is very heavy.

The Fair Grounds at the edge of the city on the left side have been much improved and good fairs are still held there. There are many large industries and business buildings on the right side for a mile or more opposite and beyond the Fair Grounds. On the left side are two good restaurants and a Drive-In Theater. The intersecting streets are built up with good homes. Time makes many changes.

Just this side of the bridge on the south side of West Court Street is the Dale lot where small shows were often held. On the corner of Leesburg Avnue and the Greenfield Pike stands the old Madison Pavey home. The Pavey children were: Charley, Frank, Mary, and George. Remodeled and beautified, it is now the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Earl Gidding. She was Olive Hillery, daughter of Tom Hillery. Across the street is the lovely old colonial home of Judge Daniel McLean of early days. He was a man of prominence and I can remember when he died. I was a small girl and the school children were lined up on the curb at the Court House while the funeral passed. His daughter and only child was May, who married Robert Howat, cashier of both the Peoples & Drovers Bank, and later of the Fayette County Bank. They had one daughter, Jean, who married Max G. Dice, an attorney, and in later years connected with government work. Mrs. Dice is much interested in genealogy and antiques and is well versed in both subjects.

Back of the Howat home is the Country Club with a beautiful golf course and club house. Highland Avenue leading to it is rapidly being built up with beautiful homes and business places. Several new additions have been opened in that locality and new streets are being built.

Back on Leesburg Avenue, the T. K. Perdue family has lived near the intersection for many years. He was a well-known surveyor. They were members of The Society of Friends, with ancestors running back to many families of note. They have many articles of historical interest. The children were: Whittier, Miriam, Edith, Alice, Morton, Homer, Elizabeth (Wilson), Helen (Peek), and Gladys (Genthner). Miriam was a particular friend of ours and we had many nice times together, especially when I first began to write poetry. She began to write then also and wrote some very good poems. In 1924, I compiled an anthology, "Whispering Leaves." She was one of the entrants and assisted me in selecting the poems to be used from poems sent in by sixteen entrants. A strange circumstance was that our mothers passed away almost at the same moment, about eight o'clock P. M., May 25th, 1928. That drew us closer together during the years. When the sister, Mrs. Wilson, died leaving four young children, Edith, Eleanor, Virginia, and Max, Miriam took charge of them and saw

that they all received a good education. Money came to the Perdue children in insurance from the brother, Homer, who was drowned at sea at the close of the First World War. The Wilson children's share was used in part for their education and they have made good in different occupations. Great credit should be given to Miriam, unmarried, who saw to the welfare of these children, both parents having died while all of the children were very young. Miriam occupied a responsible position with the Jess Smith store and later was bookkeeper for many years with the Coffman Lumber Company.

At the Point, the intersection of Clinton and Leesburg Avenues, was the old Micajah Draper home, one of the old landmarks, torn down a few years ago after having gone to wrack and ruin. The spot is now occupied by a used car lot and a filling station. I do not know much about the Drapers, only that Mrs. Daugherty, mother of Harry and Mal Daugherty, was a daughter of the Drapers. The old home should have been preserved as it was beautifully finished inside. It would have been ideal for an historical museum, both for location and other features .

A building on West Court Street, just east of the railroad, was used by the Drapers about 1837 as a general store. Virgil Vincent established an elevator back of this building in 1921. The old building is still standing and in use.

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CHAPTER 20.

Going back to my own story—the next trip I think I took was east to New York in 1903. Mother and I went on a conducted trip with the Weakley & Worman Grocery Company, of Dayton, Ohio. We did not all go this time, as we found it was not so good to leave the business in the hands of clerks. We found after some of these trips that one had laid in his winter supply of coal at our expense and another had opened a store of his own under rather peculiar circumstances. We went first to New York City and saw the many points of interest there, including Coney Island, Battery Park, Statue of Liberty, Flatiron Building, Little Church Around the Corner, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, which is still in process of building, Columbia University, and Grant's Tomb on Riverside Drive. We also went through Wanamaker's Store, Tiffany's Jewelry Store, and in a tallyho drawn by four horses. Then, too, we visited Chinatown, going into some of the places, of course, with a guide. Radio City and many other places of interest now were not in existence then. We took a boat trip up the Hudson River to West Point. I was very excited about the trip. I hoped to see Cadet Phillips whom I met during the Buffalo Exposition. I had received a letter from him some time before and an invitation to attend a ball at West Point. I wore that day a cadet blue dress made West Point style with buttons down the front and little tails in the back like on their uniforms. I wore a large picture hat, and, of course, I felt very dressed-up. Mother and I went to headquarters and I asked for Cadet Phillips. To my sorrow, I found that he had graduated in June and was gone. It was quite a blow to me. Some time later, perhaps a year or so, I read in a Columbus paper where Cadet Phillips, of Cleveland, had suddenly gone abroad after his engagement to a Cleveland girl had been broken. I have never heard any more about him and have often wondered what became of him.

From New York, our party went to Atlantic City and stayed several days. There were many nice people in the party and we got very well acquainted with several. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Ridgway, of Dayton, and Miss Clara B. Kelly, of Cincinnati. These became good friends, a friendship that has lasted through the years. There were also two young women, Anna and Elizabeth Friar, from Piqua, and two brothers named Froindhoff, from Dayton, who were with us often and whom we saw later. This was our second trip to Atlantic City. From there, we went to Washington, D. C., our second trip there also. We saw again many points of interest but not as many as on our first visit. On the return trip, we stopped at White Sulphur Springs, a very lovely place.

After this trip, we saw much of the Ridgways and Clara Kelly and her family. They visited here and I visited both families quite often. The Ridgways were much older than I but were young in spirit and took a liking to me and liked company. They said they were attracted to me on the trip because I took good care of my mother. The Ridgways had three boys, the youngest about five at that time. On my many visits there, they had young men friends out to call, so, of course, I liked to go there and always had a grand time. Mr. Ridgway was a pharmacist and owned a drug store; later he had three. During the big flood of 1913, he and his family were taken out of their second floor apartment in boats and one drug store which had just been opened was completely destroyed. They were in the bread line for several days. We all went over to Dayton as soon as trains were running and took a big basket of food to them.

One of the young men who called when I first went there was a pharmacist at the Soldiers' Home and had previously worked for Mr. Ridgway. We became very good friends and he often came here to see me. The friendship lasted several years and he was always very nice to me, but at last we came to the parting of the ways.

I was just beginning to have boy friends as, during my school days, I was too busy with school work and store work to have time for other things therefore, I was thoroughly enjoying the experience and had several at one time. They say there is safety in numbers. I guess I was different was the reason they liked me. I was sincere, interested in them and not silly, and they respected me. I really think it is a mistake for young people to begin to think seriously of each other too early in life. They should be children as long as possible and believe in Santa Claus and fairies, too, and not too much about the facts of life. Be with their parents more and enjoy home life. Parents, too, should think that way of their children and know where they are and what they are doing. I am still old-fashioned. I had that kind of bringing-up and am glad of it.

Clara Kelly also became a lasting friend. I often visited at her home and she here. On one of my early visits to her in Norwood, where she then lived, I met her oldest brother, a widower with two children, a girl and a boy about two years old. The mother had died soon after the boy's birth. The Kelly family was taking care of them. Mrs. Kelly was a widow with nine children, all at home, and now the addition of two grandchildren. They were a very happy Irish-Catholic family. I visited them often and Clara, especially, visited here, and the brother and I became very good friends. He was very nice to me, too, and I thought a great deal of him. His little children were very fond of me and I of them. It was not his fault that I did not become a member of that family. We gradually

drifted apart and I missed him very much and have always had a very warm feeling for him. He died a few years ago. Only two are now left out of that family of nine children—Clara and one brother. The two grandchildren are married and have children. Clara for a number of years was travel passenger agent for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. She is now retired, but still conducts tours here and abroad.

Soon after I met Clara, I think the next year, we entertained a house party, having as guests for a week Miss Kelly, Anna and Elizabeth Friar, of Piqua, and Kate Koblesberger, of Mt. Sterling, a friend of Grace's. We had a grand time. This was when we had the fortune-telling party with Nannie Gardner acting as the fortune teller when we entertained the Tyro Club girls. Then we had a picnic at Lost Bridge, up at the old dam. It rained and we took shelter under the bridge and the muddy water ran through on us. We came home in our grocery wagon, all soaking wet. One girl had colored her hat black with shoe polish and the color ran down all over her. We had fun in spite of the rain. A friend entertained us at the Cherry Hotel for evening dinner so we did have a good time all week.

About this time, I also used to visit in Lancaster with the Nyes. They knew a good many people and Mr. Nye was a prominent Mason and Elk, and was also auditor of the county at that time. I met one young man whom I liked very much and he was very nice to me, too. I attended the Elks' Balls often and the Elks' minstrels, as this friend always took a leading part in them and later was with the Al Field's Minstrels. He was quite handsome and a good singer. This friendship went along several years, too, and like the others came to an end as I never really felt that I wanted to leave my home and family, and I have never been sorry that I did not. Once I got mixed up when one of these friends was calling and called him by the other friend's first name. That was an embarrassing moment.

Another friend from Dayton enjoyed singing and then I was interested in singing so he often came over and we enjoyed some pleasant hours in singing. My father, especially, enjoyed my singing, and in the evenings I spent many hours in playing and singing for the family. Grace played, too.

Through the Ridgways, I also met another young man who traveled for a drug firm and he often came here and came to see me. He kept me supplied with nice perfume which I liked and I always used toilet water on my hands. They used to say that was good to ward off diseases, and I guess it must have been a help as I did not take any, and I handled a good deal of the filthy lucre or, in other words, money.

Life was quite interesting in those days with letters and visits from several friends. This continued for several years, but gradually most of them found other fields. Some married, but I have gone on my single way and have liked it.

In our youth, mother used to make our clothes, but as we grew older we would have them made by a dressmaker. There were many good ones then and no ready-made clothes as now, or very few and usually costly. Muslin underthings were then worn, too, and every spring mother made things for all of us—panties with rows and rows of tucks, embroidery with insertion and lace to match, gowns and petticoats with elaborate hand-work, chemises and corset-covers—things this generation knows nothing about.

Later, we had a sewing woman come to the house in the spring to make things for the three of us. Sometimes she would be with us for

weeks and even months. We were really noted for wearing good clothes. I often planned the dresses and made a study of the fashion magazines, especially Vogue.

Daddy, too, was quite a dresser. His suits were tailor-made, as he could not wear ready-made ones because he was narrow in the shoulders and had to have them padded just right. Harry Anthoni and Pete Wolford were his tailors. Often we would get him the material for Christmas and he always liked our selections. He had a white outfit—suit, hat and shoes, in which he looked very handsome. He always wore a white linen string tie and white shirt and carried a cane. We all went to the Presbyterian Church every Sunday and then out to dinner and in the afternoon took a long walk. It was fun walking along the back streets where often there were no sidewalks, but we did not mind that, not until automobiles came in, then I felt no one was walking but us and I was ashamed to go walking. How foolish—it was the happiest time of our lives, I believe.

After we got our 4x5 plate camera, we had a grand time on our walks. We took many pictures and most of them turned out good. Daddy fixed up a dark room in one of the rooms where the old barn had been. We did all of the work on the pictures, developing, which was intensely interesting, printing and mounting them. We took pictures of the first Masonic Temple fire, which was in the day time on Sunday, September 11th, 1898, that were better than any taken by first-class photographers. We took many pictures on our first trip east. Anything daddy did he did well. He was handy at fixing things and I guess he passed that on to me. Grace always called me her "fixer," as I could usually fix things that got out of order around the house. So many people, even men, are so helpless about fixing things.

CHAPTER 21.

The next trip that we took was to St. Louis to the Exposition in 1904. Again we had to go separately. Daddy and Grace went first. They went on their own and were gone about a week. They said they got tired in a few days and would have come home, but thought we would laugh at them if they did. I guess they missed us.

Mother and I went there on another conducted tour with the Weakly and Worman Company, of Dayton. We stayed at the Inside Inn on the Fair Grounds. It was built on the side of a hill. You walked in and up a ramp to the different floors. It was a very large and nice hotel. We were there about a week and saw about all there was to be seen. Went up in the ferris wheel. It was like a street car and you looked out of the windows. When you got to the top, it stopped for a while and you could see for a distance. We went into St. Louis and saw some of the city, but I don't remember too much about it, but we saw the Mississippi River. All of the "Fairs" are a great deal alike. Met a young man from Xenia who was a friend of my friend in Dayton. He was very nice to mother and me.

The next year, mother and I had planned another trip with the Dayton company to Thousand Islands. Had our reservations made but canceled them the day before the trip was to start as the weather was very

hot and people in many places were overcome and dying from the heat. Mother was not very well and I do not stand the heat too well, so I was afraid to start on the trip. It was a great disappointment to me, but I think mother and the others were rather glad. As fate would have it, the next day the weather turned cooler and was fine all the rest of the time we would have been on the trip. Another year, Daddy and Grace did make that trip with the Dahl-Campbell Company, but I never did get to Thousand Islands.

Later in the year that mother and I were to have gone to Thousand Islands, the four of us went on a Dahl-Campbell trip to Cedar Point, and that fully made up for the disappointment of not getting to go to Thousand Islands. We were there for a week, staying at the Breakers Hotel. Clara Kelly went with us. Cedar Point has one of the finest fresh water beaches in our country and perhaps anywhere. We went in bathing often. I like the salt water bathing best though. I think there is where I bought my bathing suit, red with white trim and consisting of blouse with attached bloomers to the knees, with short full skirt over this and stockings and bathing slippers. I still have the suit. Quite a contrast to what is worn, or not worn, these days.

We met Rose Harkins, her mother and her sister, Mamie Gibson, there. They were from Columbus and we all became very good friends. Later I visited them at their home in Columbus and also visited Mamie in Dayton.

Clara Kelly and I stayed a week longer at Cedar Point and had a fine time. We took a one-day boat trip to Detroit and back. An odd thing happened on the beach. The day before the Detroit trip we went along the beach a short distance with two young men and were playing in the sand and throwing a ball. I had on a gold bracelet set with a small diamond. That night I discovered my bracelet was gone. As we were leaving for Detroit early the next morning, I could not go to the beach to hunt for it, but when we returned it was still light and we went to the place where we had been and scratched around in the sand and I found my bracelet. Wouldn't you call that luck?

I do not just remember the year, but early in the 1900's there was a big 4th of July celebration here. Daddy, Jess Smith and Charley Gossard were on the Entertainment Committee. There were parades and various forms of amusements. For one, they had an automobile as they were still very few. It was high and had a chain gear or something of that kind. They had it to make some money as well as to give entertainment to the public. They were charging ten cents to ride from the Court House to Sharp's, which was at the intersection of Washington and Columbus Avenues. A good many men had ridden up to early after dinner but no women, so daddy and Charley Gossard thought if Grace and Josie Gossard and I would be seen riding it might induce other women to try it, so we rode. It was fun. Things were just going good when the machine broke down. Some one had to go to Chillicothe and back with horse and buggy to get the parts to repair it. It was about seven P. M. before they were back and the machine in running order again. There was a fine display of fireworks that night. The celebration was a big success. Unfortunately one of the men in the morning parade, Clem Murray, died of a heart attack.

The committee had about one hundred dollars left after expenses were paid. Shortly after that was the big flood in Galveston, Texas, and the

city and inhabitants were in dire distress. The thought came to daddy that it would be fine to take this money as a nucleus for a collection to be sent to Galveston. He got up a paper and went around to the business people and raised a nice sum to be sent. It was sent through the mayor of this city and he received a letter of thanks and the credit here of being the one who thought of it and collected the money to be sent. Such is life.

The next event of interest seems to have been the Homecoming beginning August 1st, 1910, and lasting four days. Fully fifteen hundred citizens came back to the reunion. We had a house full of company. The Ridgways were here, also cousins from Logan, Ohio, and Uncle Theodore Wendel, who had not been here since he went abroad when he was just a youth to study art with Duvenick. It was I, who had never seen him, who wrote to him and urged him to come. He came and had a wonderful time, as many of his boyhood friends were still here—the Craigs, Tom and Dave, the Maynards, Harry and Mal Daugherty, and many others. They all entertained him. He was one of the judges of the flower parade, which was one of the big events.

The Rebekah Lodge, among other organizations, had a float in the parade. I was on it as "Columbia," a part I took in the drill work of the organization. For days the members made flowers for the float. Our float had a platform built on an automobile. In the center, under a large umbrella, I stood dressed in a white dress with a large silk flag draped around me and one of the helmets of the Odd Fellows on my head. The helmet had a long red plume. On each corner of the platform was a little girl about six years old, in a nest of flowers. It was very pretty as the float was all covered with flowers. You could just see the driver's head. I remember what a time I had standing in the center of the platform while the machine was moving even slowly. I had to cling to the staff of the umbrella and maintain some sort of dignity as I represented "Columbia."

When the parade passed our home on East Street, my family, relatives and friends were out in full force and one came out and presented me with a large bouquet of carnations with long streamers of green ribbon. I was almost overcome and now had to clasp them as well as the umbrella staff.

Moving pictures were made of the parade and were shown at one of the movie houses. I had rather a queer sensation when I saw myself coming down the street in the parade. I am sorry to say our float did not win the prize. Of course, I thought it the best one. It was a great occasion and this year, 1953, we are celebrating our state's Sesquicentennial and our own will be celebrated in 1960.

About this time, Miss Clara Kelly and I took several trips together. We spent a week at Buckeye Lake, staying at the hotel there. It was early in the season and rather quiet, but we enjoyed it.

Another year, we went south to Nashville, Tennessee. There were four of us, two friends of Clara's from Michigan. We first went on the train to Chattanooga, Tennessee, and spent a couple of days on top of Lookout Mountain. We went up to the top on the cable car. It was exciting, almost like flying, which had not come into existence then. In fact, automobiles were still very few.

The scenery on top of the mountain was lovely and there were many nice homes there. We hired a carriage, "with fringe around the top," and a colored driver to drive us around to points of interest, and there were

many—The Devil's Kitchen, Fat Man's Squeeze, the Chasms, and many other interesting things. We stopped at a mountain cabin for a cooling drink of buttermilk.

We also visited the National Cemetery in Chickamauga Park just outside of Chattanooga. There is a statue of a riderless horse there. It is said this was in memory of a horse that went through an entire battle, although his master had been thrown or perhaps killed early in the battle. We draped ourselves around this statue and one of the girls took our picture.

From the top of Lookout Mountain you could look into three different states. One of the Civil War battles was fought here.

From Chattanooga we went to Ashville, North Carolina. I had always thought of it as being a place where people with lung trouble went and I did not care much about going there, but I found it to be a very interesting and lovely place. The really sick were confined to a certain locality so you did not see many invalids. We stayed at a hotel that had several cabins in connection with it, the forerunner of our present tourists' cabins. We had a very nice one with two bedrooms, living room and bath. We took our meals at the hotel which was a large house like an old southern home.

One of the girls was secretary for a Michigan lumber company, The National Lumber Company convention was being held there and this young lady had credentials to attend the convention. She took us all when she went to register. Whom should I see there but Carl Baer, formerly from my home town, but who then lived in Arkansas and was there attending the convention. He was connected with a lumber company. I introduced him to the girls. He was delighted to meet us and took us under his wing. Through him we took a trip to "Biltmore," the very lovely estate of the Vanderbilts. There we went through their model dairy. We also went to picnic on the top of Sunset Mountain in Ashville and to Meadowbrook Inn, a beautiful hotel in the mountains and ended several days' entertainment with a ball at one of the hotels. Carl provided escorts for all of us. Of course, we had a wonderful time and owed much of the pleasure of that trip to the kindness of Carl Baer. Later, when he and his wife were on a visit here, we talked about that trip and how small the world is after all, and now distances are growing less and less with auto and airplane travel.

While in Asheville, I also went to Lake Toxoway with a young woman I met in Ashville. It was a very beautiful place with a large hotel up in the mountains about forty miles from Ashville. This was another wonderful trip.

I might mention here that automobiles were just coming into use. The first one we rode in was at Atlantic City on our first trip there. We called it a "jolt wagon." It was like a bus and had no shock absorbers or anything for easy riding.

About the first one in our city was made by a young man by the name of Harry (Monkey) Miller, who worked for Mr. George Swope in his machine shop. He chugged around town in it for quite a while. Mr. Swope also had one of the first ones. Mr. Will Dale and Will Hettesheimer also were among the early owners and also Mr. O. E. Gwinn, of the Gwinn Milling Company. Mr. Gwinn had several small children and he was rather a wild driver. It is said one time he bounced them so hard while going over some railroad tracks that one of the children fell out the back and

he did not know it until he had gone some distance. Country people were much against automobiles as they frightened their horses and some made dire threats against their owners.

The horse-drawn hacks or cabs that used to meet the trains driven by "Reddy" Clark and later his son, Walter, and by Al Nolan and Charley Gerstner gradually had to give way to the auto. The Imperial Hotel, I think had the first bus. I remember it and saw it burn up on the corner of East and Fayette Streets. Now the autos and buses have about put the railroads out of business. What will the airplanes do?

CHAPTER 22.

About 1907, the four of us took another trip to Mackinac Island, going by train first to Saginaw, Michigan, where Aunt Clara and Bruce were living. We stayed there a few days then went on to Mackinac City, then by boat across to the Island. We stopped at the Island Hotel this time down in the village. On Labor Day, we went by boat a short distance to St. Ignace where they were having a celebration. It was a very quaint place, a small fishing village. Father Marquette, an early explorer, is buried here. One event was a contest of two fire-fighting teams with hand-drawn equipment. We felt we were living in a different century, everything was so quaint and old.

About 1909, I took a trip to West Baden, Indiana, with Clara Kelly and her mother. The mother went for the baths and to drink the water as it was supposed to be helpful in cases of rheumatism and other similar troubles. I think the water was called "Pluto Water." The place was quite noted as a health resort. It was about a mile from French Lick Springs, also noted for several things. There were many hotels in West Baden. We stayed at the West Baden Hotel, which had just been opened. It was very lovely, with all outside rooms. In the center of the building was an unsupported immense dome and in the center of it was a beautiful fountain. All around the sides of the first floor were shops of various kinds, even a movie, and every so often there would be auction sales of beautiful oriental pieces by foreigners from many countries. We bought several beautiful pieces of tapestry and other things. There were also chimes, the notes coming from all around the dome. It was beautiful. I especially remember they played "A Perfect Day." There were seats where you could sit and enjoy the music, which was played often.

There was a long covered walk that led from the hotel, past the pavilion where you went to drink water from a spring, to the ball park. The park was encircled by a grandstand with comfortable seats. There was a walk around the grandstand and people would walk around this before breakfast after drinking some of the water. The distance was one mile. After walking this they were ready for a good breakfast.

Down in the town was a gambling Casino that did not interest us, but we did see inside of it. One day there was a big political meeting there with a barbecue dinner. People came from all the surrounding country in all kinds of conveyances. Some had oxen hitched to wagons and all of the people were in gala attire. It was quite a sight. One day we went to French Lick. It was quite noted at one time as a political headquarters. I have heard the West Baden Hotel has been made into a monastery. French

Lick and West Baden were very popular at one time, but I hear nothing about them now. I guess they are a good deal like Maple Grove Springs in Ross County—just faded away.

Going back to old places and people—one of the earliest manufacturing concerns was a distillery. In those days, it was thought that liquor was indispensable upon public occasions of any kind or any social gathering. I am afraid the old custom has come back to as great or greater extent and among women and young people. Liquor was thought then to be pure and harmless. A still was erected in 1855 in Washington. In almost every settlement, copper stills were found. Corn, rye, and peaches supplied materials for strong drink. A gill ($\frac{1}{4}$ pint) cost six cents. A half pint cost a shilling (about twenty-four cents).

There were several tanyards in the early days, places where hides were bought and tanned. The manufacture of woolen goods was all done by hand, then on the spinning wheel and loom, then by a set of roll-cards propelled by horsepower about 1814. In 1832, Judge Daniel McLean purchased a full set of cards with an outfit for fulling, dying, and finishing. The mill, which it occupied, successively changed hands until 1880, when it was entirely abandoned on account of the C. & M. V. Railroad taking over some of the ground. I think part of the old building is still standing on West Court Street near the railroad. It has been occupied by many different concerns during the years.

What was at one time the old distillery property, that stood at the foot of West Court Street on the creek, was converted into a general woodwork factory by Bybee and Shoemaker in 1863. They produced all kinds of tool handles and also made buggy hubs and spokes. The Ludlow Soap Factory at the foot of East Street, owned and operated by Hon. Mills Gardner, manufactured Sunrise Soap. We have a thermometer on our front porch which was put out by this soap company. It is one of our antiques. Few people have lived in one home all their lives as I have. Not moving, the family collected many things. I especially have always been great to keep things. My sister would sometimes throw things away and I would go out to the trash pile and bring them back. There are a good many things that I wish we had saved.

We have quite a collection of books, some that belonged to my Grandfather Wendel. Once there was an ad in the Herald that a book collector would be at the Cherry Hotel on a certain date and if you had books, he would come and look them over if you would drop him a card. Grace urged me to write to him so I did. He came and looked them all over and selected three small books, one a paper back of about thirty pages. He gave us five dollars for the three. We thought that was very good. About a year later another collector was here. I told him about selling the books. He looked at me strangely and said, "Are you the one Mr. So-and-So bought such-and-such a book from?" I said, "Yes." Then he told me he paid him five hundred dollars for the paper backed one. I almost collapsed. No doubt the others were of value, too. Then I began to get interested in books and assisted this man in obtaining several books, but never came across any as valuable as the one we had sold.

Going back to industries—The Washington Ice Company produced manufactured ice and had a large plant on Water Street. Clarence Baer was manager and owner. White Brothers Shoe Factory was running and also The Hagerty Shoe Factory on South Fayette Street. Sylva Leary

worked there for many years. The Bachert Carriage Company did a good business on East Market Street for many years. It was located about where The General Grocery Company building now stands. There were two fertilizer companies, The M. Hamm Company and the Dahl, Miller Company. The Hamm Fertilizer Company is still in existence under the management of Val McCoy.

About this time, we organized the Duffee's Cough Syrup Company. We had sold it in a small way for many years. A Mr. Durn came here from Circleville where he had been a traveling man for The Maiden Baking Powder and Yeast Company. He talked with father about this company and said they were wanting to dispose of the business. It was quite well-known and the products were good. Father bought out the company and moved what stock they had here. There was no equipment to amount to anything. We procured a room on North Fayette Street and began the manufacture of the baking powder. We did nothing with the yeast, but daddy did originate a baking powder called "Everybody's," which sold at ten cents a pound and which he claimed to be as good as any of the high priced powders. Mr. Durn became our traveling salesman and sold our cough syrup and the baking powder. He was a very good salesman and had an established territory in the south and eastern part of the state, and did very well.

Daddy talked with members of the wholesale house, Messrs. Harry Dahl, Baldwin Millikan and William Campbell, about our products and they became interested and a company was formed of these four people. Our goods were sold through the wholesale house as well as by several salesmen of our own. The company bought the old Ludlow Soap Company building for a factory. I was made secretary of the company and daddy was president. We had all of the work to do. I got a very good salary and we did a nice business. I kept all of the books, looked after the salesmen's orders, and wrote all the letters—this all in connection with my work at the store, where I made change, answered two telephones, took orders, and kept our books and we did a big credit business. In addition to these things, I talked with customers and saw that they were waited upon in proper turn. Courtesy was then the rule in business and one took time to be pleasant to customers. My father was noted for being especially nice to children and often gave them candy. If a child was sent to our store to buy something, it got the very best. If a person came themselves, they could see what they were getting.

The cough syrup company continued, I think, for about two years, then the men from the wholesale house became interested in opening a canning plant here and it was decided to use the building our factory occupied and to discontinue that business. The Duffee's Cough Syrup formula was returned to us, and father, for his share in our factory, became a stockholder in The Fayette Canning Company.

A stock company was formed, including the four members of the Duffee Manufacturing Company and Messrs. Robert Peddicord, Anderson Edge, and Harry Rodgers, and there may have been others. Mr. Peddicord was the manager. The buildings were equipped to can corn and tomatoes. The equipment was put in under the direction of Gib Sexton who also was in charge of the canning. Later it was in charge of "Sote" Cochran. The company did very well, in fact, I guess, too well. Through some so-called mismanagement, or other unknown causes, the company was forced out of

business in a couple of years—that is, some of the stockholders were, and the business was bought in by members of the wholesale house. It is still in existence today.

In the early days, there were several brick plants around Washington. I remember the Dave Dore plant on the Chillicothe Pike. Mr. Dore often came to our store, he and his friend, Fred Swartz, a carpenter. They were neighbors on Sunnyside. They would sit around the stove and talk with my father. Both had nice families. The Dores are all gone; there were several children. Some of the Swartz family still live here. There was an old Mr. Mooney who also came to the store that I remember and whom I liked. He had two daughters who were very nice. They were members of the Catholic Church.

The Washington Gas and Electric Company was organized and incorporated here in 1875 when artificial gas was used. Natural gas was piped into the city in 1910 from the east and West Virginia. Now several pipelines are run through our community from the far west. Time makes many changes.

The New Wonder Stove Company had a nice building along the railroad in the north end of town. It is now occupied by the Webber French Farm Supply Company. Mr. French died very suddenly in August, 1953.

There was a chewing gum factory here at one time. I think it was owned by Jim Deer, who traveled over the country selling the gum, which was known as Maple Leaf Gum. Wee-waws were manufactured by a Mr. Massmore. They were a sort of hammock swing and very popular at one time and had a wood frame. Cigars also were manufactured, and chairs and many, many other things.



CHAPTER 23.

Some of the early physicians were: Doctors A. Worley, O. A. Allen, Henry C. Coffman, S. S. Salisbury, C. M. Wilson, Goldsberry, W. A. Harlow, C. A. Foster, John J. Wilson, O. H. Saxton, F. M. Black, Felix Knott, W. E. Ireland, S. A. Ireland, Charles Teeters and his father who was also a doctor, Dr. S. C. Roberts, Charles Williams and his son, Joseph Williams, J. W. Hughey, E. M. Boggess, Harry Jenkins, G. W. Blakeley, R. M. Hughey, eye specialist, and several others.

Attorneys here in 1861 were: Madison Pavey, Horatio Maynard, George B. Gardner, Marsh J. Williams, Nelson Rush and Mills Gardner. In 1880, there were: Marcus Barkley, T. N. Craig, Manford Willard, J. B. Koontz, Thomas D. McElwaine, Gregg & Chambers, W. T. Tanzey and Maynard & Hadley. Later there were: Judge T. M. Gray, I. B. Priddy, C. A. Palmer, Humphrey Jones, Ace Gregg, A. R. Creamer, J. N. Vandeman, Tom Marchant, C. A. Reid, J. D. Post, T. N. Craig, J. H. Patton, H. H. Sanderson, John Logan, Joseph Hidy, J. L. Zimmerman, and many others.

The first regular hospital was organized here and incorporated in November, 1907, under the name of The Fayette County Hospital Association. It was operated by Dr. L. M. McFadden and was located on the northeast corner of Court and North Streets, in what had been the Westerfield home, later the Willett home. The site is now occupied by a filling station.

The next hospital was the Hodson Memorial Hospital on East Market Street, established in 1911 by Dr. George S. Hodson in memory of his son, Edmond, who died at an early age. It was located next to his home on East Market Street in the Judge Maynard home which had been moved west to the alley to make room for the Hodsons' new home.

Dr. Charles Hazard had a hospital at his home on Cherry Hill in the old Coffman home just west of the Cherry Hill School. Here he took care of his osteopathic patients.

We now have the Fayette County Memorial Hospital just at the eastern edge of the city on the CCC Highway. Opened in 1950, it is a very modern and finely equipped hospital. It was enlarged in 1953 and has been filled to capacity ever since it was opened. It has filled a great need in the community.

The Young Men's Christian Association was founded in 1910. Its formation was due greatly to the efforts of J. T. Tuttle, who then was superintendent of our city's public schools. Mr. Tuttle's first wife died here. They had one daughter, Eva, who married Walter Craig, son of T. H. Craig, Sr. Mr. Tuttle and his second wife, Charlotte Cleveland Tuttle, conducted a bookstore in the Henry Hildebrant room on East Court Street where the City Loan & Savings Company is now located.

A mass meeting was held at the Methodist Church and many prominent people became interested in the Y.M.C.A. movement. Through untiring effort and several bequests, a Y.M.C.A. home was founded. Mrs. Morris Sharp Davies was one of the largest single contributors and The Morris Sharp Memorial Building on the northeast corner of East Market and North Main Streets was presented by her to the association. Through the efforts of Mr. George Jackson, funds were procured for the Stimpson Building from Mr. Charles M. Stimpson, of California, who formerly lived here and was a member of the Stimpson Brothers Wholesale Grocery Company. The building was erected in 1913-1914 at a cost of seven thousand dollars. On the first board of trustees were: Henry Brownell, President, T. H. Craig, Vice-President, O. Mobley, Secretary, and George Jackson, Treasurer. Also trustees were A. F. Hopkins, Dr. Carey Persinger and R. C. Peddicord. Later officers included A. F. Ballard, Secretary, J. Earl McLean, Treasurer, Walter Patton, General Secretary and J. M. McClung, Physical Director. Ray Zaner was also secretary at one time. Walter Patton came here from Springfield in 1914 to act as secretary and has become one of our prominent business men, owner of the Patton Bookstore on East Court Street.

I do not know the ups and downs of the Y.M.C.A. It flourished for quite a while, but gradually went the way of a good many worthwhile affairs. The buildings now are occupied by The Washington Hotel, the Washington Hotel Coffee Shop and Dining Room, and some apartments.

About 1902, the automobile first came into this country. In 1911, there were 115 in Fayette County and in 1914 there were 430. I can remember mother counting the autos that would pass. They were few and far between in those early days. Now they whiz past day and night in a regular procession. They have changed not only the mode of travel but the manner of living, put horses and trains almost out of existence, and have brought death and injury to many.

A traction line was proposed for this city about 1903 and also a street car line was started to run from the cemetery through the city and on

different streets for a distance of about four miles. Messrs. S. W. Cissna, James A. McLean, J. W. Willis and Captain E. A. Ramsey held a three-year franchise. Preliminary work was all done, ties and steel rails unloaded, but the project was abandoned and the line was never constructed.

About this time, there was also great excitement over drilling for oil and natural gas in this city. A company was formed and several wells were sunk, but no paying oil or gas was ever obtained. Pipe-lines running from the far west and from the south through here to the east now supply gas to every part of the country—another invention of this progressive age.

Mayors of the city from 1888 have been: John Millikan from 1888 to 1890, J. B. Koontz to 1896, Jim Zimmerman to 1898, V. J. Dahl to 1901, John Blackmore to 1902, C. C. Bateman to 1906, George C. Robinson, Rell G. Allen to 1912, Harve Smith to 1914, Charles Coffey to 1916, John Oster to 1918, V. J. Dahl to 1920, Rell G. Allen to 1924, V. J. Dahl to 1926, Rell G. Allen to 1928, A. C. Patton to 1929, William Burnett Hyer to 1930, Peter Curtin to 1932, George Worrell to 1934, Peter Curtin to 1936. The city manager form of government then came into effect. Gilbert Sollars was the first city manager.



CHAPTER 24.

In 1905, death came to our family again. Mother's oldest brother, Peter Wendel, died on Easter Day, April 23rd, 1905. He was buried from our home. There have been several deaths and funerals from this home but never a wedding.

In looking over an old diary that I kept in 1906 and 1907, I find that many interesting things happened in my life during that time. I find that I went often to the skating rink on the corner of West Court and Hinde Streets. I never become proficient in skating, but I was not too bad I guess, as I had many skating partners. I enjoyed very much skating to the music. The rink later became the Empire Opera House.

In the diary is an account of a sleigh-ride we all took one night in the bobsled made for grocery deliveries. There was hay in the bottom and we covered up with comforts. It was a beautiful, cold night and the jingling sleigh-bells added much to our enjoyment. As usual, the four of us enjoyed this together. Those who have never known such sleigh-rides have missed much in life. Autos can not fill that place or cause the thrill with their loud honking horns and going the pace that often kills. You rarely ever heard of horses running off or being hit by trains.

I also took vocal lessons at this time from Miss Edith Gardner, going to her home for the lessons.

During this time, I was a member of the Tyro Club and was treasurer for four years. I think the club was limited to twelve members. It was a literary club and we met at the homes of members. Once a year we had a dinner party. On a couple of occasions we had a progressive dinner with each course served at a different home. It was a lot of fun. Among the members were Mary Robinson, Edith Harsha, Maggie Belle Dennis, Stella Hamilton, Louise Hershey, Ethel Crozier, Emma Jackson, Olive Hadley, Susan Cockerill, Morna Blessing, Bess Willis, Ray Young, Bess Kerr and

several others and, of course, myself. Most of them are married now and some are dead.

Rev. David Jones was our Presbyterian minister at this time. He was a Welshman and a relative of Mrs. A. F. Hopkins. His sermons were wonderful. We were regular attendants at church and enjoyed his sermons very much.

The first Grand Army Encampment was held here in 1905. It was said 30,000 people packed the streets to see the greatest parade in the history of the state encampments. We have always had wonderful parades here, even in the horse and carriage days when vehicles of all kinds would be decorated with real flowers.

During this time, I was interested in the hobby of burnt wood. It was fascinating work. I made many lovely pieces both on wood and on leather. Most of them were given away, but I still have a few pieces.

Later I also did punch work on metal, brass and German silver pieces. The pieces were bought with a design stamped on them. A small wooden mallet and an awl were used to punch holes close together in the design. It made very beautiful pieces. I still have a German silver lamp shade that is very attractive.

I also did quite a bit of fancy needlework. I had time at the store to do much of this work. Mother always did a lot of all kinds of fancy-work and she and Grace pieced many quilts and also quilted them. That was one thing I did not do.

Grace and I were taken into the Eastern Star on March 26th, 1906. Our father was a Mason for over fifty years, having joined in his early married life. When we were taken into the order, it was a rainy, windy night, very disagreeable. We had been told jokingly of many things that we would have to do in the initiation so when the wind blew and made a terrific sound on the metal roof we did not pay much attention to it as we thought that might be a part of the ritual. When we went home about twelve o'clock, all street lights were out, due to the storm, so we had to find our way as best we could. There were few automobiles then. Mrs. Scott Hopkins was Worthy Matron then and Harry Colwell was Worthy Patron. On April 23rd, we were given the Floral Degree, which was very lovely.

Grace and I went down to Norwood, Cincinnati, one Sunday to visit Miss Clara Kelly and I met at her home her older brother, Harry, a widower with two small children, who played an important part in my life for several years.

Charley Williams died on June 27th in the State Hospital at Columbus. He was the son of Dr. and Mrs. Joe Williams who lived on the corner of South Fayette and East Streets where William Campbell now lives and from whom we bought the lot on which daddy built our home. The parents had both died and daddy was made guardian of Charley. His aunt was Miss Barbara Hay. Charley had never married. All of the Williams and Hay families have now passed on, Will Hay dying recently.

The Imperial Hotel on the west corner of Main and East Streets was opened with a reception on August 15th, 1906. The owner was George Melvin, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Melvin. George Melvin was manager of a ball team that gained much renown here. The ball park, I think, was

on the corner of Sycamore and Elm Streets. Adam Summers was his right-hand man. He was hard of hearing and if any one asked him a question, he usually would say, "You'll have to ask George Melvin." One day a man got provoked with him and said to him, "You go to H---." Not hearing what the man said Adam said, "You'll have to ask George Melvin." Adam had a daughter, Bertha, who was a clerk at Stutson's store. After her father's death, she went to Dayton. George Melvin married Lelia Saxton. They were divorced and he remarried twice after that. He died at Buckeye Lake after having lost most of the large fortune that was left to him.

The Imperial Hotel was under the management of Lou Green who, for many years, was a traveling salesman and widely known. He had a hobby room in the hotel where he kept many interesting things that he had collected in his travels. There was a dance on opening night. We all attended. Babe Duffee went with us and Marie Robinson, our young cousin from Columbus, and Warner Ridgway, a young boy from Dayton, who was also visiting us. We had a fine time. I danced with a number and enjoyed it.

There was quite a rivalry between the Cherry and Imperial Hotels about which set the best table. They both served wonderful meals from soup to nuts—thirty-five cents. That is almost unbelievable in this day when you can scarcely get a sandwich for that price. We went to both of them, as we dined out regularly on Sundays and did all through our lives together, and I still do.

On September 13th, 1906, daddy and mother took a trip to Mackinac with the Dahl-Campbell Grocery Company. Mrs. Attie Cissna Tansey was on the trip and the folks got very well acquainted with her. There were about fifty people from here on the trip. About every one on the boat became very seasick as they crossed Thunder Bay. They said it was a sight to see them. Poor mother usually got sick either on train or boat. Grace did also, but daddy and I were very good sailors. I think the next year daddy and Grace took a trip with the Dahl-Campbell Company to Thousand Islands. They said it was a fine trip, but there was a very severe storm one night while they were on the boat and daddy and Grace stood at the door and watched it. Grace was very much frightened, but daddy seemed to enjoy seeing the elements at war.

I remember I had a very nice Christmas that year and received nice gifts from several boy friends. I seemed to be quite popular at that time. I spent part of the holidays in Cincinnati with my friends the Kellys. Of course, Harry showed me a very good time. This was the first time I had ever been away from home during the holidays, and, while I had a good time, I missed my dear ones at home and know they missed me, too. While I was there, I received a letter from home telling that Uncle Dan had been hit by an auto on Christmas Eve in Columbus and quite badly but not seriously hurt.

On the 15th of January, 1907, I was installed in the office of Martha in the Eastern Star. When I went into the Star I never thought I would fill an office. It frightened me to even think about it, but I filled many offices, and in 1915 became Worthy Matron of Royal Chapter No. 19 and had a very successful year. Almost my first duty was to preside at an Eastern Star church funeral. It was the funeral of Mrs. Theodore Brown,

wife of the druggist and mother of Orme Brown. It was largely attended in the Methodist Church. She had been very active in Eastern Star work. I got along very well and my officers did also.

I think the first covered dish dinner was given by the Star during my reign and I had afternoon social affairs each month in the Masonic parlors at which we sewed carpet rags and later had them woven into rugs and presented eight to the Masonic Home in Springfield.

On Washington's Birthday that year, I gave a skating party at Memorial Hall which was then being used as a rink on the third floor and was known as the Princess Rink. In the party were Anna Bush and Elwert Coffman, Ruby Paisley (who was visiting her sister, Mrs. Don Bowen) and Glenn Rodgers, Bess Kerr and Billie Paul, Opal Swope and Clark Gossard, and Harry Kelly, of Cincinnati, was my guest for the occasion. After skating for some time we went to my home where we had refreshments. Unfortunately at the rink Harry and I fell down once and I lost the gold cross set with a diamond and on a chain that he had given me. I felt very badly about it, but it had been found and I got it back and although it was damaged, the stone was still in it. I had it repaired and it was about as good as new and I certainly was glad.

On March 14th, there was quite a flood here, the water highest since 1886. Railroad trestles were washed out and many trains were not able to run.

The great Horse show opened Wednesday, March 27th, in the combination barn and sales stable on Dayton Avenue. It was said to be the largest in our country at this time. It was incorporated in 1905 with a capital of \$15,000. Its first officers were H. B. Dahl, president, William Worthington, treasurer, and Charles Willard, secretary. We all attended the afternoon performance. It was quite exciting. I attended again the next night with a friend from Columbus. They held horse sales later.

On July 3rd, Anna Bush was married to Elwert Coffman at her home on East Court Street. I was her bridesmaid and Glenn Rodgers was best man. This was my second time as bridesmaid. I never reached first base as bride. I do not regret it. My life with my family was very happy and I think it was intended to be that way for me. It is very lonely for me now with my dear ones gone, but I have memories to carry me through lonely days and the hope of being with my dear ones again when the last call comes to me.

About 1906, the Memorial Hall building was erected. The county authorities had money that had been collected for a soldiers' monument. After some discussion, it was decided to spend the money erecting a structure where War Veterans, especially Civil War soldiers, and their auxiliary might have comfortable quarters for their meetings and social affairs. There were no World War I. veterans then.

Arrangements were made with the Dahl family to construct a second and third floor to their building on East Court Street next to our building. The location was then occupied by the Wes Anderson Meat Market. The Anderson children were Harold, William, and Chloe (Mrs. R. W. Jones). There were some other places below to the Gross room on the corner of the alley.

I well remember when the building was being constructed. There was some danger of our building falling when they were excavating the base-

ment. While this work was being done, we had our basement enlarged. The building was well shored and no accident happened. At that time, arrangements were made that we could use half of that wall any time we wished to build in return for their right-of-way over the back of our property. That came in very good years later when we built where our store was located. That gave a private alley through from Fayette Street to the alley running from Court to East Streets.

Hagenback's Circus was here in 1907. I do not remember just where it showed but no doubt at the Old Fair Grounds. There were fifteen young men from here with the show. Some of them were Doc Nolan, Irish Dore, John Burk, Tom Lindsey, Billie Backenstow, John Shannon, Jack Kennedy, Tom Murray, Howard Bales, and some others. I think that Nolan and Jack Kennedy are the only ones of these now living. As the parade passed, a man on a horse riding ahead called "Watch your horses. Here comes the elephants."

Ora (Buck) Saunders, still well-known here, has been connected with circuses, carnivals, expositions, and midways all of his life, and has been in charge of midgets, human freaks, and giants. He is as well-liked as he is well-known.

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CHAPTER 25.

About 1912, we were again in Michigan or rather Stag Island, located between the United States and Canada near Port Huron. This time we again separated—Daddy and Grace going first and Uncle George went with them.

My friend, Clara Kelly, and her mother and a party of Cincinnati friends had rented a ten-room cottage on the Island and were not to go there for a week so offered it to us for that week so the folks went. They enjoyed it, that is the men did, but Grace did not care so much about it. There was good fishing and a nice hotel where they could get their meals. On their return, they stopped in Detroit as Aunt Clara and Bruce were living there then.

The next week, mother and I went to the Island as the Kellys and the other parties were there then. We would get our breakfast at the cottage, which was on the lake front. Our other meals we got at the hotel. We could go right out of our cottage to the bathing beach.

Before we left home, Daddy told me not to go out in a boat. We had not more than arrived when Clara wanted me to go out in a boat with her and I went. I did not mean to disobey, just did not think of the danger or my promise. I thought she knew how to manage a boat. The water there is very swift and soon Clara could not manage the oars and we were drifting far out into the lake. At last, a man in another boat told her how to use the oars and we got back to shore. I had my lesson. I did not go out in a boat again.

Mother was very fond of fishing, so one day we fished down where a lot of "expert" fishermen with fancy tackle and bait were fishing. We had just ordinary tackle and, I think, worms. Mother, I think, caught a dozen large bass. I guess there must have been a school of them.

I did not get a bite and the "experts" did not either. It was just her lucky day and it made both of us very happy. We gave some of the fish to people in the adjoining cottages and had some of them cooked at the hotel.

On Sunday, a party of our relatives and friends came down on the boat from Detroit to spend the day with us. We entertained them for dinner at the hotel.

One day we went to a salt mine near Port Huron. We saw how the salt is evaporated and huge piles of it that looked like mountains of snow. We went to Port Huron and crossed over to Sarnia, going by train through a tunnel under the lake. It was quite an experience.

Returning to Detroit, we spent a few days with Aunt Clara and Bruce.

In March, 1953, was the destructive flood which caused quite a bit of damage here but no loss of life. It was very destructive in many places and caused us untold worry. On Monday morning of that week, Daddy and Uncle George left for Logan, Ohio, to attend the funeral of their Uncle Jackson Duffee. It was raining, but there was no indication of the terrible things that were to happen that week. The rain turned into a downpour that lasted for several days. Dayton, Cincinnati, Columbus, and many places felt the full fury of the storm. Houses were swept away and many people lost their lives. The destruction was beyond description. There was lightning and thunder with continuous rain. Mother, Grace, and I had to do the best we could. I had the store to look after and we feared the high water might even come up to East Street as it was over Broadway, just below us, but there was quite an elevation before it could reach us.

We could get no word all week from daddy, as all telephone and telegraph lines were out of commission and no trains running. We could imagine all kinds of things happening to him. At last on Saturday morning word came through by telephone from Lancaster from our cousin, Will Nye, that daddy had arrived there that morning on the last train through from Logan and that he would go on to Columbus by interurban as those cars were beginning to run. We know at least he was alive. We heard no more until about eight P. M., when he got home almost exhausted after the strenuous experience he had had. Arriving in Columbus, he and Uncle George had gone to Uncle Dan Wendel's home and he went with them to see about getting across the river to take a train home. They had to cross the river in a rowboat, a very dangerous thing, as the river was filled with debris and there was danger of the boat upsetting. At last, they got across and then had to climb a steep embankment to get to the train. That was difficult for daddy with his weak ankle, but his cane was a help. We were all overjoyed and thankful to see both of them. They had not been able to bury their uncle. Had gone to the cemetery but had to go back as the tombstone near had fallen into the grave and it was full of water.

Just at that time we were having our front porch built. The foundation was in and just a board to the door to walk on. The inside was filled with water and it made a sad appearance.

In Dayton, our cousin, Emil Leonhard, barely escaped with his life in the flood. He owned a three-story building back of the Phillips Hotel on Third Street. This building collapsed just after he left it.

There was also another Grand Army Encampment here in 1913, when we again had a house full of company and a nice time.

1913 also brought tragedy into our lives. Uncle George Duffee, daddy's only brother, was murdered by a colored boy by the name of Delbert Paine. The family lived down our alley on Broadway. This boy had worked for Uncle George in his grocery store. He had been gone from here for some time and on a visit here went into his store, then on Main Street, to see him. Uncle George had a room back of the store where he slept. The supposition is that Delbert got into the back room that night and hid under the bed to wait until Uncle George retired, then got out when he was asleep and robbed him. As it was Saturday night, he thought he would have quite a nice sum of money. Unfortunately his victim must have awakened and recognized him so he hit him in the head with a shoe-last that was lying near, which no doubt he had placed there to be handy. The last crushed Uncle George's skull.

Sunday morning about six o'clock some tourists stopped at the store for gasoline as there was a gas pump outside at the curb as there were in many places those days. There were few filling stations such as there are now. The store door must not have been locked, perhaps unfastened by the thief so he could escape that way if necessary. The tourists found Uncle George on the floor. They called the police. We were awakened shortly after by the ringing of door bell and the telephone bell giving us the news by the police. Uncle George was taken to the Fayette Hospital. He never regained consciousness and died on Monday evening. Daddy was very much broken up as this was his only near relative. Although he was the youngest, he had always looked after his brother.

On Sunday morning, the police had bloodhounds to try to trace the murderer, but they did no good. Maney McCoy, then chief of police, found a clue in some shoes that were found on the back doorstep and traced them to this colored boy who later confessed. It is said he was in the crowd that followed the bloodhounds. He was placed in jail and secretly tried, sentenced to the penitentiary for life and secretly taken there. This was done, they said, to avoid trouble as there were rumors of a posse going to take him. People were very much wrought up over the murder of this defenseless old man, a Civil War soldier. My father knew nothing about the trial or anything about the case and felt very badly about it all, but wanted no trouble about the matter. Several people were suspected and questioned. I believe if it had not been found who committed the crime, I would have been afraid all of my life. For two nights, I had nightmares and thought I felt some one under my bed. I was suspicious of many of the characters around town who knew Uncle George. His funeral was held in Memorial Hall and he was buried on our family lot in the Washington Cemetery.

Ten years later, friends of Delbert Paine petitioned Governor Vic Donahey for a pardon for him. Friends of my uncle got up a petition requesting the governor not to pardon him. He was not pardoned then. A short time later, Governor Donahey spoke here one evening at the Presbyterian Church. Grace and I attended. Father had passed away then. After the meeting we spoke to the governor and thanked him for not giving a pardon to the man who murdered our uncle. He said he remembered the case and that as long as he was governor he should not be pardoned, but before his term was out he pardoned him.

My father was a member of the board of education for nine years with such men as Dr. W. E. Ireland, Robert Howat, Walter Hamilton, J. M. Willis and Henry Brownell. They were on the Board in 1913 when the High School Building on N. North Street was erected, and also the Cherry Hill School Building. Mother, Grace, and I always felt a pride in these buildings as that Board was very conscientious and spent much time on plans for the buildings and also in obtaining good teachers. It was considered one of the best Boards the schools had ever had.

At the time the High School Building was erected, panels were placed on each side of the entrance for inscriptions, but for years no inscriptions were placed there. I felt these men should be honored by having their names there. After my father's death, I felt more than ever that this should be done. Some of the other members had also passed away. I talked with Mr. George Bennett, a stone mason who had worked on the building with his uncle, and who now lived here and had married the daughter of Mr. Abner Boss who worked for us many years, in regards to the cost of having the names placed on the tablets. It was very reasonable. I then contacted the members still living and they were willing to bear their share of the expense, but did not want to take an active part in having the work done. I then contacted Jean Howat, whose father had also passed away, and together we made the arrangements.

I am happy to say that the names have been there for many years and I am still proud of the building and of the men who worked so faithfully together for the good of our city.

My father was also one of the trustees when Memorial Hall was erected in 1906, and one of the Sinking Fund Trustees. He was a member of the Ohio Retail Grocers' Association and for a time was one of the officers and quite well-known all over the state, as he attended many of the state meetings.

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CHAPTER 26.

My father suffered with stomach trouble from the time he had yellow jaundice in the Civil War. He would have attacks and be very sick for a while. After Uncle George's death, he was not well, as the shock of his death was hard on him. The next winter he suffered quite a good deal. He went to several different doctors. None seemed to help him and each diagnosed his case differently. In March of 1914, he decided to go to Sulphur Lick Springs in Ross County as the sulphur water there was supposed to be very beneficial. The four of us went one Sunday morning on the train, which stopped at a little station, Musselman's it was called, nothing there but a little open shed where you could sit. A man met us at the station with a carriage and took us to the hotel over a narrow hill road.

The hotel was a big rambling place with large veranda in front and with no modern facilities. Many came there to drink the water and to take sulphur baths. Daddy was very sick after drinking some of the water. It had a bad smell and a worse taste. There was no doctor near, but a colored woman, so we sent for her. She did not help him any.

Grace and I were to go home that night, and daddy and mother expected to stay a week or more. We hated to leave them, but I had to

get back to take care of the business. It began to rain in the evening and the lightning was very vivid. Jess Taylor, a man from here and whom we knew, drove us down the long winding hill to the station. It was so dark he just had to let the horse find the way. Of course, Grace and I were pretty frightened and worried, and all the way home on the train I kept thinking what if our house should be burned down, so when we drove home in the "hack" I was pretty glad to see that it was still standing.

I went to the store early the next day. We were both very much worried about daddy. About noon Grace phoned me and said daddy was home. I could not believe it and thought the worst. I hurried home and there they both were. Daddy said he made up his mind he was not going to drink any more of that awful water and he wanted to be at home. We were glad, too, that he was here. The water seemed to throw a poison all through his system and he was the color of a pumpkin.

He was in bed off and on all spring and summer and grew so thin and weak. His neck became so small that he said his head looked like a potato on a stick. He suffered a great deal of pain and had dreadful chills. At last, in October, he said he would have to have some relief or he would die so he decided to go to Columbus to Grant Hospital for examination. Dr. E. M. Boggess went with him. He was examined by Dr. Hugh Baldwin, who found at once his trouble, a stone in the bladder. He wanted to operate at once, but daddy said he wanted to go home first, which he did. In a few days, he returned to the hospital and mother went with him. She stayed at the home of a cousin, who lived not far from the hospital. Daddy left a letter for me which was not to be opened unless he did not return.

It was hard for Grace and me to be here alone and it was difficult for us to get any word as to how daddy came through the operation. When Dr. Boggess returned that night, he told us that he came through all right. Mother was with him every day. For several days he could retain no food. The first thing he could keep down was buttermilk, which he asked for. His instinct about doctoring was still good. The nurses all said he was a very good patient and he liked them. He came home in less than two weeks. If he had not had the operation, he perhaps would not have lived much longer than that. He lived seven years after the operation and was in very good health most of that time. He never told me what was in the letter he left for me and I have often wished that I knew.

In 1916, daddy and I went on a Dahl-Campbell trip to Atlantic City. Clara Gross was one of those on the trip and also Harry Baughn. They were both with us quite a bit. We met many nice people from other places. We stopped again in Washington, D. C. I think this was the last long trip we ever took. From then on we got much pleasure out of our automobile.

A few years before this, we came into possession of a small farm in Muskingum County, near Fultonham, about ten miles west of Zanesville. Daddy had gone on a note for a man who ran the Arlington Hotel. He could not meet the note so daddy had to pay it and the man deeded him this hill farm, which was not worth much of anything as it stood.

I had been reading about planting trees and what a good investment they were to set them out and let them grow. We wrote to the Experimental Station at Wooster to find out more about the matter. Under their supervision, we had set out 15,000 tree plants which they furnished us gratis. We had an old man, who had a cabin near there, set them out and

cultivate them for several years. They were planted in rows and were catalpa and locust, which could be used for posts. The first years potatoes were planted between the rows. It was interesting to watch the trees grow. We usually went over there once a year. It was a nice drive. Sometimes we would stay at Zanesville all night, but the trip could easily be made in a day.

The land was located in a good oil and gas belt. There were huge rocks on the place and we have always thought there was coal, as coal was mined near and there were also oil and gas wells near. When the trees were about twenty-five years old, I felt that some of them were ready to be cut and I wanted to realize something on them, so I got in touch with a man near Greenfield who cut and hauled timber. Of course, I knew nothing about timber and had to trust him and a man who lived on the adjoining place who was to look after things there for us. The Greenfield man got several loads of posts and I only got ten dollars and some experience.

Of course, a second growth of timber has grown up there and there is much native timber of all kinds there also, so some day soon it should be ready to cut again, and I hope that I may have better luck. The man on the adjoining farm is still there and keeps an eye on the place so no one goes in and cuts the timber without permission. An oil company had a lease on it for ten years. I am still in hopes that some day it will pay.

Soon after we had the trees set out daddy and I decided to try another crop—gooseberries and currants this time. We had a vacant lot on South Main Street that had been in our family since my mother's father owned the half-square running from Fayette Street to Main Street. My father had bought the lot on the alley, 80 feet x 165 feet. He built a long stable on the back of the lot where in late years we kept our horses. I think it was built first to store cabbage, which we bought in carload lots from a Mr. Weffler of Circleville, who was noted for the fine cabbage he grew. He would sell to no one else here but daddy, so daddy sold to the other grocers. It was not as easy to get fruits and vegetables as it is now. Then, too, at harvest time, farmers would buy wagon loads of provisions as the farm hands were served meals at the homes and the women would all help each other get the meals, sometimes for twenty-five or more helpers. Harvest time was always a big occasion and harvesting was done much differently from what it is now. It takes less work, less time and less help, and the few hands needed are usually brought to town to the restaurants for dinner.

Getting back to the lot on South Main Street, for many years old Mr. Boss raised plants there in hotbeds. We had a good sale on these, sweet potato, celery, cabbage and tomato plants, then, too, we had our horses there.

We set out one thousand bushes, mostly gooseberry. Daddy was gone before they began to bear. I then had them to look after and it was some job. The berries were usually ready for picking just before Decoration Day. If a rain came and the sun then came out hot, the leaves would be eaten up by worms and the berry crop spoiled, so that had to be watched and the bushes sprayed. I had boys to pick the berries and I had to watch all of the time to see that they did it right. Grace would help me. It was hot, hard work. There was a good sale for them then and we would get a very good price. I would send them by crate to the Cincinnati market. I did very well until the depression around 1933, when people had little money and gooseberries require a lot of sugar, so people were not buying such food. Some of the bushes were dying so I just let them go.

Later we decided to raise vegetables and I even studied raising mushrooms. Thought of building a house for that purpose. I went to Springfield, Ohio, to see a mushroom place and after that visit decided there was a little too much work and worry in growing mushrooms, so gave up that plan. That spring, I then decided to raise a garden and some flowers. Mr. Gib Sexton, who lived near, said he would tend it and sell the vegetables on the shares. He raised a wonderful garden both of vegetables and flowers, but so did other people and we had little sale for our nice produce. We each had plenty for ourselves and we had beautiful flowers to take to the cemetery every Saturday. We had rows of iris and peonies all across the front of the lot and they were a beautiful sight when all in bloom. We had other kinds of flowers, too.

Grace and I, after this, figured on building, putting up two houses or one large apartment house. Rents were still low then and we could not see that we would make much and would take on a good deal of trouble, so the lot just grew up in weeds. At last we sold it. We hated to do it as it had been in our family for so many years. It now has two nice homes on it.

CHAPTER 27.

1917 was a very eventful year for me—I began to write poetry. I had always been fond of reading poetry but not all kinds. I used to clip those that I liked from papers and magazines and had quite a collection. I never attempted or thought of writing any. In the spring of that year, I read in The Columbus Dispatch that Governor Cox was offering a prize of one thousand dollars for a state song. I did not think much about it at that time, but later I thought I would see if I could write something on that subject. I wrote "Ohio" which I thought was pretty good, but by that time I had lost the paper which told where to send the song, so I decided to send it to Governor Cox himself. I did and in a few days I received a nice letter from him thanking me for it and the patriotic sentiment it expressed. That made me very proud and happy. I thought if I could write that, why could I not write others, so I began and I am still writing and, through the years, I am proud to say I have received many letters from notable people telling me they have enjoyed my poetry.

Soon after I began to write, our country entered the First World War and the contest for a state song was forgotten, but it started me on my career as a writer. However, the song was placed to music and many copies were sold. It was used by the Democratic Glee Club of Columbus and was to have been used when the glee club went to California when Governor Cox ran for the nomination for president, but, due to some political pull, another song at the last minute was used. A few years later my "Ohio" was presented to the legislature for a state song. A state song has never yet been chosen so it still may have a chance, perhaps when I have passed on several years, as that is the way a good many things happen.

I wrote on all kinds of subjects, and, of course, many patriotic ones. I sent many of the poems to various newspapers. The Record-Herald was especially kind to publish many of them and they were copied by other papers all over this country. The patriotic ones were used at many pa-

triotic meetings and I received many nice letters, which was very encouraging to me. I also wrote songs on various subjects, that is the lyrics, and had nine placed to music. These sold very well, locally.

My father spent several hundred dollars in having them published and was very proud of what I was doing. He was my inspiration. I always read the poems to him as soon as I had written them and he always thought they were just right.

In 1917, I had my first collection of poems published, a booklet of Patriotic Poems. Later I had "Poems That Are Real, That You Feel, That Appeal" published. It was a collection of the first one hundred poems that I had written. This sold at one dollar. I have a standing order now of five dollars per copy for any of these books that I can now obtain. This is from a rare book concern that has placed my books in many universities and colleges and with many prominent people.

At Christmas that same year, 1917, we had a small booklet published that we gave to our customers as a Christmas Greeting.

I never had any difficulty in writing and could write at any time, and did not have to wait for an inspiration and still do not. Often I would have no idea what I was going to write about when I would sit down to write or often would lie down. I would just close my eyes and a thought would come. Sometimes the thought would change and I would end with a different thought from that with which I started. One of my later books is called "God's Gift to Me" and that is what I think it is. I think I am directed what to write. When I attended school, I studied rhetoric and some fundamentals about construction of poetry but never gave it too much thought. I always liked poetry, that is, some kinds, and clipped and saved many poems that I liked. I enjoyed reading and read much on all kinds of subjects and had ideas and ideals about many things, so I think all of these were helpful when the occasion came for me to write poetry. Perhaps all of the things in my life were leading up to this point. So far, I have written about fifteen hundred poems and from the many letters I have received and words of appreciation from home folks, I feel that I have given pleasure and comfort to many and that gives me great happiness and is a grand reward.

On May 16th, 1917, daddy and mother celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. We told them we were going to have open house for them at Memorial Hall so every one could come. Mother was a shy, quiet person and that thought worried her. We did not intend to do that, but we intended to celebrate the occasion. I am afraid in future years such celebrations will be few and far between as by that time some people have had four or five marriages.

Grace and I made all arrangements. We invited thirty of their old friends and the neighbors to a six o'clock dinner at our home. All were seated at two tables in our dining room, which was quite large, as are all our rooms, not small as the rooms of most houses are now. In fact, most of the houses do not have a dining room, just a breakfast nook, and all of the family are rarely together at one time. I think it is a great mistake not to have meals together at a regular time. That is a tie that binds families together, and, if at all possible, this should be followed at least for one meal during the day.

I remember that I arose at six o'clock every morning in order to eat breakfast with the family as father went to the store at 6:30. I did not eat the noon meal, which was always dinner with us, with the family. My father came at eleven o'clock and back at 12:15, taking a little nap of about fifteen minutes. I came to my dinner then and did not go back until three o'clock. We all ate supper together after we closed at six o'clock.

Getting back to the Golden Wedding Anniversary, daddy and mother looked beautiful. She wore a gray brocaded satin dress made polonaise style. Daddy wore a Prince Albert suit with fancy silk vest. Daddy gave mother a beautiful diamond ring and she gave him an ebony cane with gold handle with his name engraved on it. Rev. Boynton Gage, our Presbyterian minister, gave a short wedding service. The guests presented them with a beautiful set of Haviland goldband china dishes, service for eight. A bountiful repast was served with Mrs. Charles Severs as cateress. After dinner, there was music and recitations by some young friends. It was a lovely party and greatly enjoyed by all. We had celebrated the forty-fifth anniversary also with an at home party.

In 1917, we also bought our first automobile, a Ford touring car. Daddy and I had wanted a car for some time, but mother and Grace held us back, said it would make their heads ache and they could not stand to ride in one. At last, we decided to get one and see what it would do to them. They found they liked it and were always ready to go. I became the driver and was taught by the man from whom we bought the machine. He said I would make a good driver as I thought and acted quickly. I did get in some bad places a few times, but came out O. K. Sometimes I thought I could not make it, like fording a stream or going over some bad road, but daddy would encourage me and say "You can do it," so I trusted in him and "dood it." They all trusted me, too, and were not "back seat" drivers.

One time we were down in the hills near Bainbridge shortly after I began to drive. We inquired the way to get to Greenfield. Some way we did not get the direction right and made a wrong turn. We went up a hill so steep the gasoline would not feed to the engine so, of course, we stopped. The road was very narrow and over the one side was a drop of several hundred feet. We had noticed a house back a short distance and some men in front of it so daddy went back and asked them if they would come and help us. They would not. Why, I do not know. Perhaps they did not know anything about an automobile. There was a young boy with us who helped at the store. I was the only one who could drive, so it was up to me to get us out of there. Daddy said for all to get out but me, then he and the boy got large boulders and placed them about a foot back of the rear wheels. I let the car back that far then they would place them another foot back. We did this until we reached a wide place where I could turn the car around. Of course, it went all right then. The others got in and we went on our way. It was growing dark and we were still far from home. I felt a little nervous as I had not driven much then and had not yet learned to back. We got safely home and I was relieved. Another time, we got on a road that was just being built and we did not know it was not open. There was a small pile of sand in the middle of the road and I got stuck in it. We had to borrow a shovel from a farm near to dig ourselves out. I got too near the radiator and just touched the side of my neck to it and burned it. The scar was there for a long time as a reminder.

There were few self-starters then and our Ford did not have one so we had to crank it, and sometimes, if the weather was cool, that was quite a task, but again we "dood it." Some times we would have to change a tire and we were equal to that, too. One time the front tire came off and rolled down in front of us. We had to stop at a little crossroad store and buy a tire.

We took many delightful trips. Daddy said he saw more of Fayette County and the surrounding country than he had seen in all his life before. We visited Serpent Mound, Logan Elm, Fort Ancient, and many other places of interest, including many trips to Camp Sherman. We liked to drive on back country roads which were not improved as they are now. They were rough and dusty. Daddy attempted once to drive, but he did not have a fair chance as it was on a very narrow road and he headed for a fence, so he decided he would rather ride than drive.

We almost always took some one with us, often our neighbor, Mrs. Neil B. Jones, or some one who did not often get to go places. On Wednesday afternoons, when we would have a half-holiday, we often went out in the country and would take a watermelon or other things for a picnic. We never took any long trips, but would often go to Columbus. I did not like to drive in cities.

In the summer of 1917, Clara Gross and I took a trip together. We went to Chicago by train. Mose Gross went with us as far as Chicago on the first lap of a trip to the Orient. The Steinharts, relatives of the Grosses, were living in Chicago. They were Bertha, Lew, and Sol. Clara and I stayed at a hotel, but the Steinharts came every day and took us places and entertained us in their homes. We had a wonderful time and stayed several days. We went from there by boat to Buffalo, passing Mackinac Island, but did not stop there. From Buffalo, we went to Cleveland where we stayed several days. We went there on the big C. & B. boat, a regular palace. We both had friends there and enjoyed the visit with them.

In 1918, we started the Duffee Cough Syrup business again. A traveling salesman, who had called upon us for a long time and knew how well it had sold over his territory, became interested and thought he could revive the trade we had established. We formed a stock company and this man was manager. Daddy was president and I was again secretary and treasurer, looked after salesmen's orders, and so on. We leased the old Hagerty shoe factory building on South Fayette Street and employed several people. Among these was Lew Phillips, who at one time worked in the Coffman Drug Store. He and his sister lived in a big house on East Street, the site now occupied by the Perrill and Shoop homes. His sister was Mrs. Cora Shepherd. Miss Ann Myers also worked at the factory. She was well-known as a collector for several business firms. She lived on South North Street.

We bought a nice truck, which was nicely lettered and it was used to call upon the trade and deliver the goods. We established a very nice business. We advertised in a number of newspapers and had picture slides in the movie houses in a number of cities. We sold most of the large drug and wholesale grocery houses in the eastern and southern part of the state. Most of the children here around that time knew about and loved "Duffee's Cough Syrup." Many parents said they had to keep the bottle hidden so the children could not get at it. There was nothing harmful in it.

The work kept me very busy. I did my store work, the Cough Syrup work, and besides wrote poetry.

Early in 1918, I began to feel the effects of too much work. I first noticed that I could not see so well. Then I began to have trouble with my left arm. At times, all of the energy would go out of it and I could not move it. The doctor said it was nerve exhaustion and I would have to rest. I went to Columbus for treatment of my eyes. I got a helper to take my place at the store on Saturdays but I worked a few hours on other days, just enough to keep my books straightened up. I did this all summer. In October, mother and I went to Maple Grove Springs Hotel, which was flourishing then. It was just a few miles this side of Camp Sherman at Chillicothe. General Glenn's family and the families of several of the officers were staying there. There were also a number of people there with children from around Pittsburgh, as polio was very bad there then. Johnnie Culhan was managing the hotel at that time. His wife and two daughters, Prudence (Heerman) and Mary Alice (Burton), were also there. Rider Taylor was head waiter. They served very wonderful meals at the hotel.

The view from the front porch was beautiful and mother and I spent much of our time there. I wrote some poetry, but most of the time I just rested. We did not drink the water but many did.

One of our clerks drove the four of us down and the next Sunday, daddy, Grace, and the clerk, came after us. The rest did me a lot of good, but it was a long time before I fully recovered. In fact, it was several years.

One evening in the lobby it was cool and there was a log fire going in the big fire place. People were sitting around looking lonesome, so I got out my music and played and sang and many joined in. When I got ready to leave, Mrs. Glenn came to me and thanked me for giving them a pleasant evening.

Our cough syrup was selling very well in Camp Sherman in 1917 as it was in the commissary, where the boys could get it easily. Then all patent medicines were ordered out of camp, and, of course, ours had to go. We always felt that the doctors were the cause of this. Of course, some of the patent medicines might not be of benefit and really injurious, but ours—we know—was of great benefit, and I feel sure if used might have saved the lives of many of the boys during that terrible epidemic of flu in the camp.

Daddy and I went to Camp Sherman on the 2nd of January, 1918, to see the officers there, if we could not get our cough syrup back into the camp commissary.

That day, it was 14 degrees below zero and the snow more than two feet deep. There was a taxi strike in Chillicothe and we had difficulty in getting a taxi to the hospital, which was at the far end of the camp. It certainly looked like what my idea of Siberia might be like. The poor soldiers had been out drilling. Many had their feet bound up in sacks and all looked frozen.

Reaching the hospital, we found we would have to go back about half way to Headquarters to see the one in charge of medical supplies. We saw him, but it did no good. Patent medicines were out, no matter how many lives they might save.

Our cough syrup was still sold just outside the camp and in many places in the city, but that was not like having it in the camp store.

About this time, we decided to change our grocery business to a Cash and Carry. We had always done a large credit business and always delivered. We decided now, instead of retiring, which the doctor advised Daddy not to do, we would make this change. Many said we would lose out at this. Daddy said we would try it and that he and I could run the business, if necessary, and when we wanted to go some place we could just close the store until we returned. We closed the doors the last day of the year, marked down all of the stock and opened in about a week after painting and rearranging the stock. We lost some town trade but gained in country trade. We thought business might fall off some, but to our surprise it doubled and we had to hire more help.

November 11th, 1918, was "Armistice Day." A glorious day to everyone, especially to those who had relatives in the service. It was rumored for several days but the real notification came in the early morning hours. We were awakened by the ringing of the Court House bell, whistles blowing, and auto horns, and we felt sure then that "Peace" was on the way.

After breakfast, daddy went to open the store, but soon came back saying that it was no use to try to do business and all places of business were to close. The streets were filled with joyful people and everywhere was excitement. Daddy and I joined the throng. I had a small silk flag pinned across the front of my coat. It was cold and spitting snow but no one minded that. Plans were made to have a parade in the afternoon. Daddy and I soon came home. We had an early dinner so that we could be in the parade. It was to pass our house on East Street. We waited until the end to join it, as I was still not too good a driver and did not know if I could drive slow enough to go in the parade, so thought I would have plenty of room at the end. The parade went to Bloomingburg and back and around the streets of our city. I guess there were speeches afterwards and a jolly good time all day.

When our Company returned later, there was another big time with parade and band and jollification. Sadness, too, for some never returned, and others were wounded and maimed and would bear the scars physically and mentally all through their lives. We all thought this would end all wars but we were sadly mistaken.

Rell G. Allen, present Judge of the Probate Court, former mayor, several times, was a Major in 1st. Battalion, 166 Inft., in the First World War.

I was appointed "Recruiting Agent" for the Marines, by Major V. J. Dahl, during the First World War. I had several recruits. One was killed in service, I was very sorry to learn.

The sneak attack on Pearl Harbor occurred on Sunday, December 7th, 1941, and threw us into World War II. Our Company M., again was called to go into training. I remember when it left here for Columbus. Grace and I again went to see the boys off. They were to leave from Memorial Hall and we went up the alley expecting to go no farther but when we got there they were down the street a couple of squares so we decided we would go on to the depot. When we got almost there, remembered we had a beef roast in the stove, but we decided to go on. They did not leave

for an hour. There were many relatives and friends there, mothers with babies, parents of many, all trying to be cheerful but with heavy hearts.

One the way home, I was worried about the beef roast and feared we might find the house afire. When we opened the front door and then the dining room door found it and the kitchen filled with black smoke. We first threw up the windows, then looked in the oven. The roast was burnt but we got it out and put in in cold water and scraped it and it was all right for dinner. Our poor cat was in the room and I guess was wondering what had happened but it was all right, too, so everything came out fine.

Armistice Day or V-E Day, end of war in Europe came in May and V-J Day in Japan came in August, 1945, and we hoped and thought that was the end of wars. They were not celebrated here, as was the first Armistice, but everyone was glad and thankful.

Now since 1950, we have been engaged in fighting in Korea and with the Chinese and Russians who are wanting more territory. War was not declared. It is called "A Cold War," whatever that means, but has been a most deadly one and the United States has lost thousands of her men in this humanitarian act, and we in our city have lost many and many have been wounded.

"Cease Firing" came in 1953, so the slaughter is stopped, negotiations are going on and we hope "Peace" will be declared soon but that is doubtful.

At the close of that year mother had a very bad attack of "flu," almost sleeping sickness. Christmas Day was not a very happy one for us as she was very ill, could eat very little of our traditional turkey, and she was very fond of turkey. She was several weeks recovering, then I took it, went out too soon, and had a relapse. The flu was very bad here at that time. Many had died at Camp Sherman and at other camps over the country.

Along about this time, I think we had our first outside Christmas tree. We had two small cedar trees on the abutments at the side of our front steps. We decorated these with ornaments and electric lights. Many people stopped to see them, especially children. I think these were the first outside decorated Christmas trees in our city.

The manager we had for the Cough Syrup Co. turned out no good and we had to let him go. Another salesman that we knew came to help with the cough syrup and to assist in the store.

Daddy was not well again. We thought then of retiring, but Dr. Roy Brown, our doctor for some time, called me into his office and told me not to let daddy retire. He said if he did, he would soon die as he had been active all of his life and never loafed, and he would not know what to do with himself. Said for me to take on a little more of the responsibility. So, I would go to the store about 9 A. M., then daddy would go home and rest and not return until about 12:15. Then I would go home, eat my dinner, take a little nap and go back about 2 o'clock, when he would again go home for the rest of the day. This worked out very well.

I think I have failed to tell that we were "Movie" goers from the time they first opened here. We all four enjoyed them and attended two or three times a week. We especially enjoyed the serial pictures like "The

Adventures of Pearl White" and so on. These were very popular in the early days. We had a season ticket at one of the theaters and could attend every night if we wished. We were regulars at the "Movies" as we were at the opera houses. While daddy was ill, he still attended often.

At last, daddy got to feeling so badly and was so short of breath that the doctor advised him to go to Columbus for an examination. We went to a well known diagnostician in Columbus. He gave him a cursory examination. Said he had some heart trouble, but if he was careful and did not overtax himself, his chances were good to live ten years or more. This was on Thursday. He charged \$50.00 for the examination, which did not take a half-hour. On Sunday following, September 4th, 1921, daddy died. We were getting ready to take a little drive. He fell to the floor of the living room and was gone in a few minutes. The world seemed to come to an end for me then. Our Night-Blooming Cereus bloomed that night. He had always been so proud of it.

Services were held in our home and many came to pay their last respects. The flowers were many and beautiful. The grocery stores all closed in respect to him.

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CHAPTER 28.

I had to take up the burdens the next day and I felt the responsibility. If it had not been for the help of the salesman, who came to assist us and who was such a help when daddy was ill, I do not think I would have been able to have made it.

I went to the store at 6 A. M., home to dinner and right back to stay until closing time at 6 P. M. I had to do the buying and to attend to everything. It was getting to be quite a problem to do business as the first chain grocery store had come—a Kroger Store—in the room on East Court St., next to where Mr. Ed Fite now has his store. Of course, they did a cash and carry business also. I could not compete with their prices as they had a big buying power. I saw the hand-writing on the wall, so I sent my assistant to Pennsylvania, to headquarters of The Atlantic & Pacific stores to see if they would be interested in opening a store here. I have never told this before, but they would have come here eventually if I had not approached them. They were very much interested and sent a representative here at once. We leased our room to them for five years. We were to dispose of the stock and fixtures, which we did, and turned the first floor over to them. I retained the second floor and the basement. I had carried on the business for a year after daddy was gone.

It was sad to me to see the old store, where I had spent all of my life, dismantled, but I did it. Poor mother thought we would never have anything to eat as we had always had the store for so many years and daddy would send home each day's provisions, so mother never had to worry about that. I told her I would still buy at wholesale and keep the shelves in the pantry well filled, which I did.

It seemed very strange not to go to the store every day but I liked it. If I would go up town on Saturday night I would scarcely know how to act as I had never been out on Saturday night. The crowds confused me.

This has always been a great Saturday night town, even in the horse and buggy days, and more so now with automobiles. People would often say: "Don't you miss being at the store and wish you were back there?" Strange to say, I never wished that I was back. I expect it was because my father was no longer there.

I found much to do at home and enjoyed being there with mother and Grace. I had spent most of my life at the store with daddy. Now I could enjoy being with mother and Grace.

I still kept on writing poetry and much of it was published. I missed having daddy to read it to first. He was always so interested.

After daddy's death, I had to give up the Cough Syrup Co. I could not carry it on alone. I did go around for awhile in our machine, taking mother and Grace, to some of the towns near, where we had sold and always sold some, but when the depression came after the close of the war, people were buying only what they had to have. The Company was dissolved by the court and the formula came back to me. I still have hopes that some day I will find someone who will place it on the market again, for it is a wonderful remedy, has cured cases of tuberculosis, although we were not permitted to say that, but we have testimonials to the effect. Most of the older people here know of its good qualities and have used it, especially in bringing up their children.

When Nursery Schools were started over the country, I went to Columbus, headquarters of the schools, and got permission to call upon these schools, and they gave me a list of those in our county and surrounding counties. I did this because I knew how fine our cough syrup was for children, even babies, as I had a testimonial from one of our prominent doctors to that effect. He said it was the finest thing he had ever tried for baby colds. It contains no opiates, or anything harmful in any way to children or adults, and is even good for animals, placing it in their food.

I called upon the schools and placed it in almost all of them. All were using cough remedies of some kind, some of which I know contained opiates. The next time that I called at the places, the teachers told me what a wonderful remedy they found ours to be, and ordered more, usually through a drug store, where I would place it. I called on many places and had good success. I went to Dayton and there I met my "Waterloo." I was getting along fine until I came in contact with the State Superintendent of Nursery Schools, a supercilious woman official, who said I could not place the cough syrup in the schools. I told her I had permission from headquarters, but she said "No." So I told her I would go to Columbus and see about it, which I did. I found in some manner, I had been given unwarranted permission, and they said I could not place it in the schools although it was doing so much good and the teachers were giving other kinds—on the sly. Just another case, like at Camp Sherman, doctors want no interference with their work. So I had to give that up when I was really doing good to humanity.

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CHAPTER 29.

I think now I will tell more about places and people. Beginning at the cemetery on Washington Ave. It was platted in 1856 by Hon. James Purcell, Judge Daniel McLean, Capt. J. H. Robinson, Curran Millikan, Alfred Ogle, and a few others. Land was purchased of Judge McLean. First 10

acres were set apart for burying grounds. This was soon increased to 30 acres. Now it contains at least 40, and more is needed. It was surveyed and platted by Capt. John M. Bell, for whom the John M. Bell Grand Army Post was later named. A board of trustees has had charge since it was organized. The first superintendent was H. B. Ely, who held the position many years. He was succeeded by James Holmes, who held the position 14 years, up until 1897. Under him the first real improvement was effected. I do not know when the superintendent's home was built there. After Holmes, came George Gossard, who made an enviable record, and put the grounds in excellent condition. Beautiful driveways, artificial lake, rare and beautiful trees, shrubs and flowers make it a place of beauty. The fountain was erected in 1892. A stone vault has been there for many years. In 1914, the Memorial Mausoleum was constructed. The Windel Mausoleum is near the entrance. The cornerstone of the Judy Memorial Chapel was laid in October, 1905. After Mr. Gossard, Mr. C. P. Jamison was superintendent, then Wert Baughn, who resigned in 1952 on account of ill health and soon after died. Rev. Arthur George is superintendent at the present time, 1953. There are 18,000 entombed in this city of the dead, several thousand more than in our living city.

I go frequently to our lot, not to cry or grieve, but to be near the last resting place of all of my dear ones for a little while. It is a comfort to me. I feel they are safe and still watching over me. It is a pleasure to keep the place looking nice which I do with the help of Mrs. Ashall Judy, who lives near by.

There is a new addition across the road from the cemetery and it is rapidly being built up with nice looking small homes. There were many of the early families lived along Washington Avenue. Most of them have passed away now and the homes have been improved and new ones built.

The Captain Ramsey home sitting back in a large yard was one of the attractive places of the early days. It was on the north side of the street. The sons were Ellis and Richard. Dr. Allen lived with the family. There is a subdivision there now and the old home, still standing, is surrounded by modern and lovely homes. I have told before of the Levi Rowe home and of its later occupants, but I failed then to mention that Cornelius Smith and family also lived there before the Dunns. Mrs. Dunn was a Smith. James Dunn was a tailor. He was a brother of William Dunn. That family a good many years ago moved to Columbus. The son became a very eminent doctor there. Across the road was the home of the T. K. Perdue family.

Then there were the Rockwells, Blanchards, and Dalbeys. Across the street were the Greggs, Pope and Nye, and the Larrimers, all of whom I particularly remember. Up the street on the south side Priddys, Mollie and Grace, who is still living, Adamases, Saxtons, and Thorntons. Across the street were the Ogles. I remember Grace and Marcia, who were cousins. There were several of that family who were well known. On the corner of East Street and Washington Avenue was Josiah Hopkins, father of Mrs. Jerome Penn, Austin and Scott Hopkins, and Stella (Hamilton). I do not remember who lived there before the Hopkinses.

On the corner of East and Short Streets, lived Captain Noah Jones and daughter, Kate. The Ed McKees lived next. The daughter, Helen, still lives there. Judge Lee Rankin lived next. His wife is still living and

is 98 years old. The daughter, Mrs. Kitchen, and husband live with her. The Dr. Coffman home next, then the Dr. W. E. Ireland home, now occupied by Stanley Paxson and wife. Their children are Linda and William. Across the street is the Jerome Penn home, where the son, Ralph, and wife still live. The Hess home is across the alley, Lucy Hess Holmes living there until her death recently. The George Swope home was next. He had a machine shop. His children were Harriett (Parker), Opal (Parker), and a son, John, who died young. The Parkers (Opal) and family moved to Sand Springs, Oklahoma, several years ago. I hear from them now and then. Mr. Parker has done very well there. He was on of the firm of Parker and Wood with factory on South Main Street. They manufactured all kinds of wood work and built up a large trade here, employing twenty to thirty people.

The Jenkins home is next. The children are Nettie (VanWinkle Evans) and "Icy" (Philbrick), both still living, Mrs. Philbrick in the home place and Mrs. Evans now living in Florida. The George Dahl family in the early days owned and lived in this home. Mr. Dahl built and later lived in the home now occupied by Mrs. Harry Rankin and the late Judge Rankin. The Greiners and their daughter, Lona, lived along here, also Joe Bailey and wife and Mrs. West, Mrs. Bailey's mother. The Eli and Williams Craig families lived on the east side of the alley. The David Hopkines lived on the corner.

On the west corner of Sycamore and East Streets, lived the Harlows. Mrs. Martin Grove later lived there and her cousin, Miss McDonald. The next house was the Barney Kelly home, now occupied by Mrs. Walter Craig and son. Across the alley was the Shannon home, then occupied by Dr. J. M. Boyd and wife, now by Mrs. Rose Hughey. The Ogle sisters, Florence and Brightie, lived next. Now it is used by the Baptist church. Where "Pat" Burk built a lovely home was occupied by a small house. I do not remember who lived there. I have told of the Baptist and Catholic Churches. This side of the Catholic Church, Mr. V. J. Dahl built a very handsome home but that was in later years. The next house on the alley was occupied, in my memory, by George I. Bailey and family. Then by James A. McLean and family. After that by various people including Claiborn Coffman and family and Harry Baker and family. The Baker children were Marcus and Sarah. We were very good friends with both of these families. The Mann family also lived there.

The little house across the street, once occupied by Sheriff Smith, was later for awhile occupied by his daughter, Mrs. Albaugh, of Circleville. She had several children. I especially remember Anna and Alice (Jacobs) who many years later lived here for awhile at a hotel. The house was later occupied by Mrs. Piper and two daughters Allie (Wyley) and Gertrude (Keller). Mr. Wyley came here with the Gwinns from West Virginia. Mr. C. S. Williams and family also lived there before moving to Tampa, Florida. Mr. Williams was a contractor and builder with offices on the second floor of the Dennis block on Main Street. Mrs. Williams was very active in Methodist Church circles. They had one daughter, Fay (Armstrong), and two sons. Mr. Roy Armstrong, of New Holland, was connected with the railroad here for many years. He still has that connection in Tampa. They have one daughter, Katharine Jane (Cox), who also lives in Tampa. They have a son, Johnnie.

In later years the Bailey home was occupied for over thirty years by Dr. Neil B. Jones and family. Their children were Florence (Foster), Eleanor (Short), and twins, Dorothy and Donald. We were very close friends all through the years. Both families have lost many dear ones in that time.

Our home across the alley from Joneses came next, which my father built, then the property of Dr. Joe Williams, of which I have told, now occupied by Wm. M. Campbell. He has one daughter, Virginia (Otis). Three grandchildren, Victoria, Elizabeth, and John, Jr. (Otis), who often visit here.

Around the corner on Fayette Street, was the Coffman home, then in my memory Charles or "Jum" Stevens and wife lived there. A niece, "Lizzie" Evans, lived with them. She was a very fine musician on the piano. Unfortunately while still a young girl, she lost her mind and was confined in the State Hospital for many years. She passed away just a few years ago, leaving quite a large estate which went to a distant relative. Among other property, she owned the double brick house across the alley from the jail.

In the next house lived Dr. Felix H. Knott and family, then Johnnie Culhan and family, then various people. The Dewitts lived next. I have told of that family. Miss Belle and Mart were alone for a good many years and in their old age were quite pitiful. Grace and I tried to do what we could for them and their relatives did, too, but they were pretty hard to do things for as they were both set in their ways. The home has since been occupied by various people.

Below them, Ferd Snapp built a home and shop. His children were Ruth, Earl, and John. I think Mr. Snapp was a blacksmith. Next was the Hagerty Shoe Factory. Then we had it for our Cough Syrup factory and now enlarged it is The Mortuary Supply Co.

On the lot now occupied by the mill was the home of Michael Flynn. I remember some of the children—Leo, who died as a young boy, Ann, who many may still remember, Kate, and one I think they called "Duck." I think they have all passed away.

This end of Broadway was known as Eymon row from the name of the man who owned most of the houses from Fayette to North Street. Some were very nice small homes. Later they became shabby and were occupied by rather shady people, and it became known as "Lake Front." Most of the houses are gone now. "Slim" Smalley has a repair shop on the corner of the alley and Mrs. Lahey and son have a nice home, and Mary Frances Snider remodeled the old Kennedy home into a very attractive place, on the corner of Broadway and North Street.

The present personnel of the Record-Herald Company is: Owners—Wayne W. Galvin, president; Catherine R. Galvin, vice-president; Paul F. Rodenfels, secretary-treasurer; Department heads are—Paul F. Rodenfels, publisher; Forest Tipton, managing editor; Howard Harper, editor; B. E. Kelley, city editor; Mrs. June Ramey, office manager; Mrs. Faith Pearce, society editor; Frank E. Ellis, advertising manager; Harry S. Speakman, mechanical foreman; Miss Dorothy Jones, proofreader.

The Washington Printing and Publishing Company, formerly connected with the Record-Herald, is now located on Court Street. It is composed of Robert Bishop, Samuel Wilson, and J. E. Magley.

One of the places I forgot to mention on East Court Street, was the Chas. D. Snider Bakery. He was there after Bell and Hostetter. He expanded the business to include several rooms in the Williams Block. He used several delivery wagons and shipped to all parts of the county. He made all kinds of confections as well as bread. It was a big business.

Mr. George Flowers and sons, Roy, Ace, and Albert, bought out Mr. Snider and continued in business there until 1938. Mr. Flowers in the early days had a confectionary and restaurant where the Ruley Restaurant is now located. He made ice cream, chocolate candy, and confections of all kinds. He also had a restaurant on the corner where Wright's Restaurant is now located. Afterwards William Hooker had a pool room where Ray's Play House is located.

Nathaniel Crooks had a tin shop in the old three-story building next to our building on Court Street before "Memorial Hall" was built. Old Mr. and Mrs. Crooks were very nice people. They had three children, Estella, John, and Cash. The boys died rather young. Stella and her mother moved to Columbus after the death of the brothers and the father. Stella married Frank Mitchel, a horseman of prominence. They opened The Columbus Riding Academy. During the State Fairs, they often drove their eight coal-black horses around the track hitched to a tallyho. They were wildly cheered as they went around the track.

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CHAPTER 30.

Going back again to my life, I enjoyed being home with mother and Grace and we had nice times together. Mother and I took a short trip to Parkersburg, and in 1924, Miriam Perdue and I took a trip on the Ohio River from Cincinnati to Pittsburgh and back. It was a conducted trip given by The Columbus Dispatch. It was a very lovely trip, and we met a number of very nice people who were in the party.

Like the trip down the river, many years before, it was leisurely and we stopped at many points along the way. The scenery on both sides was beautiful and I think as beautiful as that on the Hudson River. We had stops at Parkersburg, Marietta, Wheeling, and many other points. In Pittsburgh, we were taken on a tour of the city. We loved to sit on the forward deck in the evening, especially when coming in to some port. I always felt like I might be like Cleopatra on her barge coming into some foreign shore. We often stopped long enough to go up into the town or city for a little while as the boat was being unloaded and loaded. On our return trip, we stopped at Blennerhasset Island, noted during the life of Aaron Burr and the seat of a planned revolution, which failed. Our trip was delayed somewhat by a bad storm, which filled the river with debris, and the boat had to go very slowly. All one night, we heard the fog horn blowing, which had a very frightening sound. In the evenings, we often had entertainment in the cabin. Miriam and I were called upon to read some of our poetry and others did various things. The food was

always very good and was served in the long cabin on small tables along the sides. All the people were very friendly. The trip took a week, but as we were delayed by the storm they gave us permission to get off the boat at Portsmouth and return home by bus, they paying our fare, saving us our train fare home from Cincinnati.

In 1924, I had another book published, "Whispering Leaves." It was an Anthology. I compiled it with the assistance of Miriam Perdue, who became interested in writing poetry when reading some of my poems that were often published. Compiling the Anthology was quite an undertaking. I advertised in a national magazine and received many letters and much poetry. There were sixteen entrants in the book, each having several poems, their autobiography and photograph. Of course, some of our poems were included. I made nothing on the book, but I made a good many new friends and proved I could do it.

That year mother was not well and after the river trip we took her to Columbus for an examination and later to Grant Hospital for a slight operation. I wanted to consult Uncle Dan Wendel before deciding to go to the hospital but when I went to see him and Aunt Allie at the Columbus hotel, where they were living, found he was very ill with pneumonia and I could not talk with him, so Grace and I had to make the decision ourselves.

Mother was in the hospital just one night and I had a cot in the room with her. Grace stayed with a cousin who lived near. We were very worried and I felt a great responsibility. Mother was not well after that, but could get around. Uncle Dan passed away very suddenly on December 17th, of that year, from a heart attack. He was not well after having pneumonia. That was a very sad Christmas for all of us. The two aunts stayed with us until after the first of the year, then Aunt Allie went to live with Aunt Clara and her husband in Detroit.

Things went along very quietly for us. Several years before, we had disposed of our touring car, so now we bought a two-door sedan. Mother enjoyed riding so we took many short trips. We did take a trip to Detroit. The folks came on a visit and we went back with them in October, stayed a couple of weeks, and Mr. Carpenter brought us home.

Mother was not well from then on and on May 25th, 1928, she passed away. I spent seven happy years at home with her. Most of my life had been spent at the store with daddy. I was able to do many things for her, and together Grace and I were able to take care of her to the end. I often told her she was my baby now and I could look after her. She was so patient and never complained.

She looked beautiful in her casket, dressed in lavender, a color which she especially wore. Her hair was still a light brown and so soft and pretty. Her flowers were many and lovely. The services were here in her home as were daddy's. She was placed beside her dear companion and her baby boy. Grace and I went every week to the cemetery to take flowers and to be with our dear ones. It was a comfort to us to go to their resting place and to keep the place looking nice. At Christmas, we placed wreaths on the graves and at Easter potted flowers and on Decoration, bouquets and a red geranium on all of them, possibly ten, at that time. There were also three urns with blooming plants, which we looked after as long as we had a car, then paid to have them watered.

After mother passed away, we were very lonely but Grace and I still had each other and we were drawn even closer together. We went everywhere together even though she was twelve years older than I. She was so sweet and good. She still looked after the cooking and I the yard, most of the house and business matters. Whatever I did was all right with her, but I always consulted her about every thing. We got along very well in our quiet way.

For Christmas in 1928, I had published a book of poems "Memoriam" in memory of mother. These were sent to many friends. We often visited the older people whom we knew, and would often take friends, who had no car, out for a ride. In that way, we visited with them and it gave us all pleasure.

We still enjoyed the movies and kept up our church attendance. Where I went, Grace went. She usually had hold of my arm as my mother had done. I miss that now that I am alone.

About this time I think it was that Grace had an attack of shingles. She had a small breaking out on one side that itched and pained. I was worried. Dr. Roy Brown, who had been our doctor for a long time, and for both daddy and mother and who had also been our good friend, had died and since his death we had not needed a doctor so now we had to decide on a new doctor. We knew Paul Craig and his family and so decided on him. We called him and he came and he was our doctor and friend until he ceased to practice for awhile.

He examined her and told us to come to his office that afternoon which we did. As he left the house, he told me what was the trouble—shingles—and said sometimes they were hard to deal with. Of course I was more worried. We went to his office and he gave her what he called an electric spark, put it on the bare flesh for just a few minutes. We went every day or every other day for this treatment. He gave no medicine or ointment, but said to use hot water bottle if pain was severe and gave some tablets for pain, and said to drink hot Ovaltine before retiring. She got better at once. In about two weeks, he went on his vacation and I was much worried for fear she might get worse. When he returned in about two weeks, she was entirely well and never had a return of the shingles. I guess this was rather remarkable as sometimes they are long-lasting.

While she was ill, the relatives from Detroit came and were quite a help to me. We went out in their machine often and Grace could enjoy that as she did not have to move around.

In 1929, Grace and I had an important question to decide. The Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., which had occupied our store room for seven years, wished to expand. They wanted us to build them a room, including our room adjoining. As this had been occupied many years by The Victory Confectionary, and, up to that time, had been very satisfactory tenants, we did not wish to include that room. The A. & P. then decided to move next door. As our building was frame and about 100 years old and in need of repair, we at last decided it might be best to put up a new building there. It was a big undertaking for two women—but nothing ventured, nothing won. We made our plans and carried them out very well, with the exception that our contractor almost got us in bad by using some of the money we paid him for lumber bills, to apply to his own ac-

count. By the aid of our attorney, Robert Edge, we got this straightened out. Our idea was to have this building as a memorial to our parents. My father had been in business in this location for 45 years. I had spent most of my life there, too. A tablet in the top of the building states: "Memorial to J. W. and Frances Duffee." Much of the timber in the old building was walnut. We had some of it made into a gate-leg table, sewing cabinet and magazine rack as keepsakes of the old store.

The building was completed in 1930, about the beginning of the depression, in which so many people failed.

There were various reports about who was going to rent the store room. It was said a chain drug firm from Dayton had leased it from an agent here and had measured the room for fixtures. I had heard nothing about that. All at once it was said they were not coming, and a few years afterwards, I learned from the company that they had thought they had it leased but through the connivance of the "agent" with parties here, who did not want them to come, they were told that I would not lease them the room. I had never been approached about the matter.

It was then up to me to find a renter. The Weaver Brothers, who had occupied the room next door where the Atlantic & Pacific were then located, decided to go into business again, so we rented the room to them. They did a very good business for awhile. The depression was getting worse and many business firms had to close and people were losing their homes and farms, and work was scarce. It was a very bad time for everyone. In the midst of it in 1933, Mr. Weaver went into bankruptcy, closing the store without any intimation to me that he was going to have to do so. It was a shock to us. The first we knew about it a friend phoned and said the store had not opened that morning. At that time, Mr. Weaver had moved most of the stock, secretly, to another location and was ready again for business. As the saying is: "crime does not pay," and he was not there long.

There were twenty-five or thirty vacant store rooms in town by that time, so prospects for a tenant were very poor.

Shortly after mother passed away, our cousin, Emil Leonhard, of Dayton, came to see us. His mother was our mother's aunt, and she had been named Frances after her, and she was her godmother. Emil and his brother, Lewis, were bachelors and both quite wealthy. A cousin from Columbus came with Emil. There were several cousins of the family living there. Emil was looking up his various relations as he was getting up in years and had no very near heirs. We had always liked him as he was jolly and enjoyed people. Mother was one of his favorite cousins.

About that time or a little after, the "Wendel" estate in New York attracted a great deal of attention. An old lady, worth one hundred and fifty million dollars, died, leaving no will or any direct descendants. Of course, we all pricked up our ears at that. Her ancestors came from Germany, near Bavaria, where our people came from and the name of Daniel came down through several generations as it did in our family. Her grandfather was engaged in the fur trade with John Jacob Astor when he came to this country and when our people came to this country in 1806, our great, great-grandfather Daniel Wendel also worked for Astor. We felt almost sure that there was a connection between our family and this wealthy old lady who had died without heirs.

Our cousin, Emil Leonhard, whose mother was a Wendel, was very much interested, not because of the money so much, as he himself was a millionaire, but for the numerous cousins. A number of relatives from here and from Columbus got together at his home in Dayton and talked over the relationships. We decided to write and find out what we could about the matter. I was selected to do the writing. I wrote to the attorneys in New York, then to many other people all over this country and in Germany. There were over 2000 people trying to prove to be next of kin. Some were later proven to be frauds. I wrote to more than one hundred people, but made no direct connection with any of them. Emil went on a trip to Germany and looked up some of our people there and got photostatic copies of birth certificates and other information about our family. In the meantime, all of us met many times in Dayton, Columbus, and here, and we enjoyed these get-togethers. We had never met some of the cousins before this. I compiled a family tree, which has been very interesting to have, and we did prove the connection with the New York family, but it was back to the ninth generation and the attorneys said too far back to come in on the estate. However, I do not believe the estate has ever been entirely settled yet. A lot of fraud was found in connection with it. At least, it caused us to know our relatives better and we had many happy meetings together.

Emil's brother, Lewis, died, leaving all of his estate to Emil. After Emil's return from abroad, he suffered a stroke. He had just moved to a beautiful \$25,000 home. A distant cousin and his wife and daughter, had gotten into his good graces and went to live with him and take care of him. We saw him a few times after he had the stroke. He died in 1933. All of the cousins were remembered in his will, or most of them, but with smaller amounts than had been intended as the cousins, who were in charge, came in for most of his estate. There was an adopted sister, also who came in for a good share. He was a prominent business man and Mason and well liked by everyone. Grace and I were second cousins, but were left each as much as the first cousins were left. He always seemed to especially like us.

I especially remember the time of his death as we had planned to go to the Chicago Fair in 1933. Had reservations to go with The Columbus Dispatch conducted tours, which went every week. The funeral was about the middle of that week. We canceled our reservations and made them again for the next week. Aunt Clara and her husband, Bruce, were to go with us as they were visiting here then. Aunt Allie was to stay in Columbus while we were gone.

We attended Emil's funeral and met most of the other cousins there.

I especially wanted to go to the Chicago World's Fair, as we did not get to attend the first one in 1893. I studied the map of the grounds so I would know just how to get around and what we would want to see. I was all excited about going, then it seemed as if we were not going to be able to go again. Mr. Weaver closed on us that week. I felt that I should not go, but should stay at home and see about renting the room, but then I decided that I would always regret it if we did not go, so we went. If I could have known what was coming after, I might have not gone.

We went to Columbus and joined a party of sixteen to take the trip. We found them all to be very congenial people and we had a wonderful time. Our conductor was a Mr. Corwin. Our headquarters were at

Gary, Indiana, about 25 miles from Chicago. We would go in to the fair grounds every day and back late at night on the electric cars. That way we were away from the noise of the city and the ride back at night was restful before retiring. We stayed at one of the best hotels, within a short walk of the station. We saw most all there was to be seen. Sometimes it was pretty hard for Grace and me to keep up as the conductor went pretty fast at times. Sometimes I would get hold of the coat tail of a doctor who was along so we would not get separated from the party. I had brought daddy's cane from home as I knew it would be helpful and it certainly was. Grace would take hold of my arm and with the help of the cane we got along fine. Many used a cane on the grounds as there were places where you could buy them. We did not get lost once, but some of the party did. One evening when we were going through the midway, one of the men got a rope and we all took hold of it on opposite sides and got along fine, and created quite a bit of amusement.

We spent one day in Chicago seeing the sights and one day in Gary. The Chamber of Commerce there provided machines to take us to points of interest. We saw the sand-dunes, which were very interesting, and other points of interest. There are iron foundries at Gary. The city was only about twenty-five years old then. Across the railroad track was where all the colored people lived. They had their own government, schools, churches, places of amusement, parks and beautiful homes.

We were glad that we made the special effort to go on that trip.

On our return began the tug-of-war trying to rent the store room. The depression got worse. People were failing everywhere. Our two upstairs rooms also were vacant. Business was at about a standstill. It looked as if we might lose the property that we had all worked so hard to accumulate. I was determined though that we would not. Even our attorney thought we should sell. I knew several people who would have liked to see us forced to do that, as they knew it to be valuable, but at that time it would sell at a very low price. It was almost impossible to borrow money and many a man failed. I would not give up and by many different maneuvers I managed to save what we had. I always feel pretty proud of that, as many a business man and high-class farmer failed. Courage, determination, and trust in God brought us through, and the training that our dear father had given me. He received many a hard blow in his life time, but they never daunted him. He would keep on trying and forget past misfortunes.

The store room was vacant for a year and a half, with the exception of about a week when we rented the room for a "Snake Show." A man who was exhibiting a boa constructor. It was in a large fancy glass cage. He said there was absolutely nothing offensive about it. At first we said, "No." I dislike even a picture of a snake and could not bear the thought of having one in our room. He was so insistent, that at last we consented. I was surprised when we went to look at it to find that I really thought it was beautiful. He sat in the cage with it and once a young man and woman came in and he asked her to get in the cage, which she did, and he twined the snake around her. I think they must have been a part of the show.

Then for a few months, we rented the front part of the room to a Mr. Steffy for a grocery. He did not stay long.

Then fortune came our way. Business conditions were better. A young man came to see us about renting the room for a drug store. That

was a representative of Mr. L. M. Hayes, of The Down Town Drug Store. Satisfactory arrangements were made and work began on the room. Their business was good from the start. Later Mr. Hayes came and moved his family here, his wife and one daughter. He has become one of the leaders in the community and his wife also. The daughter married and lives in Tiffin. They have one child. Their name is Crosby.

We made the rooms over the two rooms into apartments. The business school had been there. Things went along better then.

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CHAPTER 31.

Our two aunts and Mr. Carpenter came every summer to visit us and we had many nice times. They had a very nice Hudson car and we made many nice short trips. Often went to The General Denver Hotel on Sunday for dinner, to The Colonial Inn at Hillsboro, Maple Grove Hotel, and many others. They would stay several months as Mr. Carpenter was retired and they were free to spend their time as they liked. They often were here for Thanksgiving, and Christmas also, which made it very nice for all of us.

With the inheritance that our cousin, Emil Leonhard, left us we made an apartment on the alley side of our home. We added a room in the back where the porch had been. Years before, daddy had built over this porch a flower room, glass enclosed, to take care of the many plants we had during the winter. We got great enjoyment out of this room, and I still do, as I still try to take care of the plants that we all loved so well.

The apartment consisted of three rooms and bath, all large rooms, with front and side entrances, and all on first floor. This was in 1936. The apartment has been well rented ever since. Mrs. Eva Hosier has occupied it for 11 years. We still had twelve rooms to take care of, and I still have that many.

About 1930, Grace and I attended a meeting of the Federation of Ohio Garden Clubs, held for several days in Columbus at the Neil House. We were members of the Garden Club here. We stopped at the "Neil" during the meetings. There were good speakers, luncheon and banquet, and on the last day an automobile tour to visit the gardens of many beautiful homes. I especially remember Hadden Hall, the Jeffry's home, patterned after an English estate, and Session Village, exclusive site of many beautiful homes. The tour ended with a reception at Gov. White's mansion, his daughter acting as hostess.

Later that year, we spent three weeks at the home of our cousin, Mrs. Will Nye. We drove up in our Ford and had quite an experience. The road from here to Columbus was closed, as it was being rebuilt, so we decided to go by South Charleston and London to Columbus, as I had been over it and knew that way. We went to South Charleston and had dinner, then went on to London. Found the road there was closed for a short distance also and there was a detour. We started on it and kept going and going and I saw no place to turn. It was very dusty and narrow. I kept going and at last we came to a place and found it was Plain City, 25 miles the other side of Columbus. I had a wild idea of staying there

all night, as I was tired and it was getting rather late, and I was not used to driving so far. We decided to go back and at last reached Columbus, but I did not know how to reach 19th Avenue, where my cousin lived, and no one whom I asked seemed to be able to tell me. I found that my brake was not working good, and I could scarcely stop the car. I had just had it all gone over before we left home, but I may have worn out the brake stopping so much. I knew if I could get down town I could find my way out to 19th Avenue, so we found our way down and then came back. Jessie was watching for us and was worried about us being so late. We got there, but it was a good joke on us.

We had a wonderful visit and went many places and Jessie and her husband said they had a vacation, too. We went to Olentangy Park, where they first kept the animals now in the Zoo. We went to the airport, which had not been opened very long. We saw the plane from Washington, D. C., used by officials, and they let us get into it. We had dinner at the airport and saw some of the planes come in.

The State Fair was going on while we were there. We went one morning about eight o'clock. Saw about everything there was to see outside of the livestock, but we did see the "Cat Show." In some places, they gave you chances on various things. I am never lucky, but a short time after I got home I received a letter from some firm saying I had won a lot in an addition near the airport. I was all excited and wrote to Mr. Nye about it, but he discouraged me about it. Said he did not think it would be worth paying the taxes on it. So I did nothing about it, but, no doubt, long before this it would have become valuable in this district, so I may have lost a good chance.

At the Fair, Ringling's Circus was giving afternoon and evening performances in the quarter stretch, so we saw the afternoon performance. It began a little late so we did not get to see all of it as we had an evening dinner engagement with some cousins. We enjoyed the performance very much and hated to leave. We had a very enjoyable vacation. We were entertained by several of our relatives in the city.

We made another trip to Detroit with the folks. We had a nice time and got to see a great deal of the city. We visited their Zoo, which had just been opened. It was patterned after the Hagenback one in Germany where the animals are all in their native habitat. We also visited the Art Gallery and had many lovely drives.

In December, 1936, Bruce (Mr. Carpenter) died very suddenly at his home in Detroit. This was a sad blow to all of us. He had not been very strong for several years but was not seriously ill at the time. He was brought to Columbus, where he had lived for many years, and where in his early married life he conducted a photograph gallery. He was brought here for burial and is buried on our double lot. Our cousin, Anna Kaetzel, passed away in December, just a month later. The folks had stayed with her when they were in Columbus. They were with her after Mr. Carpenter's death and then stayed on in her apartment as she had no near relatives to take over. In 1938, they returned to their home in Detroit for the summer months and Grace and I visited them for three weeks. While there, we visited Greenfield Village, the Ford Museum, and made a second trip to The Dearborn Hotel on the Ford Estate. It is a very lovely place and serves excellent food.

They returned to the apartment in Columbus in early winter. Friends who lived in the same building went to Florida during the winter and wrote back urging them to come. They were staying in St. Petersburg and had been there several winters. As our aunts disliked the cold and were lonely there, they decided to go. Grace and I felt that we would like to go, too, as that would be a fine opportunity with relatives and friends there. Our aunts went down on the train in January, and on the 28th of February, 1939, we also went.

The weather here was very cold, down below zero. I almost froze the day before going to the ticket office here to get the tickets. We took the train the next morning about 4:30. Went in the taxi and the man waited until the train came as the depot was not open. It was snowing hard and we felt a little dubious about going on this long trip by ourselves as we had never gone alone before. We had not gotten to bed until after 12 o'clock and got up at 2 to get our breakfast and get ready to leave.

We had to wait in Cincinnati a couple of hours for our train south. It was still cold, but as we proceeded south the snow turned to rain and it looked pretty dreary. We reached Atlanta that evening and remained there a little while.

We arrived in St. Petersburg about 8:30 the next morning. We were awed by our first sight of the beautiful flowers, orange and grapefruit groves, and especially by the moss hanging from the trees. I really do not like that, it looks to dead and spooky to me. Our aunts and our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stroeter, were at the depot to meet us and there was a joyful reunion. Mrs. Stroeter was Sallie Cane, niece of Mrs. Melvin, who lived on South North Street. Sallie often visited here when a young woman. Both she and Mrs. Stroeter passed on several years ago.

Our aunts found us a place to stay in the next house to them. It was a lovely old home. Most places kept roomers during the winter season. The lady there was the widow of a minister and she and all of her roomers were very nice people. We were within three squares of down-town and two squares from the park which extends along Tampa Bay. There were many nice eating places close, so we could take our choice and visited all of them. One that we especially liked was "The Garden," a very beautiful place. You had to stand in line at most of them, which I did not like so well. We also had to stand in line in attending church, even if they had three services of a morning. That was not just at one but at all of the many churches. How wonderful if we could have it that way here.

We visited all of the points of interest and went to the Gulf of Mexico, several miles away, several times. One day we took a launch to Shell Beach on the Gulf, where we gathered all kinds of beautiful shells. We sent a big box of them home with other curios we picked up in various places.

I forgot to mention when we arrived we found everyone in summer clothes so we soon shed our winter attire. When we left home it was below zero, the next morning it was "the good old summer time." One could scarcely believe it.

We visited Tampa several times and called upon Mrs. C. S. Williams and daughter, Fay Armstrong, and while in one of the department stores saw and talked with Mrs. Frank Stutson and daughter, Louise.

We took a Loop Tour of several days, going by chartered bus over the Tamiami Trail to Miami, stopping at points of interest along the way. One place was a Seminole Indian village. We also saw the smoke of forest fires that were raging near, then.

In Miami, we stopped at one of the nice hotels on Biscayne Bay. The night we arrived, after dinner, a number of us decided we would like to visit a night club. We knew this might be an opportunity we might never have again. The driver of our bus acted as our guide. I think there were about ten of us. We went to the "Royal," one of the best in the city. As we had had our dinner, we just ordered lemonade, which cost us each \$3.50 but it was worth it. We sat at a table on a raised dais, where we could see all that was going on. There was a gorgeous floor show with many high-class acts, including Guy Lombardo and his orchestra, also the Flamingo Dance, which was beautiful. After the entertainment, there was dancing, but we did not stay for that. Of course, there were gambling devices in some of the rooms but we did not see that either but we were satisfied with what we did see.

The next day, we visited the airport, drove around the city to all points of interest, including Coral Gables, saw Al Capone's home and many other beautiful homes, then took the east coast back to St. Petersburg. We stayed one night at West Palm Springs. Saw many points of interest along the way. Our next stop was at Bok Tower. It is a beautiful place. I was impressed with the emerald green grass and the pink driveways, a beautiful combination. The sand in many places in Florida is pink.

We visited the Cyprus Gardens and many other cities and points of interest, and made some new friends on the trip that we heard from long after the trip.

Grace and I were there six weeks. They were having very cold weather with ice and snow back home, so we were glad to be avoiding that. We did not come with our aunts and did not go back with them. We decided, while we were there, we should visit St. Augustine, the historical and oldest city in the U.S.A. We went by bus across the state, passing through several well-known cities. We stopped for dinner at Orlando, a very beautiful inland city, also saw Daytona Beach, where auto races were often held, and Sanford, the great celery-growing city.

We arrived in St. Augustine about 6:30 P. M. I had the address of a good hotel on the beach front and thought I would have no difficulty in getting reservations there, as it was near the close of the winter season. Found to my dismay they were filled to capacity. Our taxi driver very kindly said he would take us to a nice private home, so we went there. It was a very nice place across the road from the sea wall of Matanzas Bay. It was the home of a very nice old couple. He had formerly lived in Ohio. We were very happy to have found such a nice place. We arranged with the taxi driver to come for us the next afternoon, which was Sunday to take us a tour of the places of interest.

Sunday morning after breakfast, we took a walk. It was a beautiful morning, bright and cool. We walked quite a distance. We came to the Flagler Memorial Church and decided we would go in. Flagler was really the one who brought much improvement to Florida. He opened the roads from St. Augustine to Miami and did many philanthropic deeds. Sunday

School was in progress in the church. We were invited into one of the classes, and to remain for the morning service. We stayed. It was Palm Sunday and the service was very lovely. Communion was given. The choir sang lovely. The choir loft was above the pulpit. After the service, we spoke to the minister and told him we were also Presbyterians and from Ohio.

After church we walked back down into the city. The Ponce De Leon Hotel is one of the beautiful hotels there, so we went in to look it over. It was closing that day as the season was considered over. It was most beautiful inside and out. After dinner, we took the ride with our taxi man of the day before. Some of the streets are so narrow autos can not drive on them. One near where we stayed was only six feet wide. We visited the oldest house, the Fountain of Youth, where we drank from the well, which is supposed to give you eternal youth. I wonder? We saw the Indian burial ground, showing the skeletons, which were discovered and exposed by archaeologists in 1934. It was a gruesome sight. We saw the oldest church and many more interesting places.

The city gates and the old market place, where slaves were sold, were not far from our rooming place. We ended our tour of three hours at Old Fort San Marco, also just a square from our rooms. There is a moat around the fort and a draw-bridge, which could be lifted in time of trouble. In its time, the fort has been in the hands of several different nations. At one time, hundreds of people were housed there during a siege. We went into the dungeon, or rather crawled into it, as you have to go through a hole in the wall that is not very large. It is lighted, but the guide turns out the light when you are in, so that you could see what prisoners would have to stand. We did not stay long.

The next day, we rode in a "carriage with the fringe around the top." There were many of these with colored drivers in livery, who take you to points of interest, especially where autos could not go. It was quite an experience to ride again in a horse-drawn conveyance. As we had visited most of the points of interest, we just had him drive us around the city. He let us out at The Moorish Palace. The architect was Stanford White. It is a beautiful building, a museum of oriental pieces of all kinds. The young girl attendants were dressed in Moorish costumes. The family lived above, Moorish people, no doubt.

That evening, we left for Jacksonville. I think we enjoyed our visit to St. Augustine the most of all. There were so many interesting things to see and so foreign that one felt almost like they were in another country. I advise anyone who visits St. Augustine to stay long enough to really see all of it as it is a most worthwhile place to see.

We did not get to see much of Jacksonville, as we left early the next morning for home. Of course, we went a different way from the one we came which was interesting. We went through Georgia, saw the turpentine camps and much desolate country. Little communities of shacks, where hogs ran in the streets. In a little place called Fargo, we saw a monument to Stephen Foster in memory of his song "Down on the Swannee River." We also saw the penitentiary on the outskirts of Atlanta. We went through Chattanooga, but during the night, so did not see Lookout Mountain, but I had seen it before. We arrived in Cincinnati about eight the next morning

and had to wait for our train home at about 2:30. We spent the time in the depot. It is a very interesting and lovely building and the time quickly passed. The weather was quite cool and it spit snow, even though it was April, and it snowed for three days after we reached home.

That fall, I got out a small booklet, "A Trek Through Florida." It told in verse of our trip and is still a happy reminder of that very enjoyable trip, the last long trip that my sister and I ever took.



CHAPTER 32.

It might be well now to tell of some of the new industries and business places that have come into existence here in recent years. Our entrance into both World Wars brought new industries here. First was the A.P.I., which manufactured war supplies. It gave employment to many of our citizens, both men and women, and brought in many outside people. Many of our people also went to Wright Field, at Dayton, and to other war plants, some commuting daily, and many still are so employed at this time.

The A.P.I. plant on the Chillicothe Pike, is now occupied by The National Cash Register Company, of Dayton. The Armco Metal Products Plant is near there. The Baker Tie Plant used to be in this vicinity. It moved to Marion, Ohio, several years ago. Brown-Brockmeyer Electric Motors, in Millwood, and numerous other plants. There are a number of automobile agencies with nice quarters: Brandenburgs, Don's Auto Sales, Brookover Motor Sales, Carroll Halliday "Ford Agency," Scott Universal Auto Co., Meriweather Motor Co., Drummond Implement Co., and many others.

Cudahy Packing Company is a big industry on Dayton Avenue, occupying the original sales barn. Fayette Canning Co. is the only food canning company here at the present time. The original Ladoga Canning Factory, on Sycamore Street, now is The Pet Food Manufacturing Co.

We have two good dairy products companies, The Med-O-Pure and the Sagar Company. There are several good florists, including Bucks, which has been here for many years. The Jackson Glove Co., on Temple Street, Fayette County Farm Bureau buildings on South Fayette Street and the stock yards in the northeast part of the city do a very large business. The Coffman Stair Company, on Sycamore and also on Main Street, ship their products to all parts of this country. Blue Rock Stone Quarries, on the Greenfield Road, and Fayette Limestone Company, on the Leesburg Road, both do a large volume of business. There are good garages and filling stations on almost every corner. There are several good motels, a business that is on the increase with so many traveling near and far these days. We have three hotels, The Cherry, which has been existence here for many years, The Fayette, for many years known as "The Arlington," and The Washington Hotel, which has been here since August, 1936. We have many good restaurants in the down-town area and also many outlying ones. All are well patronized, as many people these days eat out, and especially on Sundays. Good old-fashioned home-cooked food is almost forgotten by most people and not known too much by the young generation. Good canned foods of all kinds and good bakeries make cooking almost a lost

art. The Burke Monument Company has been here for many years. Our department stores are very up-to-date.

In East End, not before mentioned, were the groceries of N. S. Craig, Billie Bell, and Wert and Harry Backenstow. King Anderson had a saloon of rather bad repute. McNair Memorial Church brought quite a change to that community.

I failed also before to name those on panels of school building on North North St., erected in 1913. They were: W. E. Ireland, president; J. W. Duffee, vice-president; Robert Howat, clerk; D. S. Craig, Walter Hamilton, J. M. Willis; Howard and Merriam, Architects; H. Carg, Contractor; Wm. McClain, superintendent.

The funeral directors are Hook & Son, Selby and John Gerstner, Kirkpatrick Funeral Home, and Parrett Funeral Home. We have the very efficient Memorial Hospital, which serves a great need and many good rest and nursing homes. At the present, we have two good movie theaters, The Fayette and The State. Two good taxi cab services: Try-Me and The City Cab. They are a great convenience, since our city has spread out over so much territory and most people do not like to walk much, especially since the advent of the automobile. When I was a young girl, we enjoyed walking, but now the school children go in their machines or school buses or on bicycles. Walking is out as are so many old-time things. I believe people would feel better if they walked more. The buses take us every where, near and far. The bus station is in the Cherry Hotel building on North Main Street. The Chamber of Commerce does efficient work for the good of the community.

Physicians here at the present time: Dr. Joseph M. Herbert, Dr. E. H. McDonald, Dr. J. H. Persinger, Dr. N. M. Reiff, Dr. James E. Rose, Dr. Marvin H. Roszmann, Dr. A. D. Woodmansee, Dr. Robert Woodmansee, Dr. Paul Craig, Dr. Francis M. Haines. Osteopathic doctors, Dr. I. L. Pumphrey, Dr. Clarence Hayes, and Dr. Albert J. Farr, Health Specialist.

Attorneys at the present time: John Bath, R. L. Brubaker, John P. Case, Otis B. Core, Jos. H. Harper, Winston Hill, Charles S. Hire, Junk & Junk, Wm. Lovel, Ray Maddox, W. S. Paxson, Richard Rankin, Reed Winegardner, Edmond S. Woodmansee, F. Scott Zimmerman, and Clark Wickensimer.

County Officials: Common Pleas Judge, John P. Case; Probate Judge, Rell G. Allen; Prosecuting Attorney, John F. Bath; Sheriff, Orland Hays; Recorder, Eloise Johnson; Auditor, Ulric Acton; Treasurer, Charles A. Fabb; County Engineer, Charles Wagner; County Commissioners, Cliff Hughes, Ralph Minton, Robert Cockerill; Clerk of Courts, Dorothy West; Court Bailiff, Richard Ramsey, who has served in this office for many years.

Dentists: Dr. Fred D. Woollard, Dr. Stewart Smith, Dr. T. C. Frasure, Dr. Robert Hagerty, Dr. John G. Jordan, Dr. R. J. Nauss, Dr. Charles Pfersick, Dr. John W. Richards, Dr. W. E. Robinson.

Chiropodist: Dr. William E. Lawyer and Dr. Ernestine Thornton.

The present City Manager is James F. Parkinson. City Auditor, Miss Marie Melvin; Chief of Police, Vaiden Long; Fire Department, George Hall; Chamber of Commerce, P. Edward Kreider.

CHAPTER 33.

The liquor situation at the present time. It was difficult to obtain information, even from W.C.T.U. members, so I contacted Mr. Hidy at our

Liquor Store who very kindly helped me with pamphlets on the subject. The 18th Amendment, the prohibition law, was written in 1919, but did not go into effect until its ratification by the "Volstead Act" passed in 1920. This did not do away with the liquor problem, as everywhere large numbers of people filled their cellars and warehouses with liquor. Those who were nervous about their social position came to consider liquor as essential to their happiness as dinner coats. The bootlegger became a respected member of society. Physicians and druggists also became bootleggers. A few held to the law, but the acts of others gave them all a bad name.

The 18th Amendment was repealed in 1933. After a lengthy study and debate, the legislature passed what is known as "The Liquor Control Act." It reads as follows: "to provide a system of control of the manufacture and importation of and traffic in, beer and intoxicating liquors in this state, including a state monopoly of the distribution and sale of spirituous liquor."

In February, 1933, the U. S. Senate approved the 21st Amendment and in December, it was ratified by the various states. The Ohio Legislature passed an act setting up the Ohio Liquor Control Commission, referred to as the "Beer Commission." The first 3.2 beer sale was made under a permit issued by the "Beer Commission." In 1934, the first state stores went into operation. This, after many difficulties, has accomplished what it originally intended to do. Gone are gangsters, to a great extent, mob killings, and commercialized boot-legging. In its place, is a sound control administration, law enforcement, and merchandising. It has not done away with crime, but has lessened it to some extent. Since 1933, many millions of dollars have been received in Ohio by the General Revenue Fund from the licensing fees and taxes on manufacture, distribution, and sale of beer, wine, and alcoholic beverages. This great sum has been expended by the state to operate many of its non-revenue producing functions. It has gone to aid to the aged, state assistance to schools and colleges, help to maintain our system of lakes, streams and parks, part of it has found its way into almost every function vital to the operation of our state government.

You might say liquor control started just a few years after the pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock in December, 1620. The early settlers found it necessary to proclaim restrictions on the use of alcoholic beverages. The first prohibition wave was between the years 1847 and 1858, the second during the period 1867 to 1889, the third from 1907 to 1919. The fight still goes on.

As I have never tasted beer or do not frequent places where liquor is served, I know little about such things, but I deplore that so many find liquor and beer necessary to their happiness. Unwisely used it is the cause of much trouble, unhappiness, and too often death, not only to them but to others.

Woman Suffrage, the right of women to vote, became a law all over the United States in 1920. For my part, I do not think it has elevated women and I do not care for women to take such an active part in politics, although I think many of them are far more capable than some of the men, less liable to trickery and to play it for their own advantages. As they have to obey the laws and help support the government, they should also have some say about how things are done and who should be in office.

CHAPTER 34.

Back to my own story. In 1940, I published "God's Gift To Me," a collection of my poems. I have always felt that my ability to write came from Divine help. I often do not know what I am going to write about when I have the opportunity to write. A thought comes into my mind and I proceed to write. It never takes me long to write a poem and the title usually comes last. Sometimes in the night, I may think of a line or some subject, and I get up and write it down, but think no more about it until I have a chance to sit down to write.

My aunts now spent most of their time in Columbus and came every year to spend Christmas and Decoration with us and usually stayed several weeks.

In 1942, we were preparing for Christmas and as usual were very busy getting off packages, making Christmas cakes, and cleaning and decorating the house for our expected guests. Two days before Christmas, on the 23rd of December, it was cold. There had been some snow, but that morning it was raining very hard. I had some Christmas cards that I wanted the mail man to pick up and as we still retained our post office box, (the doctor told me to do that, so that I would get out every day) the mail man did not stop at our place. I decided to place the letters on the box of our neighbor, as I knew they would not care. They had swept the snow off their side walk and with the rain which had frozen on it, it was slick as glass. I did not see that it was slippery, but when I stepped from our walk with snow on it to it, I fell with all of my weight on my left hand. I could not get up, but I crawled to the grass plot and managed to get up still clinging to the letters and got to the mail box. How I got there and back I do not know. Grace came on the porch then and saw something was wrong. She helped me into the house. I said I have broken my wrist. She tried to think that I had not, but I knew that I had. I was beginning to get very sick at my stomach. We called Dr. Paul Craig, and, fortunately, were able to get him at his home, as it was early in the morning. A little later, we would not have been able to use the telephone as the hard rain had flooded many of the conduits of the telephone wires, and telephones in many parts of the city were out of commission.

The doctor soon came and said I had broken my wrist and jammed the hand very badly. He put my wrist in a metal splint and gave me something to quiet my nerves, as I was all to pieces by that time. I still had so much to do but had to let most of it go. Our aunts came that afternoon and were horrified to know about my accident and see how badly I looked. The strange thing about my wrist, it never pained me at any time. I did not have it set until the next day. The doctor took X-Rays of it. It was pretty hard to get along with one hand, but I managed. My dear sister had to help me in many ways, to dress, do my hair, and cut up my food, and later, when the cast was removed, to bandage my wrist. She was so sweet and good about it. I had my arm bandaged and carried it in a sling for many weeks. My fingers were stiff for a long time and I could not close my hand, and, even yet, I do not have real good use of that hand.

In our lives, we had all been pretty fortunate about not having broken bones. Daddy had the injured ankle and several ribs cracked, Grace fell down the Library steps and fractured several ribs. She did not tell us

about that until the pain became so severe she had to tell. I had the broken wrist. Mother had no broken bones as far as I know, but she was not well much of her life. Grace had typhoid fever about 1906. A great many had it then, caused by contaminated milk, and several died, among them Harry Colwell, who was a clerk at Craig's store.

In 1944, Grace and I, feeling the need of a vacation, decided to go to Columbus for two weeks and to stay at The Neil House. We had a number of relatives and friends there, but felt that we would like to be free to do just as we pleased.

We had a nice room facing the river. I had asked for that, as the view is so pretty. I almost regretted that for a few days. It was March when we were there and usually spring is on the way, but this year winter stayed over time. There was snow, sleet, and wind, and very disagreeable weather most of the time. The wind almost blew us out of our beds as it had a fair sweep coming from the river. On Sunday morning, the streets were ice-coated. We were to go to spend the day at our cousin Jessie Nye's home. We were almost afraid to go in the taxi. By afternoon most of the ice had melted. Our aunts were in Columbus and were rooming and boarding then with Mrs. Nye, so we all had a nice day together. The aunts were often with us at the hotel and many of our relatives and friends came there to visit us.

Grace and I visited many of the points of interest. We went to the State House and were shown around by the custodian and sat for quite a while in the rotunda enjoying its beauties. We went to the State Office building and went to the 11th floor where the State Library and especially The Ohioana Library are located. As I am a member of "Ohioana" and all of my books are in the Library, we were especially interested in it. The reading room of the Libraries is very beautiful and a wonderful view of the city can be seen from the windows of the north side. We visited many other places.

One afternoon, we entertained several members of the "Verse Writers Guild." These I especially knew when I would attend meetings in the city.

We were entertained by several of our relatives and friends to diners down town and one evening we entertained with an evening dinner at The Neil. There were six of us including Sallie Caine Stroedter, with whom we had such a grand time in Florida and who was a close friend of the family for years.

When I wrote for reservations at the hotel, I wrote on my stationery which gives the books and songs that I have written. One of the songs is "The Irish Blarney." The manager of the hotel then was a Mr. Murphey, and when he answered my letter and then acknowledged my reservation, he wrote for me to bring along a copy of "The Irish Blarney." I did, and when we had our party at the hotel, he had the orchestra play it and the vocalist sing it, and she announced the author was in the audience and had me rise and I received a big hand. That was quite exciting to me—a small town girl.

That reminds me, that the year I broke my wrist I received quite an ovation also. Many of my poems were being broadcast over WLW, Cin-

cinnati, by "Uncle Ralph Moody." He read poems by many poets and his broadcast was very popular. He would announce that if anyone wanted copies of some special poems if they would send a self-addressed stamped envelope to the author, they would send copies. He would give the name and address of the writers of the poems. I had received calls for several of mine and had copies of the poems printed and sent to those requesting them. For one, "Tears," I received over 200 letters. They came from 20 different states and from all classes of people. Many were ministers, Sunday School teachers, and two from men in penitentiaries. I sent them all copies and usually wrote a little note.

Every day for some time, the mail man came with a big batch of letters.

Grace had to open them for me as I was one handed. It was quite exciting and very gratifying. It made me feel that my poetry was really doing some good. Mr. Moody went to California and his program was greatly missed. During the past year, Mr. Howard Chamberlain, well-known broadcaster over WLW, has had a program "All In A Day," which is along the same line. He has broadcast many of my poems. This program has been off the air for a short time, but I think is to be resumed soon. This is in 1953.



CHAPTER 35.

In 1944, a terrible tragedy happened here. Three people were found murdered at their farm home near Bloomingburg. The discovery was made early Thanksgiving morning by the hand who went to do the chores. The victims were Elmer McCoy, well-to-do farmer, his wife, Forest, and their school teacher daughter, Mildred. The entire community was shocked. They were all of them shot and found in different places. Excitement ran high and especially so when suspicion pointed to a relative of the family. Later trial was held and this person found guilty and sentenced to be electrocuted. The date was set several times, but James Collett was not electrocuted until April 20th, 1945.

I wrote a few poems at the start of the case before any one was suspected. A friend out of town, a prominent book man, thought I should and could write the story, so I did. I wrote it all in verse, giving notes at the end of each chapter, of the case as taken from the newspapers. I called it "Thou Shalt Not Covet." It is the full story of this deplorable case. Some thought I should not have had the book published. It was not my views on the case but a record of a crime that was known nationally. My sympathies were with the families of both parties.

In 1945, two very good friends of ours passed away just a few months apart—Mrs. Emma (James) Crawford and Mrs. Attie (Edward) Kinnear. We had been close friends for several years, we calling upon them and they upon us. There seemed to be a bond between us and we understood them as few did. They had traveled extensively and were interesting to talk with. They had a lovely home and loved flowers and loved their parents, which I think was the bond between us as we loved ours also. Mrs. Crawford was a member of the Presbyterian Church, Mrs. Kinnear

of the Methodist. Both did a great deal for their churches. Mrs. Crawford left most of her estate to charity. Mrs. Kinnear made several bequests. She left Grace and me one of her oriental rugs. We missed them through the years. Now I am the only one that is left of the four.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Kelley were also very good friends of the two women and they were left a bequest also. From that time on, we also became good friends with the Kelleys and they often came to see us. We had known them for years but just casually. We were interested in many of the same things, travel, antiques, flowers, and so on, so we enjoyed many evenings together and I still do.

My book, "Thou Shalt Not Covet," was published in 1945, and many copies were sold. It will become of value in after years as a history of a tragic event that happened in this county.

The Fayette County Historical Society was founded in 1948. Mr. B. E. Kelley has been the efficient secretary since it was founded. A number of interesting meetings have been held and many articles of historical value have been collected and stored in a safe place and more are being collected. It is hoped in the not too distant future to establish a Fayette County Museum where all may see many things used by a past generation, including objects of all kinds.

CHAPTER 36.

In 1949, Grace and I took a trip to Hocking County where our father was born. A few years before, some of our father's cousins came to see us. They were Hugh and Florence Duffee, of near Logan. She had heard my poems broadcast by Uncle Ralph and wrote to me, and I answered and they came to see us and came quite often. We had met some of daddy's cousins off and on during the years, but knew none of them very well, especially since daddy passed away. Among the cousins were Mr. and Mrs. Early Tipple, of Lancaster, she is a sister of Hugh Duffee; Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Woodward, of Logan, he was a cousin on Daddy's Mother's side; Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Duffee; and a few others. Hugh and Florence wanted us to visit them and said they would come after us and bring us back, so in September, they came and we went. They took us to Lancaster where we stayed a couple of days with the Tipples and Miss Emma Burton. They then took us to see our tree farm at Fultonham, which is not far from Lancaster. We found the trees doing very well and enjoyed the trip there. Then they took us to Hugh's home. The returned to Lancaster. Hugh lives about three miles from Logan and a short distance from Union Furnace, where many of the Duffees were born and raised and where some of them still live. Hugh has a very nice modern home on the crest of a hill. His son lives near. I have never been in the country any and I enjoyed being there and seeing the cows and chickens and pony, the dog, "Queenie," and numerous kittens. Grace and I were thrilled with everything. One afternoon, they took us to the country cemetery where our grandfather and grandmother are buried and also many of our relatives. We had always wanted to go there and had never been there since our grandfather was buried there in 1895. It was in very good condition. We saw the monument that father had placed there. I regret that I did not take my kodak and take a picture of it. The cemetery is no longer

used and we had to cross a field to get to it and climb a barbed-wire fence. It brought back memories of the past and of my dear old grandfather.

Hugh and Florence took us to visit many of our relatives in the surrounding country so we had a wonderful visit. They took us back to Lancaster and the cousins there took us back home. The two families often came to see us after that and I still hear from them quite often.

On October 6th, Grace and I made a trip to Malabar, the estate of Louis Bromfield, the noted writer and farmer. I was especially interested in going and wanted to meet Mr. Bromfield, as he has been interested in my poetry and had bought several of my books. We went with Carrie Gross, Mrs. Edith Forsythe, and Mrs. Tom Bush, Mrs. Forsythe doing the driving. We started early, had a picnic lunch in Mohican State Forest, a very lovely place.

The drive was interesting. We saw contour farming, which I had heard of but had never seen. It is farming around a hill instead of up and down to prevent erosion. The trees were beautiful with their autumn coloring. We arrived at "Malabar" about two o'clock. There were many there, about 200, as members of some farm organization from here were guests for that day. Mr. Bromfield gave a talk from the driveway and afterwards I met him. He remembered about me and was very nice. He talked to Grace also. His wife was not at home, so did not get to meet her. I had had letters from her, so I was sorry not to see her.

We did not take the tour around the farm as Edith wanted to visit her parents, who lived at Bucyrus, and it was quite a distance. The day was rather gloomy and it rained some but we had a good driver so did not worry about that. We reached Bucyrus around five o'clock. The parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ryland, were very nice. They served us refreshments. We stayed until about seven. We had a safe and interesting drive home. It became dark early and soon after starting we saw what we considered a phenomenon. To the right of us, the sun had sank below the horizon, but leaving a coppery color on the sky in a wide band reaching as far as the eye could see. Above that in a straight line was a black cloud like a drop curtain extending over us and from which rain poured and extending to the far side of us. Then the sky there was clear and the big full moon shone forth. The sinking sun, the pouring rain and the rising moon, all seen at the same time. It was an awe-inspiring sight. Later we saw the eclipse of the moon and the evening star shown forth like a headlight in the sky. We arrived home, by another route from the one we had taken, about 9 P. M., happy to have had such a wonderful and safe journey. Another red letter day to place in our book of memories.

I forgot to say before that we visited "Lithopolis" several times, even when our mother was still here. It is called the most richly endowed village on earth, and is the home of the Wagnalls Memorial. No doubt, many who read this have visited this noted place. It is a hamlet of about 350 inhabitants located in Fairfield County about 25 miles from Columbus.

The village came into prominence in 1924, when Mabel Wagnalls Jones founded the Memorial in memory of her parents, who were both born there in log cabins. Mabel was an only child. Many moves were made in her early life. The father, Adam, became a minister, later studied and practiced law and on moving to New York became interested in the publishing business. The mother, who, though penniless, put herself through school and college, studied music and literature and became a woman of

great distinction. Mabel Wagnalls was educated at home until fourteen years of age, then went to Europe to study music. At seventeen made a remarkable debut in Europe and her American debut with Theodore Thomas' orchestra in 1891. She was not only a musician but a writer of fiction as well. I have a copy of "The Light in the Valley," which she autographed for me when Grace and I met her at the "Memorial." It is the story of her life and one of the most interesting books that I have ever read.

The picturesque ivy-covered Memorial, costing half a million to build, was dedicated on Memorial Day, 1925. There is a \$25,000 pipe organ and a library containing many thousands of books for the free use of the residents. Many handsome paintings adorn the walls. In the library, carved in stone in her own handwriting is this line from her book "The Rose Bush of a Thousand Years"—Dreams long dwelt on amount to prayer and prayers wrought in faith come true. She was married to a Mr. Jones, who died in 1927, soon after we met both of them. She was small, dainty, and very gracious. Soon after the Memorial was opened, it gained fame as an "Esporanto School," although it was not planned for that purpose. Mabel W. Jones passed away at her home in New York City, March 23rd, 1946. Her nearest relatives being several cousins. She willed two million dollars to the Wagnalls Memorial at Lithopolis. The funds to be used for the preservation, improvement and upkeep and operation of the Memorial for education, scientific, musical, and literary purposes. Scholarships to be given to undergraduates, of Lithopolis, first, then second from the township, and next residents of the county. Many to this time have been favored with these scholarships.

During the summer, organ recitals are given every Sunday afternoon and thousands from near and far attend. It will be well worth your time to visit this noted place.

The Wagnalls family was one of distinction and their light will shine in the valley for many years to come. As Edwin Markham, an intimate friend of the Wagnalls, said: "No one is really dead until he is forgotten."

This story and the story of "Malabar" were given on Christmas Greetings that my sister and I sent out. For many years we sent our greetings bearing my poems and I still keep up those greetings. Last year, it was a little booklet in memory of my sister, the first Christmas that she was not with me. A very sad one.



CHAPTER 37.

The year, 1950, started out bad for us. The last of December, 1949, our tenant moved out with only notice of a few days, and left the apartments in very bad condition.

Of course, we were very busy at that time getting Christmas gifts, wrapping and mailing them, and sending out 500 greetings, 300 being sent to The National Amateur Press Association, of which I have been a member since 1917. These to be distributed to members all over the United States and some in foreign countries.

In the midst of all of this, I felt that I must see to having the rooms redecorated at once, so that I could get them rented as soon as possible. I was fortunate in getting Gerald Cartwright and his brother to do the painting and "Bus" John to help with the cleaning. Cartwright had painted our house the year before and "Bus" had been our handy-man for some time.

The three started to work the week before Christmas and were two weeks at the job which cost over \$300.00. I had to be there two and three times a day to oversee the job. Going up and down stairs so much, with other work I had to do at that time, about got the best of me.

We were busy at home getting the house in condition, baking Christmas cakes, and putting up decorations. Making Christmas cakes has been a tradition in our family. Our Grandmother Wendel and our mother made them, and Grace and I have made them every year since mother passed away. We used to call them "Bird Cakes." Now we make them in different shapes with cutters. They are baked, iced while hot, and sprinkled with different colored sugar and small candies. They were very delicious. Aunt Allie and Aunt Clara arrived a few days before Christmas. The afternoon before Christmas I went to the Carr Rest Home to take some gifts to friends there. I thought I would not be able to get back home, my feet hurt so badly.

As customary, since our aunts have been spending the holidays with us, we opened our gifts Christmas Eve, so it was about one o'clock when we went to bed. The living room was a sight with gifts and wrappings. We left them all on the floor until morning as we were too tired and excited to try to place them in order.

The winter was unusually mild and pleasant and we got along very well until March, when I was laid up for a couple of weeks with a very stiff knee. The trouble came very suddenly one evening when I was sitting down reading. I think the trouble was the after effect of the overwork at Christmas time. There was no pain but the knee was swollen and stiff. I had a bad time in trying to get up stairs that night. Later, when I got down I could scarcely get up. For two weeks I had to walk with daddy's old cane that he had used for many years. One doctor I had said one cause of the trouble was that I was over weight, which I knew. He gave me some tablets and gradually the stiffness left but it took some time and I did lose some weight and felt better.

After getting the uptown rooms in nice condition, we thought we would try to rent them for business purposes. I contacted the secretary of The Chamber of Commerce and also ran an ad in the Record-Herald. We had a few inquiries. Most of them wanted down stairs rooms and attorneys all wanted to sit on top of the Court House or have offices within that square and others wanted the rooms for next to nothing. After losing rent for six months, we at last rented both sides to Johnnie Godfrey for his dancing studio. It was an ideal place for him and he fixed the rooms up very nicely but—the fly in the ointment—the dancing, especially the tap dancing was too annoying for the people below in the Down Town Drug Store, so after one month we had to have him move. The rooms were rented to him with the stipulation that if the dancing proved to be too annoying he would have to move.

After this experience we decided to again rent the rooms for two apartments.

Since the fall of 1949, we had been negotiating with Robert Schneider, plumber, about putting in gas furnaces as The Dayton Power and Light Company was discontinuing the city heat supplied by a central heating plant to homes and business places since 1906. This was one of the first central heating plants in this country. We were among the first consumers and hated very much to have to give up this very satisfactory method of heating. The company claimed they were losing a great deal of money and that the pipes and boilers were wearing out and it was too expensive to replace them.

This heat was still to be supplied through the winter of 1950 up to the time it would be shut off in the spring, but many converted to gas furnaces before that time.

The D. P. & L. Company agreed to supply the furnaces, which they said cost several hundred dollars, but the customer would have to pay for installing the furnace. They had 226 users of the service.

At our home, it would be necessary for us to have a furnace room built as we have no basement. Robert Schneider said he would begin right after the first of the year to build a room and get things ready so the change could be made as soon as the city heat was discontinued. It was midsummer before he built the room and after cold weather in September, before we could have any heat. We were naturally worried about the matter and Grace took a very bad cold as we had some very cold weather the first part of September.

The furnace room, built on part of the flower bed in the back, is very nice and compact. Robert and his helper did a very good job and we have found the heat very satisfactory, but I think will be more expensive, although that can not be determined until the end of the season. The central heat was a definite amount for the season, with the furnace it is according to the amount of gas used.

We also had to have furnaces for the Downtown Drug Store and Wade's Shoe Store, the drug store one also to furnish heat for the apartments. Robert was late in getting them in also, which added quite a bit to our worry.

On Oct. 16th, 1950, the entire city had quite an exciting experience, which might have also been tragic. About 11:00 A. M., we heard a loud speaker on the street broadcasting that an accident had happened to the gas line that supplies the city and for every one to turn off all gas appliances. A main line a few miles out toward Columbus had been hit by a bulldozer that was excavating for a new line. Fortunately there was no explosion or fire caused there by the gas leak.

The Dayton Power and Light Company sent men to every home and business place to see that all gas was turned off. There was a report that it might be a day or so before gas would be available.

There was a wild scramble at the stores for electrical appliances. It was near the noon hour when the gas went off and when many were preparing dinner, but dinner that day for most consisted of cold food. Most

of the restaurants closed after selling out of sandwiches and pies they had on hand. Fortunately, the weather was not very cold so few suffered on that account. Fortunately also, we had two electric heaters which took the chill off of our living room and also that of Mrs. Hosier.

About 8 P. M. that night, two men from the Dayton Power and Light Company came to turn on the gas as repairs to the line had been made. We were surely glad. Men from the plant and extra men worked all night, going from place to place to see that all appliances were adjusted properly. They did heroic work and there were no accidents, which was remarkable in the course of such an unexpected happening. Alfred E. Weatherly, present manager, has been with the company 25 years.

This occurrence made everyone conscious of how dependent we are on the various utilities, water, gas, electricity, and the telephone. Things we use every day but do not realize how essential they are until something happens to curtail the use of any one of them.

Our next worry was a sick spell that Grace had. Our county fair was the last week in July. We had not attended the fair for several years. Our father was a stock-holder in the old Fair company but all we got out of that was an annual pass for the four of us to the fair grounds.

We attended the fair this year on Thursday with Miss Mary Edge. It was a very hot day. We took our time looking at some of the exhibits and rested a little while in the church tent. We did not go into the grandstand at all. We were there altogether a couple of hours. This was on the 28th of July.

The next day we went down town for dinner. On the way, Grace said, "my left wrist hurts." When she went to eat at the restaurant she found that she could not cut her meat so I had to cut it for her. After dinner, we did a little shopping, then went home. Grace's hand and wrist began to swell and pain. We bathed them with hot salts water and liniment and used the hot water bottle when we went to bed. We neither one got any sleep until after four o'clock.

The next morning I called our osteopathic doctor, Dr. Pumphrey, who has helped us many times. I thought perhaps she had sprained her wrist in some manner, but he said that she had not. There was a slight mark on her wrist like it might be from a sting, so he said to put antiphlogistine poultice on it, which I did at once, but it gave no relief. I did not like to call a doctor on Sunday, but felt that she needed medical attention as I feared blood poisoning.

Early Monday morning, I called a physician. The hand was badly swollen and she had some fever. The doctor gave her a shot of penicillin. It did not seem to have any effect, so in a couple of days he gave her another shot. She was so weak she could scarcely walk and I had to help her. She ate very little and was drowsy most of the time. I was very much worried.

I had everything to do, look after her, get something to eat, and look after many other things. I have never had to do much cooking, as mother and Grace looked after that while I assisted my father in business, so I was pretty much of a novice. I got along very well and felt quite proud

of myself and did not burn myself but once when the grease popped up and burned me on the neck when I was frying steak.

The doctor, after giving her three shots of penicillin, decided it was not an infection but an attack of arthritis so he gave her medicine for that. She got some better but the hand was still stiff and swollen and she could not use it. She felt badly all through August and September, so in October, we went to another doctor who gave massage and electrical treatments and helped her very much. When we first went to him, he advised that she have a blood count taken so we went to another doctor for that, making four different doctors that had been on the case. The blood count was very good. The doctor said there was a little lack of iron, so he advised some iron tablets.

We succeeded in getting both of the apartments rented late in the summer, but had trouble with both moving out in a couple of months. Then the rental question had to be gone through with again. A classified ad brought many calls, often six or more a day, and I would sometime have to go up to show the apartments. It was pretty trying. Often they would say they would meet me at the apartments then never come. Did not get the larger apartment rented until the week before Christmas.

We did not get to take a vacation all through the year, that is, out of town. We took so-called vacations by going out to eat several times a week and always on Sunday unless we were feeling badly or the weather was inclement. Often we would go for breakfast, do some shopping then come home by noon, listen to the radio and perhaps later go up again for a light lunch. We enjoyed this very much. On Sundays after dinner, we would make some calls, often going to some Rest Home to visit friends or call upon other friends and especially upon some of the older ones.



CHAPTER 38.

In November, just the week before Thanksgiving, out of a clear sky, we were informed that our two aunts, who had lived in an apartment in Columbus for many years with our cousin, Jessie, were forced to move at once and they had no place to go as apartments there, as most everywhere, were hard to find, so they wanted to come and stay with us. Aunt Clara had a home in Detroit to which they usually went in the summer and stayed there until cold weather, but they did not go the year before as Aunt Allie was not well, and they did not want to go now during the cold weather.

As Grace was not well and we had no time to get things in shape, it upset us quite a bit. We were notified Saturday evening and they came Sunday afternoon. Their doctor brought them in his car with suit cases, boxes, and everything, I think, but a bird cage.

I had to go out on the street and find someone to carry in the things. I found two young boys up around the Fayette Theater.

The aunts were both tired out also from their efforts in getting ready to leave. We did nothing until the next day about finding places for their things.

We took our things out of two closets and those things hung on chairs or other places up-stairs until after Christmas, as I did not have time to find places for them.

It was necessary for us to have someone in to get dinner and do the dishes, as Grace was not well, and I would not let her attempt it, and the folks did not feel like doing part of it either, so we got Betty Johns, who had worked for us off and on for a couple of years. She was a fair cook and with her help we got along very well.

Christmas time was about as usual, although I think not quite as strenuous as at some times. We had decided that we must take things a little easier as for the last few years we had been ill at Christmas time due to overwork in preparation.

We made the Christmas cakes as usual and had a nice turkey dinner at home. Had planned to have guests, but those we asked could not come.

Going back to Thanksgiving, we had a nice turkey dinner at Herb's Drive-In on the CCC. Mary Edge took us in her car. It was a very lovely day, but by evening it began to snow and continued to snow for several days. In fact, we had not had such a snow for years and I doubt if ever a worse one. By Saturday night, all traffic was stopped in town. Many were caught on the highways. Some spent the night in their cars, others reached farm houses. In some farm homes from ten to one hundred people were housed. Of course, there was a shortage of food. Many were detained for 24 hours until roads could be opened. Many were caught returning from the O. S. U. football game in Columbus.

We were marooned for two days, but fortunately had plenty of food in the house. It seemed strange to see so much snow. It was over three feet deep on the level and the drifts were immense. In the back yard, you could not see our picket fence at all. It was difficult to get anyone to dig us out but after having three different ones and spending about \$8.00 we had a path made so we could get out. It cost \$15.00 to have the snow removed from the roofs of our buildings up town. The roofs of some buildings caved in.

Traffic was gradually resumed and we were able to get food delivered. It seemed very strange for several days to see no movement on the streets, either of machines or people.

Our new furnace kept us very comfortable. Christmas time was not quite as hectic as usual and as our aunts were already here we did not have to do extra work getting ready for them. There was another big snow after Christmas and a lot of cold weather and snow all winter, but it did not get much below zero at any time. We did not get out much all winter, even on Sundays for dinner. With two extra in the house, it kept Grace and me pretty busy and we seemed to always be tired, and, of course, could not do things as we had been accustomed to doing.

Grace had never fully recovered her strength from the spell that began the last of July and I was pretty much rundown also. While we had help with the noon meal, I had to plan the meals and get in the food besides do many other things. I had no time to do the things I really wanted to do, write to my friends, or on my book or now and then write a poem. We gave up most of our social activities also, so life was getting pretty humdrum for us.

Easter the folks had to take dinner out by themselves as Grace and I were not feeling well. The following Sunday, we went out to dinner and

on Monday Grace took down with the intestinal flu and a few days later I also took it. We were both very much rundown and just in right condition to take it. I was not able to do much for a couple of weeks, and, although every morning I went down and got breakfast, I was not equal to carrying the tray up stairs, so Aunt Clara had to do it. Grace was very sick, had a complication of things, including trouble in her hand again. It made some work for our aunts as they had the evening meal to get although I was still able to help some.

They went to Columbus to look after some business and were gone four days while Grace was still very ill. It was pretty hard on both of us, but we managed. Grace was not able to be down stairs for a long time. She just did not gain any strength.

The summer was about lost for both of us. In the spring, I got the house cleaning done piece-meal, not like we usually do it. We missed "Bus" Johns, our handy man, who died very suddenly. I could not do much work in the yard, so we did not have as many flowers as usual and none in the plot below, which we had for cut flowers.

The aunts went to Columbus the last of July and after a few days there went to Detroit to see about disposing of their home there. They had not been there for two years and it was getting too hard for them to go back and forth just to spend a few months there in the summer.

Grace got so she was able to come down stairs, but was not able to do anything. I got the meals as we let the girl go a few weeks after our aunts left. I got along very well as a short order cook. Had not time for fancy cooking. Grace would tell me how to do things. She was a good cook like our mother. I felt quite proud of my cooking, as I had never done any cooking, having spent most of my life at the store with my father, while Grace helped mother. I must confess, though, that I did not like cooking, perhaps I would have if I had had more time to devote to it. Grace got so we could take short walks when the weather was nice and sometimes on Sundays we would go out to dinner. She suffered a good deal with a pain and burning in her stomach, otherwise seemed very well and everyone though she looked very well. I lost about 35 pounds in weight during the year, due, I think, going up and down stairs from 10 to 15 times a day and having many things to look after, but I could afford to lose weight as I was too heavy and felt better not having so much weight to carry.

We still had our breakfast up-stairs on a tray, then Grace would lie down while I went down and did up the morning work. About 10, I would go up and help her dress and also dress myself for the afternoon. Then we would go down and I would get dinner. Later we would go up-stairs and Grace would rest while I would usually do some writing, then we would go down again for the evening meal and stayed down until about eight o'clock after hearing the radio for awhile.

It was nearing holiday time again and I was trying to get some of the housework done that I did not get done during the spring, painting floors, cleaning closets, and so on. We were expecting our aunts to be with us for Christmas as they had been every since our mother passed away over twenty years ago, so I wanted to have things in nice shape for them. I worked very hard.

Fortunately, we had a nice fall and I managed to get the yard cleaned up pretty good and got the flowers taken up into our flower room, which daddy had built over the back porch many years ago. It has a southern exposure and is a fine place for our many plants.

Our aunts were having some difficulty in disposing of their property in Detroit, and, as Aunt Allie was not well, the worry terminated in her having a breakdown and caused them to have to stay there longer than they thought they would have to stay. They were afraid they might not be able to get back at all. They sent for Mary Wendel, of Ipswich, Mass., their niece and our cousin, who came and helped them to get back to Columbus. This was about the 10th of December. We did not know their plans, but thought they would rest there a few days then come on down here for the holidays and perhaps spend the winter here as they had the year before.

Mary came on Saturday a few hours after they arrived in Columbus, getting here at 12:30 and leaving at two, and left that evening from Columbus for Ipswich. She said they had sent no word about their plans although I had asked them to let us know so I could make plans accordingly about the help that I had engaged to come when I knew when to expect them.

We were quite surprised some time later to learn that they were not coming, as Aunt Allie was not able to make the trip, and Aunt Clara was not well either. They were staying at a hotel in Columbus.

It was very much of a disappointment to us.



CHAPTER 39.

We got through Christmas all right and had our usual turkey dinner and I cooked it, with Grace telling me just what to do. We had our old neighbors, Mrs. Neil B. Jones and Dorothy, to dinner. All pronounced the turkey fine so I felt quite proud. We had a woman come in to help serve and do the dishes. We received many nice gifts and had them displayed as usual for our friends to see. Christmas had always been a great occasion for us and this last one for us was, too.

Grace was still able to be around, but did not improve any and gradually she could not come down stairs any more. She had a nice place to sit in the hall and I would take her meals to her and eat there with her. The last of February, the two aunts came down, so they thought, for a short visit, but Grace continued to grow worse and they stayed on. I had Betty Johns come again to help. I was able to take all of the care of my darling sister and she was so sweet and patient. I would not allow myself to think that she was nearing the end. She did not suffer greatly, for which I am very thankful, and passed away so quietly and gently about nine o'clock P. M., March 20th, 1952. She said she was tired and wanted to see her daddy and mother and a short time before repeated The Lord's Prayer so beautifully. I know the angels were with her then. The Lord gave me strength to go through her sickness and passing and is still with me and gives me help and strength to bear life's burdens.

Grace passed away on Thursday night and was not buried until Monday afternoon from the Hook Funeral Home. She was brought home on Fri-

day, as I wanted her here in our home that we both loved so well, and I wanted to be near her as long as possible. She looked beautiful. She was dressed in an Alice blue dress with blue lace trim. Blue was a color that she wore often and that was very becoming to her. She wore her pearl beads and earrings and her lovely platinum hair and beautiful complexion made her look very lovely. Like a piece of Dresden china, many said. Her flowers were many and beautiful and many called to pay their last respects to one whom all thought a beautiful character. She well deserved all of the praise that was bestowed upon her.

Many relatives came and friends and neighbors were very kind to me as they had been to us during Grace's illness. I was very run-down, lost 50 pounds in weight, which made quite a change in me. People scarcely knew me when I would go down town. I have regained about 10 pounds but do not want to gain any more. I feel much better without so much weight.

Life had to go on and I have tried to do the best I can, but with my last dear one gone things do not mean the same to me. Grace went everywhere with me and now I do not care to go places. Perhaps I will again sometime.

I never stayed alone in all my life and knew I would not want to now. My two aunts stayed with me until fall, then they went back to Columbus and are living at the Chittenden Hotel. I was fortunate in getting Mrs. Maude Howland, of Bloomingburg, to come and stay with me. She had lived here in her early married life, is still a member of the Presbyterian Church here, and often came here. Her husband passed away many years ago, also her parents are gone and she was living alone. She has a brother, Leland Hains, and sister-in-law living in Mt. Vernon, N. Y. She says I asked her to come for a few days. I did not say that or mention any time. She is still here, more than a year and a half and seems to like it and I am very glad to have her stay with me. I do not think a person, especially a woman, should live alone for several reasons. It is lonely, one does not eat as they should, and it is not safe.

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CHAPTER 40.

Things went along very quietly for me. I began again to write on my book and wrote quite a good many poems. For Christmas, I had published a small booklet of poems in memory of my sister. I sent out 500 of these, 300 going to The Amateur Press Association, of which I am a member. I did not know just how we were to get through Christmas, as this would be the first one for me without Grace, and my aunts would not be able to come as Aunt Allie was not well enough to make the trip. At last, we decided that we would visit them as that would help us both over a lonesome time.

We went up to Columbus on the afternoon train, Wednesday, quite an experience, as I had not been on a train since 1939 when we went to Florida. We had a room at the Chittenden right next to my aunts. We opened our Christmas packages together that night. The next day was Christmas. We had a late breakfast at our hotel. Had some callers in

the afternoon and had evening dinner at the Fort Hays Hotel across the street from the Chittenden. It was the second time I had ever been away from home for Christmas dinner. I missed all of my dear ones. It was quite exciting to be in the lovely dining room decorated beautifully and with gay parties at the tables. It helped us all and we were glad to be there together.

The next day our cousin, Jessie Nye, came and we had dinner at Lazarus' and then attended a "Movie" and did a little shopping. The next afternoon, we came home on the train. It was a nice visit and we all enjoyed it and it helped us over a bad place.

I forgot to tell of the little kitten that I had for a short while soon after Grace was gone. We both were very fond of cats and always had a pet one until a few years before she passed away.

One Sunday evening, I was out in front watering the flowers and Mrs. Delbert Hays came along leading her dog and stopped to talk. Suddenly she said, "Hold my dog," which I did and she ran out into the street and there, prancing down the middle of the street with a machine coming directly toward it, was a tiny kitten. The person stopped the machine and she grabbed up the kitten and brought it to me and said, "Give it to the 'Sisters' up the street or to some one," then she went on. So there I was with the kitten. It was so little and cute, black and white, so, of course, I took it into the house. Aunt Clara helped me and we gave it milk. It was so young it did not know how to lap up milk, so we put some on our fingers and soon it got on how to lap it. We fixed up a basket and put it out in the garage. I fed it three times a day and loved to take it out and play with it. It got to be a regular circus performer. I put the milk in a saucer in the garage and one day when I looked in the window I saw a big rat drinking the milk. I was afraid then that it might kill the kitten as it was about as big as the kitten. So I put the kitten in another room. It was not so large and I had to put up some wall board at the door in order to give it some air. It grew rapidly and was so playful, but it did get into the flower beds and knocked down some of the flowers, but I did not seem to care for I learned to love it dearly. It was quite a task to feed and play with it three times a day but I enjoyed it, but I began to feel that it was not right to have it penned up. I had to do that as there were some large cats in the neighborhood and I was afraid they might kill it. So I tried to find it a home with someone in the country. Heard of some people who said they would take it and we thought it would have a good home. I cried when it was taken away as I was very much attached to it after having taken care of it for three months. I sent food with it and we would call up to see how it was. They said, "all right," then one day they said they had given it away as it got into the flower beds. If they had just told me they no longer wanted it, I would have gone out and gotten it. I did go out to see if I could find it. Paid a man with a machine to take the four of us. We went to the house of the people to whom they said they had given it. The woman and children had gone away on a visit for some time and there was no one there but two boys who were looking after the stock and chickens. They said they had seen a kitten around there a few days before but had not seen it since. We called and called and looked all around the barn. The boys said there were some big rats around and there was rat poison, too, so my little kitten may have gotten some poison

or been killed by a rat or may have been picked up on the road or gone to some other farm. I grieved for it a long time and wished I knew just what happened to it. I tried to find it a good home and instead I may have sent it to its death. If the people only had told me they did not want it, I would have gotten it, but some people do not care for animals or what becomes of them.

We always loved pets and were always kind to all things. We fed the squirrels and the birds and I still do. The squirrels were so cute. We would give them black walnuts and they would know when they were not good and would leave them, sometimes they would bury them. I would roll them on the porch and they would run after them and come and take them out of my hand. They loved crackers and would hold them in their paws and eat all around it. We fed the smaller birds yellow cornmeal and also suet for the larger ones. It was fun to watch them when they came every day for their food and they got it two or three times a day in the winter.

In October, as both of the apartments over the business rooms were vacant, I decided to have them done over and put in nice condition. I had three men working removing paper and painting and remodeling in general. Put in new fixtures and had everything in fine shape, then the rooms were vacant for a year. With the \$1,500 I spent on them and the loss of rent, it cost quite a bit, but I wanted good renters, and I think now I have them, so I hope that takes care of that for some time.

During the winter I was busy writing on my book as I wanted to have it out by the first of our Sesquicentennial year, but I could not make it as it required quite a bit of research and some information was difficult to obtain. This book will be a good reference book as it gives dates of events and of the erection of buildings that are not easily found. It is surprising that a building like the Memorial Hall has no date inside or out, showing when the building was erected. I had to go to the Court House and find the original deed of the property to find the information. All public buildings and business buildings, too, should bear the date of erection somewhere on the outside of the building.

On April 18th, 1953, after a very mild winter with little snow or cold weather, we had several days of very bad weather, following one bright day of 80 degrees. This was on Saturday. The day began rather mild but cloudy with a light mist turning to rain. I know I mopped the front porch as I was looking for company on Monday and thought I had better do it then as the weather might get worse, which it did. By noon, the light rain turned to sleet and then snow and it came down fast and soon covered the ground. I had an appointment at the Beauty Parlor at 1:30. Went in the taxi. When I came home, the driver drove all over the east end of the city looking for a party he was to pick up but did not find, so I got quite a long ride, which I did not mind, as it gave me a view of the ice-covered bushes and trees. It got much colder and continued to snow. It was several inches deep. Many trees were in bloom and also spring flowers. It seemed too bad for them to be covered with ice and snow.

Sunday morning, the sun came out bright and the scenery was breath taking, everything glistening with ice. It looked like Fairy Land, but one could not help but feel that great damage had been done. With the sun rays, the ice began to melt and by noon was pretty well gone. Then it

clouded up again and there were numerous snow squalls but the snow soon melted.

Monday was cloudy again with snow now and then and many were very glad as the Browning Club banquet was to be held at the Country Club that night, and so often the night of the annual banquet the weather would be so bad. A few years before, there was a flood condition and it was difficult to reach the club house and the rain poured.

I think I have not mentioned the Browning Club before, so I will tell something about it now. It was organized in 1896 under the supervision of Dr. N. S. Chaney, then superintendent of our schools. The Club was composed mostly of school teachers, the purpose of the Club to study "Browning." The first president was Mrs. Eva J. Penn in 1898. Through the years, various subjects have been studied and all programs have been outstanding. At first, meetings were held once a week, now, with so many other activities, once a month. It has always been one of the outstanding organizations of our city and many women of prominence have filled the office of president. I had the honor of acting as secretary for several years, and have been a member since 1903.

The 50th anniversary meeting was held at the home of Miss Edith Gardner. Several years before, Dr. Chaney was the guest at a meeting held at the home of Mrs. Eva Penn. It was good to see Dr. Chaney again. He was superintendent in my early school days.

I might also say here that I was secretary of the Missionary Society of the First Presbyterian Church for 16 years. I have enjoyed the positions I have held and have always tried to fill them as well as possible.

Going back to the night of the Browning banquet: the guest speakers were to be Mr. and Mrs. John Carlisle, of Columbus. We had met the Carlises several years before at a "Verse Writers" banquet in Columbus. Mr. Carlisle's subject was to be "McGuffey and His Readers." Mr. Carlisle founded the first McGuffey Club in the United States. There are many of them now. Mr. Carlisle is an attorney of prominence and often gives talks on various subjects. Mrs. Carlisle is a writer and takes an active part in "The Verse Writers" organization and in other activities.

The Carlises were delayed reaching here by their car developing some trouble about nine miles out. He called me by phone and asked me to have some one come after them, which I did. Mrs. Stanley Scott, on the Entertainment Committee, went after them. They stopped here for Maude Howland and me. We were a little late in arriving. We had a very delightful banquet and everyone seemed to enjoy Mr. Carlisle's talk and the poems given by Mrs. Carlisle. Mr. Carlisle had telephoned his daughter when they arrived here for her and her husband to come after them, so soon after we got home from the meeting they came for them.

This year was our Sesquicentennial year in Ohio. It was celebrated in our city June 13-14-15. It was quite a success. Over one hundred business windows and places displayed antiques of all kinds. The parade was over a mile in length, with bands, floats depicting old time events, and marching groups, was most interesting. The Pageant, given three nights at the Fair Grounds, also depicted old-time events and many were stirring and amusing. The committee for the occasion deserve great credit for making our celebration a most outstanding one.

In good weather, I go to the cemetery every Saturday afternoon. I go in a taxi and the driver waits about 15 minutes on me. Sometimes I like to stay longer, then he comes back for me. It is a comfort to me to go. I have a beautiful memorial seat there, red granite to match our markers, with the names of the Duffee and Wendel families on the sides. We have flowers there all summer and wreaths in the winter.

During the summer, I visited my aunts several times in Columbus. They are still at the Chittenden, neither one very well. I missed having them here during the summer. The summer was extremely hot. The fall was very pleasant, but very dry, and in many places there was shortage of water, and crops and stock felt the effects. There were many fires but none too serious, so we were very fortunate here.

I am coming to the end of my story. I especially wish to give thanks and credit to Miss Ruth Smith for her help in typing my manuscript and in research. Ruth is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Noah Smith, long time residents of this city, both now deceased. There was a difference of just one day in the age of Mr. Smith and my father. They often used to "kid" each other about which was the oldest. Mrs. Smith was a sister in The Woman's Relief Corps of my mother and of Grace and me in the Rebekah Lodge. The Smiths built the lovely home on Market Street, now occupied by the Parrett Funeral Home. They moved there from the Dr. Roberts property on the corner of Market and Lewis Streets, now occupied by the Winter's Rest Home. Ruth has one sister, Mrs. Maude Forman, of this city.

I also wish to thank Miss Elizabeth Johnson, Librarian, and her assistants, Mrs. P. M. Cook and Mrs. C. P. Hackett, for their help and all of those who very kindly assisted in any way. Also Mrs. Maude Howland, who proofread my manuscript.

Just before closing my book, word came of the death of my Aunt, Miss Alice Wendel, at the Chittenden Hotel in Columbus, on October 17th, 1953. She was buried here in our family lot where all of her family but one brother and all of my family have their last resting place. She is survived by one sister, Mrs. Bruce Carpenter.

Writing this book has given joy to me as I have lived over my life in writing it. There are no doubt some mistakes and some things left out that might have been told. What I have told will remind each reader of some one or some place or event that they know about. The book will be a good reference book for future generations as much past history and dates are given that are not found elsewhere or in such condensed form.

I trust that it will give pleasure to those who read it. It is my tribute to my family and a memento of May Margaretta Duffee, a life-long resident of Washington Court House.

October 20th, 1953.

PICTURES AND MEMORIES

Pictures and Memories now,
Are all that are left to me;
As I look at the pictures
Again old time scenes I see;
Scenes of my childhood and youth,
I live them over again;
Days worth more than pure gold, which
I did not realize then;
Pictures and memories, sweet—
We can be thankful for these;
They are our Lord's help to us;
We should thank Him on bended knees.

M.M.D.

The desire accomplished is sweet to the soul.

—Proverbs 13:19.

Finis.

INDEX

Chapter	Page
1—Duffee Family; Smith execution	11
2—Wendel Family, moved to Washington C. H.	14
3—Marriage of J. W. Duffee and Frances Wendel; Grace born	15
4—Moved to N. Fayette St.; early happenings; some families	18
5—Started grocery; moved to Court St.; baby boy born; my advent; moved to East St.; cyclone and other storms; Aunts came to live with us; circuses	19
6—Business places and homes on Court St. and Columbus Ave.; to old fair grounds; opera houses	27
7—Old fair grounds, west to Main St.; Edward D. Caselton, Dr. Harry Jenkins; Valerie Mayer; Memorial Hall; Frank Roberts and cough syrup	35
8—Price fights; contests; tobacco and snuff; Old Reliable still in the lead; Wade's Shoe Store; first picture show; Arlington Hotel; trip on the Ohio River; first cemetery; explosion in chinaware store; Craig Bros. Store; Katz Store	42
9—Starting to school; school teachers; learned to make change; Presbyterian Church; Old "Kit" and other pets; Baileys and McLeans; Abner Boss; poultry, sauerkraut, mincemeat, horseradish, Duffee's Cough Syrup; inventions; Mexican pony; fishing trips; torchlight parades	50
10—My Sister Grace's death	59
11—Merry-go-round; odd characters; excursion to Detroit; tricycle; county fair; kid band; more school days; cashier at store; diphtheria; more queer characters; street lights; trip to Niagara Falls; high school; so called "riot"; Grandfather's death	60
12—Daddy ill; did not graduate; more places and people; Fayette Theater; Episcopal Church; Nannie Gardner; Mary Millikan	70
13—History of churches; old school building; temperance crusade; Carnegie Library	77
14—Stock sale day; street lights; "white wings"; horses; North St. families; Wendel families	81
15—Duties at store; diversions; singing; bicycle; trip to Mackinac Island; "Columbus Day"; water works	85
16—First trip East; Washington, D. C.; mint at Philadelphia; Atlantic City; Harper's Ferry	89
17—Bridesmaid; twenty-fifth wedding anniversary; parlor furnished; death of Uncle Pete; Pan-American Exposition; Buffalo; Niagara Falls again; McKinley shot	94

18—Places and people North Fayette St.; mitten factory; Smead Hot Water Plant; American Legion Post; East St. to Main; Gardner House; Main St.; Imperial Hotel; Masonic Temple; fires; Jess Smith Store; Belgian soldier; Cherry Hotel; J. Edmund Smith; post office; Harry and Mal Daugherty; depot; Millwood	97
19—West Court St.; Paveys and Judge Daniel McLean; Drapers	113
20—My story—trip to New York and West Point; new friends; house party; visits to Lancaster, Dayton, Cincinnati; sewing women; kodak pictures	115
21—St. Louis Exposition; Cedar Point; 4th of July celebration; homecoming, 1910; Buckeye Lake; Ashville, North Carolina; first automobiles	118
22—Another trip to Mackinac; West Baden; more early places and people; book sold for \$500.00; organized Duffee's Cough Syrup Co.; Fayette Canning Co.; early plants and factories	122
23—Early physicians; attorneys; hospitals; Y.M.C.A.; traction line; oil and gas; mayors	125
24—Sleigh ride; Tyro Club; first Grand Army Encampment; hobbies; Eastern Star; Imperial Hotel; Christmas; skating party; horse show; Memorial Hall built; Hagenback's circus; home boys with circus; Buck Sanders	127
25—Stag Island; out in a boat; fish mother caught; 1913 flood; Uncle George murdered; board of education; members of board; sinking fund trustee	131
26—Daddy ill; Sulphur Lick Springs; trip to Atlantic City; farm at Fultonham; lot on Main St.; gooseberry bushes	134
27—Began to write poetry; first World War; song, "Ohio"; poems published; "God's Gift to Me"; fiftieth wedding anniversary; our first Ford; steep hill; trip to Chillicothe; cough syrup again; break down; changed to "cash and carry"; Armistice Day; recruiting agent for the Marines; Pearl Harbor; V-E Day; V-J Day; Daddy not well again; went to diagnostician in Columbus; Daddy died Sept. 4th, 1921	137
28—Take up the burdens; first chain grocery, Kroger's; Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.; disposition of our store; Cough Syrup Co. dissolved; nursery schools; met my Waterloo	144
29—Places and people from cemetery, west; I go to the cemetery; S. Fayette St. and Broadway; Lake Front; Record-Herald; back to Court St.	145
30—My life again; trip to Parkersburg; river trip to Pittsburgh; Blennerhasset Island; "Whispering Leaves"; Mother in hospital; Uncle Dan ill, died; bought two-door Ford sedan; trip to Detroit; mother died May 26th, 1928. Memorial Building erected, 1929; Grace had shingles; renter; visit from Cousin Emil Leonhard; Wendel estate in New York; Chicago World's Fair; room vacant; depression; snake show; business conditions better; rent to L. M. Hays for Down Town Drug Store	149

31—Relatives from Detroit; apartment at home; Garden Club Federation meeting; three weeks with Jessie Nye; Bruce Carpenter died Oct. 13th., 1936; Cousin Anna Kaetzel, Dec. 13th, 1936; Grace and I trip to Detroit in 1938; trip to Florida, 1939; wrote "Trek Through Florida"	155
32—New industries; new business places, hotels, physicians, attorneys, county officials	160
33—Liquor situation; woman suffrage	161
34—My story; published "God's Gift to Me"; broke my wrist; two weeks at Neil House, Columbus; poems broadcast	163
35—Thanksgiving triple murder; book "Thou Shalt Not Covet"; death of two friends; Historical Society	165
36—Trip to Hocking County; trip to Malabar; a phenomenon; Lithopolis; Christmas greetings	166
37—Bad beginning; apartments redecorated; Christmas Eve; put in furnace; gas off all over city; Grace sick; apartments rented, vacated; home vacation	168
38—Our aunts arrive; Thanksgiving, Christmas; the big snow; many marooned; Easter; neither one well; aunts return to Columbus	172
39—Mrs. Jones, Dorothy guests for Christmas; Grace worse; Aunts came; Grace died March 20th, 1952; life had to go on; Maude Howland, my companion	175
40—Started writing on "Book" again; book in memory of my dear ones; Christmas in Columbus; my little kitten; apartments redecorated again; information difficult to obtain; April snow and sleet; Browning banquet; Sesquicentennial; go to cemetery; visits to Columbus; Aunt Allie dies, Oct. 17th, 1953	176

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